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SCRAPS AND SKETCHES

GATHERED TOGETHER.

BY

SIR LASCELLES WRAXALL, BART.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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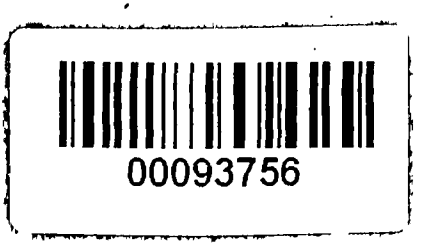

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GATHERED TOGETHER.

CHAPTER I.

THE DINNER QUESTION.

An agitation, "long looked for, come at last," has just been commenced with reference to the greatest of all reforms, that of our kitchen. The *Times* has rushed forth to the rescue of all sufferers from indigestion, and a judicious leading article has produced a variety of suggestions more or less applicable to this grave subject. If we exert ourselves earnestly we may yet hope to see deipnosophy elevated to a science, and professors holding courses of lectures, which our wives must be compelled to attend, even if we have to purchase their acquiescence by a box at the Opera. But such lectures must be eminently practical; just as Professor Faraday illustrates his subject by making ice in a red-hot retort, or bottling the electric fluid, so the distinguished culinary artist who holds his classes must have at his side a new French stove, and an infinity of casseroles, in which to display the correct mode of pro-

ducing a blanquette de volaille or a Charlotte Russe. The ladies, too, should be invited to try their 'prentice hand, and apply their dainty fingers to the various dishes, and the reward of the most intelligent might safely be a *cordon bleu*, to take rank with those foreign orders worn by chanoinesses at the courts of Prussia and Bavaria.

It is quite certain that the great impediment to culinary progress among us is the excellence of the raw material. We possess the finest meat, fish, and vegetables, and the consequence is that we do not think it necessary to heighten their savour by any extraneous aid. On the Continent, however, where nature has not proved so bountiful, necessity has been the mother of invention, and the result is seen in a variety of artfully concocted sauces, which would render even horseflesh palatable, or the "short ribs" of an Eland doubly delectable to Professor Owen. Still, it must be borne in mind that Germans, especially the northern races, are not far superior to ourselves in the kitchen science; for, though they may possess certain specialities, on the other hand, their dishes are generally so overladen with grease, that it would require the digestion of an ostrich or of a German (which is much the same thing) to endure such fare for any length of time. In the south of Germany there is certainly a decided approximation to French science, although it is based on a faulty model, as the hotel cooks are generally scholars of the two-and-thirty sous restaurants in Paris: still we should be ungrateful were we to refuse a word of commendation to the crayfish soup, the Black Forest trout *au naturel*, the very delicious Him-

beeren suppe, and the Maitrank. But when these dainties are mentioned, the catalogue is exhausted, and the lover of good cheer turns away from Southern Germany with regret, and wends his way to Paris, as the only capital of Europe where the traveller is certain of procuring a good dinner at a moderate price.

It is from Paris, then, that we must look for any reform among ourselves, and we are certain that the agitation will not be successful, unless examples are drawn from that highly favoured capital. It is very easy for our millionnaires to secure themselves against any failure; their chefs have all the appliances to make a purée of game, of which the stock is some half-dozen pheasants, or an Apician fish soup, in which the meanest components are a turbot and a bottle of vin de Grave. Such men stand above all reform. They can tickle their palate in any way they like, and dine better than all the rest of the civilized world, for they can combine English solidity with French taste. Nor need we feel any sympathy with those one thousand a year men, to whom G. H. M.* devoted two columns of the *Times*, and mercilessly exposed the errors into which they fall, and the apathy with which they accept a haunch of mutton and two boiled fowls as the equivalent for the money expended on their dinner. It is their own fault if these gentlemen tamely put up with such fare, and the remedy lies in their own hands. But a class to be sincerely pitied is that composed of men cursed with a moderate competency, and who have married under the delusion that they are going to be

* This clever letter has been attributed to Mr Maxse, but we believe the writer to be Mr G. H. Money.

comfortable and enjoy at home their club messes. Poor fellows! how soon and how bitterly are they disappointed! They must have groaned inwardly on perusing G. H. M.'s bill of fare. See what that great amphitryon considers sufficient to satisfy the appetite of the man of taste: "One soup, one fish, three or four entrées (never more), one relevé, one rôti, one game (generally enough, unless you have ortolans or beccaficos for a second), two légumes, and two entremets—in all, twelve or thirteen *plats*." Fancy the tortured reader mildly suggesting to the *placens uxor* that he should like something of that sort, as a relief after the joints on which he has been dining for the last three months! We can readily imagine her reply.

And yet, after all, if our lady ménagères would deign to accept a hint from the French, and not regard it as lowering to their dignity, to take a look at what is going on in their kitchen, our brightest visions might be realized with very slightly increased expense. Take, for instance, the French pot-au-feu, the general receptacle of whatever our cooks throw away as useless, and which allows of soups of infinite variety being served up every day. The old prejudice about soup-drinking, frog-eating Frenchmen, has died out, never to return. Throughout the Crimean campaign the French soldiers enjoyed their soup, and we have yet to learn that they were any weaker in consequence. The active Zouaves, who swarmed up the heights of Alma, had many a time been condemned to soupe maigre as a sole resource, and still they did their duty like men. As for the objection that our climate requires the consumption of nearly raw meat to keep up our stamina, it is

simply bosh; and the French mechanic—far worse paid than the English artisan—has always a comforting or strengthening plate of bouilli, when his English brother, through his wife's ignorance of the first principles of cookery, seeks refuge in the gin palace, and deadens his appetite at the same time that he is destroying his constitution.

As the general result of our experience, we are quite prepared to endorse the old proverb as to the fatherland of cooks, and they are, in fact, the great stumbling-blocks in the path of culinary reform. A "dog cook" is of course out of question to a man of eight hundred a year, so we must be content with a cuisinière, and thank our stars if we do not get a very plain cook indeed. But suppose the cook to be caught, the next thing is the dinner. Perhaps, worthy reader, you are a person of about the same income as ourselves. You give half a dozen dinners, as we do, in the course of the year. Take our advice, then; abandon your old practice, and in future give only a *dîner à la Russe*. Rely upon it, you will find it the least troublesome, the least expensive, and the most elegant form of repast. Six dinners may be given for the cost of four served in the old style. Make out your *menu* from Gogué, of whom we shall speak presently. He will give you an admirable and economical bill of fare. Carry it out scrupulously. Be especially particular as to your wines, and eschew port altogether, unless you happen to have some veritable '34. In that case a couple of bottles may be allowed with the dessert. During dinner give only Montilla sherry, a single flask of Yquem, and frequent rasades of Tod-Heatly's dry champagne: the

latter we, unhesitatingly, pronounce to be the best champagne obtainable in London.* Try it, on our recommendation. Much more have we to say on the subject of the *dîner à la Russe*, but must reserve it for another occasion. To such of our readers as are unable, from circumstances, to entertain their friends suitably at home, we counsel them to give a dinner at Richmond, Greenwich, or Blackwall; though perhaps a dinner at the strangers' room of a club is the best substitute for the home repast. There you may treat your friends handsomely at half the expense you could do at your own house, and besides, may safely assume airs of connoisseurship if your salmon be boiled but half a minute too long.

Still, we agree with our lady readers, that it is very lamentable for a married man to be driven to his club whenever he feels a desire for a good dinner. Such things ought not to be, for they play the deuce with the affections, if there be any truth in the axiom that the road to the heart is through the stomach; and although it may be very nice, and all that, to have a sweet face beaming on us at home, there are moments when we should prefer a dainty repast to all the syren smiles in the world.

In France, it is the custom for ladies even of considerable fortune to devote a portion of their day to culinary preparations. In Michelet's idyllic book on Love we find an entire chapter devoted to this interesting subject, from which an extract may be permitted us as pointing our moral :—

* Apropos of choice repasts, perhaps the most refined little dinners ever put upon a table are those of Mr Tod-Heatly. But unluckily it is not given to every one to dine at 5, Berkeley-square.

"She has no great appetite; a few vegetables, some fruit, and milk, are most pleasing to her. Your carnivorous régime is very far from attracting her. She has a horror of death, a horror of blood; a thing that is very natural, for she is, herself, the flower of life. It is for that reason she requires the country girl, of whom I have already spoken. She would gladly prepare your food, but how? a kitchen stained with blood would be repugnant to her feelings. She is very delicate, too, for any fatiguing work which rightly devolves on the servant. Culinary duties are a course of medicine; the best, for it is a preventive. Hence they belong especially to the wife, who alone knows what her husband really requires. In all that is cleanly and not repugnant to her, in all that does not spoil her dainty hand, in all that requires to be touched by her hand (and, may we say it, necessarily mingled with the emanation from her person), it is desirable and charming that she should undertake it. Tarts, cakes, or creams can only be made by the person we love. Though so pure herself, she can divine all that will cause you pleasure. She is well acquainted with your favourite dishes, and how you hunger for anything she has touched. She has anticipated your thought. All that you find the best she has got ready for you. That delicious dish, prepared with her hand, her mouth has hallowed, her lips have consecrated. She brings it to you with a smile, 'Eat, my darling, I have tasted it.'"

What poetry a great artist can throw around an essentially prosaic subject! The young couple, however, whom Michelet thus apostrophizes have only just entered on their treacle month, and it is very possible

that before long Alphonse will be hungering for food prepared by any other hands than those of his legitimate partner. We are of opinion, however, that Laure, by this course of action, will hold her husband longer in the silken bonds of love than if she had left the care of the kitchen exclusively to the stout country girl, the only servant our author permits to the newly-married couple. Our extract shows, however, that French ladies do not consider domestic duties beneath attention, and although, perhaps, it would be asking too much of our wives if we expected them to make our pastry (and, indeed, we should be very sorry to have our gallantry put to the test by having to eat it), still they might exercise a wise supervision, and put a check on that frightful waste which so prominently distinguishes too many of our middle-class kitchens. When we find in the *Times* those passionate appeals for help to the homeless poor ranged side by side with suggested reforms of our dinner-table, we think that we could find better modes of employing our cold meat than by allowing the cook to serve it up to Policeman X, who turns up his nose indignantly unless it be accompanied by his favourite pickled onions.

One great reform, then, which might be safely introduced, much to our comfort, is the pot-au-feu, the most economical and pleasantest domestic article the French possess. The next point, and one of vital importance, is the introduction among us of the French stove, with its batterie de cuisine. Not only under our present defective system do we waste a little fortune in coals, which go roaring up the chimney, solely for the advantage of the sweeper, but we ruin the vir-

tues of our meat by the reckless way in which we cook it. It is kept at a furious state of ebullition, by which it becomes hardened, and the nourishing portion is dissolved in the water. Now, by the French system of using charcoal the exact amount of heat required is kept up, and the food, when cooked, is easy of digestion, and far more grateful to the palate. The expense of such a stove would not be very great; an intelligent bricklayer would put it up, and the first outlay would be very soon repaid by the saving in fuel. But without such an apparatus it is almost impossible to introduce French cookery among us, or prepare those peculiar dishes which are gradually to wean the husband from the club. Ponder on this, dear lady readers, and be warned in time!

It is inconceivable how much can be done with this apparatus. A ship's galley is generally regarded as the best distribution of culinary space, but that is nothing when compared with the French battery. When kept thoroughly clean, which is the first desideratum in every kitchen, it is really a very pleasing sight, and a lady need not fear spoiling her dress if she will condescend to visit the penetralia of her kitchen, and try her hand at some dainty dish for her husband. And, if she do so, she may console herself with the reflection that she is but following the example of many illustrious ladies. The following passage, from an excellent little cookery book by Monsieur A. Gogué,* of whom we have already spoken, is so apropos that we have no hesitation in quoting it.

* This marvellous little book is entitled "*Les Secrets de la Cuisine Française*," and may be procured of obliging Mr Jeffs, of the Burlington Arcade.

"A chef fond of his profession, or a female cook attentive to her reputation, devote excessive care to keeping their kitchen perfectly clean; they do not fear the visits of their mistress, for they are never in fault. On the contrary, a word of praise or a flattering remark recompenses them for their efforts or their labour. It is this cleanliness of the kitchen which will induce the mistress at times to take part in the culinary tasks by preparing a cream or making a tart, and the cook will find herself happy and honoured if her lady condescend to ask her advice. And, then, we must confess that it is an amusement, an agreeable pastime, to play at cookery, especially in the country. . . . . We have known many very distinguished persons who prided themselves on being able to prepare—one a salmi of snipes, another a beefsteak and potatoes, another a dish of macaroni à l'Italienne, and a fourth a matelote Normande. M. de Cussy, chamberlain of the palace to the Emperor Napoleon I., did not disdain to cook a dish of mushrooms, for which he had combined a superb sauce. Prince Talleyrand, that consummate diplomatist, whose dinners had a European reputation, did not amuse himself, it is true, with holding the handle of the frying-pan, but he was accustomed to visit his larder every morning. And have we not still more august examples? The lovely and unfortunate Marie Antoinette delighted in making her own creams and cheeses at Trianon. Who, again, does not know the history of the omelette at Malmaison? The Empress Josephine was amusing herself one day with her ladies of honour with the manufacture of an omelette, and, at the most interesting moment of the operation, Napo-

leon entered unexpectedly. Seeing the embarrassment the Empress experienced in turning the omelette, he took the pan from her hand, saying, 'I will show you, ma bonne amie, how to turn an omelette: this is the bivouac fashion.' And at the same moment he gave the pan that little twist so well known to all cooks; but the disobedient omelette, instead of returning to the frying-pan, fell right into the fire, to the great delight of Josephine, who, turning to her august spouse, said to him, with a charming smile, 'Your Majesty is not at the bivouac now; you understand much better how to gain battles than to turn omelettes.'"

To this we may add that perhaps the best non-professional cook in France is the renowned Alexandre Dumas, who has recently been exhibiting his skill as a compounder of sauces at several entertainments given in his honour at St Petersburg.

We fear, though, that it would be useless to quote these illustrious examples to our cooks: they have grown to be our tyrants, and brook no interference in their peculiar domain. From them, too, the greatest opposition to the proposed reforms will be experienced; for the practice of economy, or the idea of working upon any fixed principles, would be highly repugnant to them. Still there is one consolation; if the culinary reform is intended to become a reality, the present condition of our cooks will be the first point to be taken into consideration, and schools must be established in which the young idea will be taught how to stew—a thing of which our cooks *will* remain in profound ignorance. Until this great step in advance has been taken, it is hopeless to expect any culinary reform,

since we are all at the mercy of those underground harpies, who must be bribed into good behaviour, and are most jealous of their prerogative.

But, ere the great era of culinary reform is inaugurated, it is possible for us to make one or two amendments, easy of introduction, and which may add materially to our comfort. We grant the difficulty of at once introducing the system of French cookery which we should like to see, but need we continue to feed on those large lumps of meat which irresistibly remind us of the Tartar mode of preparing food?

Then, again, look at the scandalous way in which our vegetables are treated—the very finest in the world—but their aroma and flavour is destroyed by an ignorant cook. Culinary sages, from Dr Kitchener downwards, have urged the importance of having a potato dressed properly, and the difficulty of finding an artist capable of sending up that esculent in a satisfactory condition. Then, why should we run the risk of failure? In M. Gogué's book we find more than forty ways of cooking a potato; surely some of these might be introduced among us, instead of having to depend on the watery ball that is served up to us, or that deplorable mixture known by the name of mashed potatoes? Who, too, that ever tasted *petits pois* dressed in the French or German fashion (the latter, perhaps, being a trifle too sweet), but holds those dishes in grateful remembrance, and looks with a sigh on his native dish of peas, which come up like bullets, from furious boiling, and swimming in an ocean of liquefied butter? Or, if you are a man fond of bold innovations, just introduce the *haricot blanc* to the notice of your

cook, and see what an execrable mélange she will produce.

It was Talleyrand who uttered the profound truism that "we had a hundred religions but only one sauce." His allusion was to melted butter; and we regret to say that, were he permitted to visit this upper world again, he would find we had in nothing altered since his time. Go where you will, this odious mélange stares you in the face in some shape or other; and yet, after a careful perusal of M. Gogué's book, and although not bred to the profession, we would back ourselves to produce twenty different sauces at an infinitesimal expense. The lamented Soyer made a bold effort at reform in this respect; his cookery book reached a sale of two hundred and fifty thousand copies, and in it he gives some really superior hints on this important subject of sauces; but he was not destined to be honoured in this country, as far as our cooks are concerned. They had been used to melted butter or paste all their lives, and they were not going to change. The consequence is, that we are continually being poisoned by this abominable stuff, which, in itself, is of so rebellious a nature that it is hopeless attempting to destroy its namby-pamby taste by Worcester or Harvey.

In conclusion, we should suggest to our suffering brethren—and their name is legion—that we must take the remedy into our own hands. Let us study Gogué carefully; and when we feel sufficiently strong, let us unanimously discharge our cooks, and take that department into our own hands. Or, if that be too revolutionary a measure, let us purchase a few casseroles, and convert our dining-rooms into amateur kitchens—

a short course of such conduct will infallibly shame our wives into attending to our comforts, and we may hope to sit down before long to a dinner at which digestion will wait on appetite, and health, as a necessary consequence, on both. One thing is certain: we cannot continue in our present unsatisfactory condition. Some reform must be introduced in the dinner department, or the new court of divorce will be inundated with cases arising from incompatibility of temper, the result of badly-cooked viands and concomitant indigestion.

CHAPTER II.

RAILWAY LITERATURE ABROAD.

We have often thought that the character of a nation might be admirably read in the mode of locomotion it employs, and the means to which it has recourse to kill time during the tedious process of travelling. At the present day, when the lord and the lout are placed on an equality as regards the speed at which they are hurled along, and Messrs. Smiths' excellent bookstalls supply mental pabulum to both at an equally cheap rate, railway literature has become a distinct feature of our age. Hence we gladly avail ourselves of an opportunity to tell our readers something anent the progress of this branch of literature abroad. But first, a word as to the antiquity of this species of literature, and its gradual emergence from the class of Tourists' Guides, until it attained a magnitude of which even Messrs. Routledge's plethoric catalogue furnishes but a faint idea.

We dare say it will surprise our readers as much as it did ourselves to hear that a special branch of literature, exclusively intended for travellers, was commenced so far back as the sixteenth century, but such is the fact. About that period travelling had begun to be an institution on the Continent. The cities had conquered their feudal lords; trade and commerce

were highly flourishing; the robber knights, erst the terror of peaceable merchants, had been put down by the strong arm of the law; and although we cannot assert that the roads were as safe as at present, still the progress made in the right direction was, comparatively, great. The large highways were kept in a decent state of repair, and the forests were cut down which had so long served as a shelter for the banditti. As a natural consequence, the literati of the age took advantage of this exceptional state of matters to augment their knowledge of men and things, and travels for other purposes than purchasing a firkin of butter became the rule. Those persons who were unable to travel satisfied their thirst for knowledge by reading what their more fortunate brethren wrote about the sights they had seen, and the recent discovery of America with its fabled wealth was beginning to set the whole world in motion. The consequence of this was that the Murray of the day hit on the idea of bringing out books expressly for the use of travellers, among them being the "Apodemica, or Introduction," showing how a traveller could combine the *utile* with the *dulce*. The first book of this sort was brought out by an Italian, Grataroli, and was entitled "De regimine iter agentium, vel equitum, vel peditum, vel navi, vel curru, seu rhedâ." (1562.) His example was followed in 1577 by Theodore Zwerger, of Basel, under the more simple title "Methodus Apodemica in eorum gratiam qui cum fructu peregrinari cupiunt." We fancy that these books must have enjoyed but a limited circulation, for they were written in Latin, a language not generally understood of the people.

The seventeenth century checked the passion for travelling. England and Germany were desolated by intestine wars, which rendered travelling dangerous if not impossible. People preferred to stay at home and not run the risk of being mixed up in a street brawl. The roads, too, even after the return of peace, were in a most unsatisfactory condition, even worse than in a time of war; for bands of discharged soldiers set up as robbers and assassins, and carried on their trade in defiance of the law. Homeless vagabonds wandered about from village to village, and the evil attained such proportions that it led to the institution in Germany of the passport (*cum certis testimoniis*). England, too, was not in much better condition, and a reference to the Newgate Calendar will show us that highwaymen knew their best days during the reign of the Stuarts. At the same time, travellers were compelled to make their journeys on horse-back, for the roads were utterly neglected, and too bad for carriages, while the vehicles themselves were the personification of misery. We can hence easily form an idea of the state of the hostels along the high-roads and in the outlying towns, but even in the largest cities of Germany the inns were miserable dens, where the traveller was only certain of finding rough fare and abuse. Erasmus detected this fact in his Rhenish travels so far back as 1515, and has left us a most graphic account in his Colloquia Familiaria, under the heading of Diversoria. Not only were the inns bad, but they too often served as a lurking-place for robbers, whose accomplice the host was, and any traveller was much to be pitied whom hard fate compelled to pass a night in one of these ruffianly holes.

But it must not be supposed that England and Germany enjoyed a monopoly of these evils; Italy, the home of Abellino and Rinaldo Rinaldino, and Spain, were equally feared by the traveller, and have managed to retain this unenviable notoriety even to the present day. How princes fared in those days Ludwig Bechstein furnishes us with an instructive anecdote. The Princes Bernhard and Albert von Sachsen Meiningen set out for Tübingen in 1606, where they were about to study. They occupied a whole day in travelling ten miles, and reached their night's halting-place with a broken axle. The next day the same accident occurred. Such being the condition of the roads, it is not surprising that Tourists' Guides were not in great demand.

One progress, however, was made during the Thirty Years' War: an enterprising individual started a postal service between Hildesheim and Hamburg in 1640. This was followed in 1683 by a stage between Heilbronn and Heidelberg, then by one between Leipzig and Dresden in 1686, and it may be assumed that by 1705 such conveyances were running on all the high-roads. But the roads were in their old wretched condition; there were no *chaussée* or milestones; and even Prussia, who justly boasts of her progress, allowed the modes of communication to remain in this pitiable state so late as 1787. The carriages were bad and clumsy, generally open cars with unstuffed seats, or unprotected vans. Eventually they had a canvas covering put over them, but the seats still remained perfect instruments of torture, and the vehicles terribly heavy, down to the Peace of Luneville. Carriages

with springs were unknown in Germany till 1800. One especial nuisance for the traveller was the indefinite time he might remain at a town waiting for another coach to carry him on. How badly the postal service was arranged is evident from the fact that a letter took nine days in going from Frankfort to Berlin in the last century. Even so important an event as the death of Frederick the Great, Goethe tells us in one of his letters, was only known at Carlsbad a week later in the form of a rumour.

But in spite of all these drawbacks travelling was becoming a necessity in Germany as in other countries. The roads were certainly safer, and by slow degrees were being improved. The baths, especially Spa and Pyrmont, attracted guests from all parts of Europe. Once again, as in the sixteenth century, a desire to see the world and its wonders burst forth. Every Englishman of rank was not considered to have completed his education until he had made the "Grand Tour." Still, it must not be supposed that the rich and high-born alone availed themselves of this opportunity. A feeling for the beauties of nature had been aroused by the English poets, for artistic productions by Winckelmann, for Gothic edifices by Herder and Goethe. More and more travellers flocked to Italy and Switzerland, and, as a natural consequence, handbooks sprang again into birth. In 1766, Köhler published his "Directions for Travelling Wisely," and in 1791, Count Berchtoldt brought out his "Directions for Travellers." The manufacture of guide books now became a regular profession, and Reichardt of Gotha soon grew into a European celebrity by his admirable "Guides des

Voyageurs." His "Handbook for Travellers of all Ranks," published in 1785, reached a second edition in 1791; and his still more practical book, "The Traveller on his Journey through Germany and some Adjoining Countries," attained an enormous circulation. Although this book has been greatly improved on since, it must be regarded as the parent of the present race of travelling handbooks. This branch of literature received a great impetus by the publication, in 1793, of Ebel's valuable "Directions for Travelling in Switzerland," which reached a third edition in 1810, and for more than a quarter of a century remained the companion of all travellers in Switzerland who did not believe that a great book was a great evil. At the same time this work, of which a poor French translation still survives, supplied much material for later handbooks. The numerous large editions of these handbooks taken off, as well as the publication of Zober's "The German Wanderer," prove how greatly the necessity of travelling was felt, so that at last no German was looked on as thoroughly educated who had not done his tour. At the same time, too, everything was being done to promote the comfort of travellers, and with the termination of the old war Germany took a lesson from England in the management of the postal service, which, in 1816, had attained in the latter country the height of perfection. The slow, heavy, and inconvenient carts were converted into Eilwagen and diligences, the horses changed for the better, and a regular system of communication was established. We are bound to add, however, that to the last moment there was much room for improvement

in German stage coaches. They were even worse than the French diligences, and that is saying a good deal, for we can still remember with horror a forty-eight hours' journey we once accomplished, for our sins, from Paris to Strasburg. Hand in hand with the improvement of the public vehicles was that of the inns, which gradually grew into splendid hotels. The material enjoyments and comforts, which all travellers might not have at home, heightened the zest, and set all the world agog to see what their neighbours were doing. All civilized nations entered with spirit into this competition to render travellers comfortable, and the postal and hotel system gradually assumed a European character, owing to the constant intercommunication, while territorial and local manners disappeared. With this change sprang up too an entirely new class of travellers, generically known as tourists, who made a profession of travelling, and returned home to clear their expenses by publishing their "Impressions de Voyage." The parentage of this entire class may safely be referred to Yorick's "Sentimental Journey," and Thümmell's "Travels through the South of France."

This progress of locomotion and the circumstances connected with it increased in a wondrous manner so soon as steam became the motive power, and seas, lakes, and rivers were traversed by steamers. Travelling has since become common property; it has been democratized (if we may use the term), while the romantic and adventurous charm formerly attaching to travelling has been lost. It is not the place here to discuss the wonderful effect the introduction of steam

has exerted in behalf of civilization; we can only refer to the effect which this revolution in travelling has produced upon that branch of literature which devotes itself to the spirit and purpose of travel.

As the first step, the old travelling handbooks went out of date. The routes were altered; entire lines of communication passed out of fashion, while others took their place. Towns, which had formerly served as stations whence travellers made their excursions, lost their importance; insignificant places, hitherto hardly known or carelessly passed by the traveller, assumed a prominent rank; rivers till now only navigated by barges, became, with the introduction of steamers, the favourite resorts of the travellers; and while new hotels sprang up in the form of palaces, other inns of former repute were shut up. John Murray was the first to recognize the impending change in continental travel, and produced that memorable series of handbooks which are as indispensable to the travelling Englishman as his passport. The editions followed in rapid succession, and the publisher was thus enabled to introduce annually all the changes that had occurred, as well as the names of any new hotels and public establishments that had been opened. Very great care and attention have been devoted to these handbooks, and hence they are as instructive as they are amusing, even for the stay-at-home traveller. The most successful are probably those relating to Southern Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. Of "The Handbook for Travellers in Switzerland and the Alps of Savoy and Piedmont," the *Quarterly Review* recently published a eulogium as truthful as it was well merited.

There is no doubt of its being the very best handbook yet published, and we can recommend it strongly to our readers. As the *Quarterly* justly says of it, the fair way to judge of its value is to compare the present edition with the first, and thus see with what anxious care Mr Murray watches over the improvement of his handbooks.

A German publisher, Bädeker, has taken Murray's Handbooks as a basis, and we are bound to allow that, in accuracy of detail and clearness, he has left nothing to be desired; for Bädeker trusts to no eyes but his own. Thus handbooks have become the indispensable companions of all German tourists, for they supply the largest amount of information in the smallest possible space. Other German handbooks we can commend are those published by Griebe, Jahn's handbook, full of illustrations, and, above all, Ernst Förster's books. The latter are chiefly devoted to towns, rather than to routes, and are important through their constant reference to the arts. This is more especially true of Förster's valuable "Handbook for Travellers in Italy." We may also mention the Travelling Manuals published at Hamburg, which also pay considerable attention to the arts. But on a careful comparison of these handbooks (always excepting those of Förster) with the series published by Murray, we find the comparison decidedly in favour of the latter. Probably, however, this is referable to the different requirements of the German and English public. The German traveller only requires such books for reference, the English for perusal as well. Besides, the travelling class of English is generally taken from the higher ranks, while in Germany

every class of society is represented. Hence in Murray we only find the names of first-rate hotels; in the German handbooks those of second and third-rate inns, wine and beer rooms, even the best cigar shops, enumerated. This is of great value to the German traveller, while the Englishman does not require it. Again, too, the German, with his encyclopædiac turn of mind, requires the greatest amount of detail, and cares little for the adventitious charm of style; while with the Englishman just the contrary is thought desirable.

In France, people until recently were satisfied with post and railway guides and maps, while the few handbooks published were wretched productions, not even possessing the recommendation of correctness. But when Murray and the Germans entered the field, France could not be behindhand, and even tried to surpass her competitors. Thus originated the travelling handbooks of Joanne and Richard, as well as Du Pays, which are very creditable specimens of French taste; in truth, they are not mere guides, but instructive books, which may be read with pleasure and profit by the fireside. While all these changes were going on—while hotels were being built for the accommodation of the numerous travellers, an equally great alteration was impending in the "literature of the rail." Such an experiment was necessarily tried in England, for here we travel much, and are not peculiarly inclined to make promiscuous acquaintances. Strange to say, this branch of literature owes its origin to Macaulay, who first comprehended, or perhaps first uttered the remark, that rail and steam routes might furnish a new and excellent mode of communication for the extension and promotion of educa-

tion. The design and tendency of these railway libraries are so admirably described in the prospectus to "Brockhaus's Travelling Library," that we may allow ourselves an extract: "Railways and steamers have exercised an extraordinary influence over the life of nations, and still exercise it in a progressive degree. Travelling has attained enormous, unparalleled proportions. Everybody travels more, tenfold more, and farther than formerly—every man experiences more than formerly in a given time. Time has hence attained an increased value; it is become the more precious the more you can effect with it. And yet, while so much time is saved and gained by the present mode of travelling, much is lost on the other hand. In our former slower and more social travels we could enjoy the surrounding scenery at our ease. Now, we travel hundreds of miles through slow and uninteresting scenery before we begin our actual tour. Formerly, fellow-travellers conversed much together: now, any lengthened conversation is impossible, through the noise of the wheels. And when we sit silently opposite each other, when the company does not attract us, when bad weather confines us for hours to the cabin, are we not too often tormented with ennui, and vexed at the loss of precious time? But there is one method of guarding against these little miseries of human life and travel, which would otherwise destroy our pleasure—we mean 'reading an interesting book.'"

The idea that emanated from Lord Macaulay was soon taken up by two eminent London publishers, Murray and Longman, the former starting the "Readings for the Rail," the latter the "Travellers' Library."

The plan on which they are based is so far similar in that they have no settled plan. Longmans produced old books of repute—Macaulay's Essays, and a multitude of books of travel and adventure—very amusing reading certainly, but having no special reference to the interests of travellers. In the same way Murray's list contains many excellent books, which, however, might as well be read at home as on the rail. Both appear to have the common object of reproducing standard works at the lowest remunerative price. Their example was followed by Routledge in his "Railway Library," chiefly composed of novels and books of light literature, very amusing, but not the sort of books a railway library should contain in order to carry out its purpose properly.

On the other hand, the "Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer," established by Hachette in Paris, and intended to contain five hundred volumes, is arranged after a settled plan, and, according to the prospectus, is intended to give the traveller all possible information about any interesting points along the road, and while amusing them honestly (honnêtement), designed to instruct at the same time. The books Hachette produces are subdivided into the following categories: Guides des voyageurs, works of history and travel, French romances, plays and poetry, translations from foreign languages, works relating to agriculture, trade, inventions, and discoveries, and finally, even picture books for children, that they may keep quiet and not disturb their parents during the journey. Worthy of remark is the agreement entered into, in 1852, between Hachette and all the administrations of French rail-

ways, by which he obtained for eighteen years the exclusive right of selling every description of artistic and literary wares which railway travellers may require. He has thus established a perfect monopoly, allowing no publication to be sold on the lines except those passing through his hands. The trade have not forgotten to protest, Napoléon Chaix being the spokesman, but Hachette can afford to laugh at such remonstrances, and so long as he produces such excellent books as those that now grace his library, he will have no occasion to fear any competitor.

In Brussels, Vanderauwera has started a "Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer" in a waistcoat-pocket form, too small for eyes or hands. This series is made up of very quaint materials: memoirs, voyages, biographies, extracts from interesting articles in the leading English and French Reviews, &c. As a curious fact, it may be stated that even in Russia, where railways are so far behindhand, a "Library for Railways and Steamers" is published, a collection of old and new romances, fables, and stories, partly original, partly translated. It is probable that this scheme is aided by the uninteresting nature of the country, the distance between the stations, and, above all, by a craving for reading, the result of the strict censorship, and the deficiency of authors in Russia; but, at any rate, more than one hundred volumes of this series have been already published at Sedeg, and others are announced as in preparation.

Turning to Germany, we find railway literature in that country only in its infancy. This is strange in a land which so loudly boasts its educational superiority

over all other nations, but a slight glance at the circumstances will easily account for it. In the first place, the publishers of cheap literature in Germany have many difficulties to contend against. The sale of books to railway travellers requires settled arrangements (such as are carried out in such perfection by Messrs Smith and Son), and if these depended on the publishers alone the matter might be easily settled; but they have to take the swarm of officials into consideration. A monopoly, as in France, would not be desirable; and, indeed, in Germany, where you travel through three principalities in a day, it would be practically impossible. As a general rule, German *employés* would be only too glad to make a holocaust of every printed book, and hang the writers, so that the difficulties to be contended with are augmented by their sullenness and obstinacy. The system in vogue in North America appears the best to alleviate the dilemma. In that country publishers make certain arrangements with the railway directories as to permission for the sale of their books on the lines. When a steamer or train is about starting, a privileged salesman goes among the travellers and offers them mental pabulum, generally consisting, at the outset, of newspapers. During the journey the same salesman makes his periodical appearance, changing the wares he has to offer from grave to gay, from lively to severe, according to the requirements of his numerous customers. In this manner the travelling public are supplied with agreeable books at no great trouble or expense. It is true that this mode of circulating literature is materially aided and abetted in America by the arrangement

of the carriages, which communicate with each other. Another circumstance prejudicial to German publishers is, that German is not so well understood by the general ruck of travellers as are English and French, and foreigners seldom or ever purchase a German book. Lastly, although the Germans are probably the greatest travellers in the world, the majority of the people only make short summer excursions, during which they prefer looking out of the windows. This combination of circumstances renders the circulation of railway libraries, like those established in England and France, extremely small, and the publishers have turned their attention to the selection of works which form a good popular library, at a cheap price, and of a capital shape. We will proceed to analyse the series of the Messrs Brockhaus, as furnishing the best idea of the manner in which a German publisher tries to suit the multifarious wants of his customers.

In the first place, Messrs Brockhaus have made a selection of all the best German authors, and entrusted them with a description of various itineraries through their fatherland. These books, while serving as guides in some measure, are written at the same time with great care and taste, and really form most interesting reading, for they leave no legend unemployed, no historical event unmentioned. Among these works we may mention, with special commendation, "A Railway Trip through Westphalia," by Levin Schucking, and many others of the same class, forming an admirable railway tour in themselves, and thoroughly exhausting the subject. Among other books in this series deserving mention, we may refer our readers to Rank's

"Schillershäuser," a detailed account of Schiller's various residences worked up into an admirable biography of the great poet. For those who like to read about battle, murder, and sudden death, we find Gustav von Berneck's "Battles round Leipzig;" and the humorous branch is well represented in Gustäcker's delicious "Travelling Adventures of Mr Mahlhuber" and Ernst Kossak's "Swiss Trip." But hardly one of these travelling books will be read with such interest as the selection from Willibald Alexis's great work, under the title of "The Traveller's Pitaval." A passage from the preface is most characteristic, as affording a comparison between the comforts of to-day and the misery and dangers to which old travellers were exposed:

"No highwaymen can now rush out upon us from a bend of the road. The whistle of the locomotive, however shrill and ear-piercing it may sound, is not the whistle from the bush, upon which two fellows spring out to the horses' heads, and twice as many to the carriage doors, to make us get out, mayhap carry us off to the mountains. Lastly, where are the suspicious hostelries in the forest, when we bolted the door in our terror, and hardly dared to get into bed lest it might sink through a trap with us? All this is veiled in obscurity; and even if an elegant swell-mobsman may seat himself by our side, a bill warn us in the station against pickpockets, or an unscrupulous rogue let himself be locked in the luggage-van to break open our trunks with his false keys and jemmies, still these are exceptional cases, and cannot be compared to the adventures our travelling forefathers had. Would it not be pleasant for us, as we nestle in the comfortable cor-

ner, God and the police taking care of us, and leaving the responsibility to the guards and conductors, to think of those times when every bush contained a thief, and every host, in whose house we were forced to stop for a night, appeared a highly suspicious character?"

Two other series, of a different character, though equally meritorious, we have before us in the shape of Weber's "Illustrated Travellers' Library," and Lorck's "Library of Conversation and Travel." The former is exclusively devoted to description of countries and towns through which travellers mostly pass, and accounts of the principal objects worth seeing. These volumes are then, in the strict sense of the term, "Handbooks," so far resembling Jahn's series in the fact of being illustrated, but differing from them by their reference to special districts and localities, as for instance, Paris, Heligoland, the Valley of the Elbe, Switzerland, Sydenham, &c. Lorck's Library has the character of Longman's "Travellers' Library," as it is composed of works not specially referring to the requirements of travellers. A few of them are original, and we may mention in terms of praise August Diezmann's "Leipzig;" but the majority of the volumes are translations of noted English and French books. A library for travellers, started by Otto Wigand, under the title "Reading for the Rail," has been discontinued, as well as a humorous series, commencing by an amusing book by "Glassbrenner," called "Refreshments."

It is worth remarking that both in France and Germany the publishers prefer farming the books, the copyrights remaining with the authors, who are paid a

royalty on each copy sold. How this system works it is impossible to say; but it appears as if it were satisfactory, when we find Messrs. Hachette able to secure the services of all the best romance writers. Of course England has gained the day in the amount of her book production; but whether publishers have acted wisely in not paying more attention to quality, is a moot point. The excessive competition has flooded the market with American rubbish, merely reprinted to save the expense of copyright, and so long as the public was under the mania that every book was good because it was cheap, things went on very well. But a change is now impending over our railway literature: the public are surfeited with the gaily-decorated covers that beset them at every station, and the natural revulsion has set in. But our publishers are inventive geniuses in their way, and we have no doubt they will do their best to keep up public excitement at fever heat. For some time past the character of our railway literature has been improving, and the public have grown critical judges of the wares offered them, so that books are beginning to sell on their merits—a consummation much to be desired. The general tendency for cheapness has brought books into the market which, two years ago, a publisher would have shuddered to produce at any but the standard price, and there can be no doubt that cheap and good literature is one of the most powerful factors in popular education. Hence we should much regret to find that over-production had in any way checked the taste for reading which has recently sprung up among the people. At any rate, it is a cheering sign of the vitality of cheap literature to see that our

Gallic and German friends have been forced into the same track.

In conclusion, we may mention that, after due consideration, we are bound to give the preference to Messrs Hachette's railway literature before all their rivals; and if circumstances do not prevent them carrying out their original design, they will eventually produce a library which may serve as a model for the rest, and from which our publishers should take a useful hint in time.

CHAPTER III.

THE AMERICANS AT HOME.

When Gibbon wrote his great work, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," he had to deal with a nation which founded its grandeur on an ancient and solid basis; which advanced step by step, retained for a lengthened period the bloom of its strength and majesty, and eventually perished, owing to evils at first concealed, but which grew to a head in a course of ages. The history of Venice, from her first ascendancy to her final collapse, extends over a thousand years; in a word, we may say that in our "old" Europe all growth, as well as all declension, extends over a very lengthened period.

The spectacle the citizens of the United States offer us stands in the most startling contrast to the teaching of our history. Among them there is a rapidity of development and growth, of degeneracy and weakening, perceptible, such as has rarely before been produced to such an extent in history. A very little while back this state resembled a powerful, fully-manned, and splendidly-equipped ship of the line, whose sea capability and might hardly any one doubted. And now we suddenly see this ship stranded on a reef in the midst of its triumphant course, and split into two parts like the old Roman Empire. It is almost a tragic

sight: the foreign powers that feared it a short time ago now ridicule the fallen giant with the feet of clay. And even the smaller states, such as Spain and Mexico, appear to do much they would have not dared to do, even if they are not ready to attack it.

Whether the Americans can ever again emerge from the gulf of dissension in which they so suddenly hurled themselves? whether they can again become united? whether their political weakness is momentary? and whether their might will take a fresh impulse?—these are questions which now occupy many thoughtful men, though not one of them is clever enough to answer them positively in the negative or affirmative. It is not our purpose here to attack these questions, our intention being rather to discuss the point of the already existing, and still threatening, decadence of the popular strength and morality, and bring together a few hurried observations that may throw a light on this topic. Perhaps, in this way, a comprehension of what is now going on among the Americans may be promoted, and it is possible that, were the Americans to pursue the same investigation, they might hit on the idea of introducing betimes many a beneficial change.

The uniformity of all political, domestic, and moral circumstances and conditions is one of the most remarkable facts that strikes the European in America. In nearly all European states there is a number of different nationalities, or, at any rate, relics of old nationalities, with their peculiar habits, dialects, and costumes. Austria, Russia, and Turkey are, in this respect, as varied as a butterfly's wing; but even

England, France, and Spain stand in the same relation to the United States as a diversified landscape does to the smooth surface of a lake. It is true that many nations have migrated to America, but they were all, and still are, boiled down into the same homogeneous broth in the great caldron of the country, which is filled with corrosive democratic essences. The whole nation hence only learns and speaks the same language, does homage to the same manners and customs, and wears the same attire. The tyrant fashion—even its old capital of Paris—has gained proportionally insignificant triumphs, for its sway only extends over the surface of nations. In America, however, it overpowers and uniforms every living soul, and fills the entire mass with such corresponding tastes and feelings, that what one desires pleases another, and, thus, in the end, all, great and small, seem to have purchased their hats, coats, and boots at the same manufactory.

Even when a nation speaks one language, that language is usually divided into an infinity of dialects. In America, dialects or provincial distinctions hardly exist, or are so faintly coloured that they can scarce be perceived in comparison with the striking contrasts among ourselves. All Americans, high and low, backwoodsmen and New York merchant princes, the dwellers on the Pacific and on the Atlantic, all speak not only the same language, but the same dialect in the same nasal tone, and in the same inexpressive, dull, and prosaic manner. We certainly concede that there are different jargons amid the number of provinces, but they cannot be called organic dialects, so much as

various results from twisting and spoiling the English language.

The smallest English village, even if it possess no differences of nationality or dialect, is full of the most varying gradations of society and rank. In America, where there is only one language, one costume, there is also only one rank, that of the "Free citizens of the Republic," who consider themselves of equal value and descent. The two ends of society form a knot: the poor man, who does not stand so aloof as the labourers among us, takes a far more prominent part in the formation of the rich man, and the latter, who cannot be exclusive, as he is formed of the same dough as those below him, must admit many uneducated elements into his society. Hence, in America, there is no good or bad ton, no polished and no rough society. One tone and one colour is peculiar to the community; the same coating of varnish and semi-polish is daubed over all. The varieties of expression and face, again, are very perceptible among ourselves. There is a very marked difference, we need hardly say, between the expression on the face of a labourer, and the eloquent countenance of a person of refined education. The Americans are, in this respect, all, as it were, dies from the same stamp. Naturally, there are no aristocratic types among them, and, as a general rule, there is something vulgar and plebeian, not only in their manners, but in the common-place expression of their faces. This admixture of the vulgar is found even in the countenances of their presidents and great men, and in the faces and mode of speech of even their loveliest ladies.

On the other hand, the brutal and coarse expression found among our idiots, and those allied to them, does not descend so deep in the lower classes, as among ourselves. The low origin of their children, when ennobled in the American fashion, by being raised by a turn of the dice to a high position, is not perceptible either in manner or bearing, for these are very rapidly formed after the universal model.

Their domestic relations also follow the same uniform system. The houses in their towns are as much alike as if built by the same architect. The interior is always furnished in the same way, the only difference being that it is more modest among the poor, more ostentatious among the rich. Drawing-room, dining-room, and bed-rooms, are arranged precisely the same everywhere. At the same spot where the sofa or rocking-chair stands in New York, you find it again in St Louis or St Francisco. The walls are decorated with the same traditional engravings, the floors covered with the same indispensable carpet. Each man wishes to arrange his own nest exactly as another has done his, and he has no taste of his own. As there are no originals in America, no peculiarity in the furnishing of the houses need be expected: the Horatian adage, "Show me your friend's house, and I will tell you what he is," is not applicable in America, for in their houses there is nothing but a wearisome equality of tastes and feelings, wants and their satisfaction.

This grand uniformity could be carried further into the smaller details of the kitchen and cellar arrangements, which offer a rich and remarkable field for study. It is again to be found in the plan on which their cities

are built, for these are so alike that a stranger often feels confused. The monotony of the scenery and soil is perhaps partly to blame for this, but even if they stumble on a picturesque bit of landscape, they do not, like our forefathers, scatter their houses over the hill-sides and through the valleys, but go on levelling the ground, till they have rendered it perfectly flat, and stripped it of every atom of romance.

If, when wandering in the labyrinth of any large American town, you stop at a street corner and gaze at the general appearance of the houses, you might swear that your kind-hearted friend Mrs P., of New York, resides here. "'Is not that her house? it looks exactly like it, and is of the same colour. There are her steps, surely; those curtains she used to have before her windows, and the same trees stand before her door. The neighbours' houses are also grouped in precisely the same way, and the streets here run in the same direction, and offer a similar prospect." You fancy yourself brought, as if by magic, into the vicinity of a friend; you feel inclined to knock at the door and pay your respects to the lady. But then you reflect that you are hundreds of miles from New York, in one of the suburbs of St Louis, and only owe this pleasant, but unhappily short illusion, to the comprehensive genius for uniformity of the nation.

Our politicians frequently observe that the majority in the United States exerts the same despotic tyranny as the autocratic czar in Russia. When they say so, they have only in view the political tyranny of this victorious majority, which forces its president, its senators, its judges, even its postmasters and mail-cart drivers,

on the conquered and thoroughly dispossessed minority: the majority, which in a most wonderful manner blinds or gags the press, and suffers no opposition to its party views. But more remarkable is the consequence of their democratic tendencies, which carry along the entire nation, as the trade winds do the dust of the desert. A similar tyrannizing majority has gained the upper hand in unpolitical matters, and, as we have shown, even sways manners and customs, and moulds body and mind so thoroughly, that they grow as like each other as pebbles rolled about by a stream. It seems as if this political and moral majority passed through the whole body of the American nation, as the mighty Gulf Stream does through the ocean. Fashion, the majority, the spirit of the age—call it as you will—has not yet produced among us such a Gulf Stream, that carries everything away and sets all wheels in motion. Among ourselves there is a number of counter, side, and under currents: even when the tops of the trees are bent, or the waves break in foam, there is a quiet under growth, or deep water below. The Americans, who possess no such protection, whom every change of temper affects to the furthest extremity, naturally run a greater risk of degenerating into savageness than we Europeans, who are provided with so many natural counterpoises and active obstacles.

When the Americans praise to a European the political constitution of their country, and prove how cleverly calculated the power of their authorities is, how the action of Congress is checked by the President, how in some States the parliaments exercise a control over the governor, and *vice versâ*, and how each man

has a right of resistance to protect himself against others, they generally end their panegyric with the exclamation that it is a most wonderful system of checks and balances. But they forget that they have not introduced any counterpoise against the Gulf Stream of the majority, and that their whole constitution floats in the air like a balloon, which, in spite of all its ballast, is driven along by the blast of the national spirit. Could they but improve this spirit, they might again secure an anchorage for their constitution.

What did the Americans obtain from Europe? They are not, to any great extent, the cause of their being what they are: we may say that their character, and all the qualities and peculiarities that distinguish them, are the very natural and almost necessary product of their history and position. They could not have become other than what they are: perhaps, too, they can do little towards their amelioration, for destiny placed them on an inclined plane, down which they travel at a great pace, but it will be a matter of difficulty to climb up it again. As, however, the hope of improvement should not be given up either in a nation or an individual, the causes and historic progress of this degeneration may be sought with advantage.

The task of deducing national peculiarities from historic and geographical events is proportionally nowhere so easy as among the Americans. The first beginnings and origin of our old European nations are hidden in the obscurity of age; we cannot accompany them at their first migration, or decide what they brought with them, and what they derived from the

land on which they settled. Who can say, for instance, whence the Germans obtained their phlegm and slowness, the French their impetuous temper, or their lively and brilliant esprit? Who can prove how or where this or that habit, peculiarity, or custom, was implanted in the Italians or Spaniards? Such things are generally buried in oblivion, and stand beneath us like old ruins of which no one knows who built them.

All this is different with the thoroughly new American nation, for when its foundations were laid history had long had its eyes open, and had set hands and presses in motion. Their constitutions and states were not *Dei gratiâ*, if we may use the expression, but were made and formed by man, and with such superabundance, that, for instance, the written laws of such young States as Illinois already fill libraries. We know not only the date of the foundation of each colony, but the names, descent, and character of their individual founders; while accounts have been kept down to our time of the number of immigrants, their nationality, &c. Hence we are enabled to divide all that is imported from the native article, and gauge the merits of both.

As the Americans did not enter on their territory like the nomadizing Magyars, as thoroughly raw barbarians and pagans, but as descendants and offshoots of nations that had long been civilized, we may seek the foundation of their character on this side the ocean, especially in certain classes and provinces of those kingdoms from which the American population was principally drawn. They obtained their main strength from England, and hence we find the chief features of our national character among them. Generally re-

garded, we may consider them a branch of the Anglo-Saxon stem. From England, those persons oppressed by the aristocracy, the Church, and the king, the plebeians, the persecuted sectarians, and the discontented, fled in masses to the New World. They took with them their dissenting and sectarian observations and church institutions, and these have spread in a rank crop over the new soil. The plebeians took with them also their plebeian manners, mode of speech and trades, and made them predominant in the new land. When the nobility of England were the persecuted party under Cromwell, a good deal of aristocratic blood certainly passed over to America, principally to the Southern States; but it was so insignificant that it could not give a tone to the entire nation, as was the case with the German colonies founded in Livonia and Courland, where the nation assumed the manners, character, and feelings of the upper classes of Germany. Nearly all those who afterwards proceeded from England to America belonged to the working and industrial classes, and inoculated the new people with their active, industrious, and speculative temper. Work, self-exertion, and money-making—things which had secured to these people the highest aim of life in England—hence became the ruling principle in America. The Americans, as a people, stand in the same relation to the English nation as our lower plebeian classes to the aristocracy. An English nobleman recognizes in the New York character all the peculiarities, instincts, and dialect of his own lower classes, combined with the manners of his upstarts.

Of the British provinces, not one has increased the

American population more than Ireland, whence millions have emigrated, so that it would not be going too far to assert that one half the Americans are descended from the Irish. These Irish—mostly of the Celtic race and Catholic confession—have been absorbed by the more energetic Anglo-Saxon race, and they have entirely forgotten their Celtic tongue. They only remained faithful for a while over there to their Catholic Church, and many of them went over, and are still going over, to Protestanism, and thus become entirely blended with the Protestant or Anglo-Saxon race. But, for all that, the strong admixture of the Irish element has added many of its features to the portrait of the American character, which has received a very strong Celtic colouring. They obtained from the Celts a certain activity and rapidity which distinguishes the American from the real old Anglo-Saxon, though it is far from equalling the elegance of the Parisian Celts.

The passion of all Americans to play the gentleman is peculiar to the Irishman in rags, and that these American gentleman should often act in so ungentlemanly a way by appealing to the "knock-him-down" argument, and be so fond of fighting, may be the result of the passionate nature with which the Irish blood inoculated them. It seems as if the Irish planted a sprig of shillelagh in American soil, which grew splendidly, and produced an infinity of cuttings. We fancy that the celebrated Virginian "Lynch," from whom a peculiar American institution has derived its name, was of Irish descent. The hatred and suspicion the Americans display towards England, which did not disappear even after all cause for it was removed, may

also be kept alive by the constant influx of the Irish element. In their language, mode of expressing themselves, in their orthography, and poetry, the Americans distinctly display this Irish influence. In their dictionary a great number of Irish words have crept in, and in their literary style the Americans have a high-flown, ornate manner, which is not at all English. American poets often play upon words, like the Irish and other Celts, while true English poetry sets sole value on an energetic and concentrated expression of deep and earnest feelings and thoughts.

The many Highlanders and Welsh, too, who went to America, may have helped to maintain the Celtic element. Of other European nations which have assisted in the formation of American manners and peculiarities, we need only mention the French, Dutch, and Germans. French manners, tone, and customs are still kept up to a certain extent in some old towns founded by the French in the Mississippi country, and have been partially accepted by Americans of Anglo-Saxon and Irish origin who have migrated thither. The good society of New Orleans, indeed, speak still both English and French. Nearly the same may be said of the influence of the Dutch in New York. In this State, which they formed, there are not only many old families that have not yet forgotten Dutch manners and language, but practical observers assert that a Dutch colouring is unmistakably present in the manners and temper of the two million inhabitants of that State. Several Dutch customs—as, for instance, keeping up Christmas as in Holland, St Nicholas-day, New Year congratulations, &c.—have been retained there,

and are now kept up by the Americans in magnificent style.

The Germans denationalize themselves as rapidly in America as they do elsewhere. But they have retained their manners and language at those spots where they are strongly represented, and in Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and a few other States, there are entire districts inhabited by Germans. In such States the political weight and character of the Germans exercise at times an undoubted influence. Hence you may often hear go-ahead Yankees complain that Pennyslvania, through its population being so strongly composed "of slow, phlegmatic Dutchmen," who act as a drag, is difficult to set in motion. As merchants, tradesmen, artisans, agriculturists, and servants, the Germans certainly play a great part in America. With the vineyards along the Ohio and Mississippi, with the beer-breweries they establish in every town, with their public gardens, their gymnastic and singing societies, they indirectly alter the manners of the Americans to a considerable extent; but their influence, after all, is as nothing compared with that of the Anglo-Saxon and Irish element.

Had the fugitives and colonists from England found the New World unpopulated, and had they only been forced to contend against nature, it is probable that their national character would have been greatly modified. The savage, hunting peoples they found there, and with whom they soon came into constant collision, and have remained so to our days, assuredly exerted a continuous influence over the development of their character. Unfortunately, we are compelled to say

that the two races, white and red, did not work beneficially upon each other. The Indians have rarely learned anything good from the Europeans, and this has been still less the case with the latter.

At the outset, the Indians were richer than the arrivals from Europe. They were the lords and owners of the soil: they alone knew how to chase those animals whose furs fetched a high price in Europe. They were acquainted with all the roads, rivers, and mountains, productions and treasures of the land, and from them the colonists could learn and acquire everything. The Indians, moreover, were at first superior to the colonists in savage strength and numbers, for the latter entered the country as pilgrim fathers, without soldiers or weapons, and having no Cortez or Pizarro to lead them. These pilgrims began by treating the Indians most kindly and affectionately; they obtained land from them piecemeal by treaties and bargains, and not by violence and conquest, and in the same way purchased from them for a mere song the peltry and other small wares, which they disposed of at a high figure in Europe. Before all, cunning and cleverness must be employed against the savages, and it was not till the small communities felt sufficiently strong that they suddenly appealed to force, and expelled or exterminated the Indians. We may say that from the beginning of their existence the American state and nation have developed themselves under the influence of constant treaties and acts of violence, negotiations and combats with the Redskins.

The bold, enterprising, cunning, and half-savage people, who now live in the rear of the American States

and cities, the backwoodsmen, fur-hunters, beaver-trappers, and so-called Indian traders, are now celebrated or notorious throughout the world. But such a belt of spying pioneers and advanced posts, constantly waging a guerilla warfare with the Indians, has existed from the beginning in America. American life began with beaver-trapping and bargaining for peltry: these men constantly preceded agriculture or the building of the towns, of which the destroyers of the Indians became citizens. There is scarce a town in America which was not formerly a hunting station or a fur mart, or a family which did not count among its ancestors people who lived on the toil and plunder of the Indians. The qualities these men assumed in their incessant collision, either warlike or peaceful, with the Indians were necessarily permanently engrafted in the manners of the nation, and we may probably explain in this way most of the qualities contained in the name of Yankee. From these pioneers and hunters came the rapid walk, the great activity, the ever attentive and sharpened senses of the Yankees; hence, too, that quality which the Americans praise in themselves under the title of "wide awake," for that is the principal qualification of advanced posts, sentries, and spies. Hence, too, came their greatly lauded "smartness"—an expression in which acuteness, rapidity of action, elasticity of movement, and impudence are combined. Hence, probably, also came the American fashion, so often criticised, of asking incessant questions. Their first business when they arrived in America must have been cross-examining the Indians, and it eventually grew into a permanent habit.

As the Anglo-Saxons have rarely intermarried with the Red-skins, but little of their blood and race has passed over to the Americans, but all the more of their mental qualities. We may assert that the Indian race is perpetuated in the American, and that every true Yankee has something of the Red-skin in him. Many —even American—physiognomists actually find in the features of the Americans a resemblance to the harsh, fixed Canadian expression. A distinguished French naturalist has declared that their hair is as stiff and bristly as is ordinarily the case among the Indians: fine silky curly hair is a great rarity in America, and the Americans are obliged to appeal to a hairdresser when they wish it to curl.

It is the opinion of many savans that not merely the mental, but also the physical, constitution and strength of the Americans is in a state of decadence, or at any rate has undergone a perceptible and considerable change. Figures borrowed from statistics are unable to prove this fact with mathematical precision, but there are a multitude of self-evident proofs of this view. Were there nothing else to support our assertion, the extraordinary number of chemists' shops, the flourishing state of the doctors, the amount of charlatanism, the countless pills, powders, draughts, and other domestic recipes, which everybody nearly always carries about with him, show that the condition of the national health is far from satisfactory. In no European village do you see anything like the smallest settlements in the Far West, where the doctor's shop is always the most brilliant and best stocked store in the town, where the corners of the streets and the pump railings are

covered with printed panegyrics of life elixirs and universal specifics, or bills announcing lectures by peripatetic doctors on the cure of this or that disease. Instead of promoting health, the degenerated condition of the healing art in America must effect much in weakening the race and drying up the sources of life. A number of poisons, such as opium, mercury, and arsenic, are in far greater general use as curative means than among ourselves; and tobacco-chewing is another of the evil habits which ruin health, by destroying the appetite and the coats of the stomach. Like opium-eating, it ruins the complexion, and undoubtedly dulls the intellect; even the repulsive, unsympathizing, egotistic expression it imparts to the face appears to indicate this. This custom, introduced into America by sailors, has now attacked all classes of society.

Here and there in America we do not deny that powerful men may be found. The tall, powerful Kentuckians are celebrated, so are the sturdy wood-fellers of Maine; we saw, in New Hampshire and other parts of New England, regiments composed of picked men, while among the Virginian planters there are many fine fellows. At the same time we are bound to confess that very few cripples and wasted men are to be found in America. This proves that the race has an excellent stock still left, and our only fear is that this stock, obtained from the fine old Anglo-Saxon family, may be too rapidly expended and wasted.

English cookery is very plain, perhaps too plain, but it is distinguished by the solidity of its material and the simple mode of preparation, which is beneficial

to health. Our mode of cooking meat has recently been introduced into nearly every other country. Though we may be deficient in the arts of pastry and confectionery, our bread is the best in the world. The Americans have transferred to their land the main features of English cookery, but they have allowed this branch of domestic science, which is all-important for the social welfare and the maintenance of a powerful race of men, to fall into a state of utter decay. Taken altogether, we believe that no great nation in the world is fed in so insipid and unhealthy a way as the American. One half of what they daily consume, often in great quantities, would produce indigestion in other nations, and hence it is but natural that dyspepsia should figure at the head of the list of diseases.

To begin with the most important of all articles of food—the daily bread—we must say that it is in a very bad state in America. Healthy, nourishing, thoroughly-baked, and pleasantly-tasted bread is not to be found in any household of the United States, and can only be obtained from the English and German bakers who have settled in a few American towns for the salvation of foreigners. The Americans never allow their bread to be thoroughly baked, and it is always doughy and pappy. Though they constantly complain of this themselves, they do not attempt any alteration; but it harmonizes exactly with their own overhasty manner. It partially results from their dislike for large loaves, which will not keep till the next day, and most of the breakfast and tea rolls are not obtained from the baker, but made at home, and eaten hot and half baked.

At dinner they eat but little bread, and their dishes

principally consist of fish and flesh, differently prepared. These two articles nature has to a certain extent supplied them with liberally. Their game is excellent, and was once abundant, and the wild turkeys are far superior to our tame birds in tenderness and flavour. We have nothing to compare with their prairie hens, the large fat American quails, and the varieties of wild-duck. The coast, the large lakes, and the huge rivers are overstocked with fish, but the old proverb about God sending meat and somebody else cooks, holds good here. So soon as the above-mentioned and many other fine articles of food have been obtained from their forests and handed over to the uneducated cook, or negligent lady of the house, and hurriedly tortured in red-hot pans, covered with rancid butter, and served up with a watery sauce, they gradually lose all their piquancy, and when at last you have in your plate a lump of meat burned outside, and raw inside, your appetite entirely disappears.

Everybody remembers with pleasure the fragrant odour that issues from Parisian kitchens, and which seems like rising incense as you walk along the Boulevards. This odour, composed of all the various substances blended together in a Parisian kitchen, is the best recommendation of the excellence of the manipulations going on in them. But we could never draw near an American kitchen without feeling vexed at the unhealthy, stifling smell that met us from its atmosphere. We cannot describe this smell more closely, but any one whom it has once assailed will agree with us that it is a characteristic and specifically American odour, which is met with throughout the whole coun-

try. The great hotels in New York and the other great cities are completely infected with it, and it is found again in every private house, possessing identically the same character. Its unpleasantness is sufficient to condemn the whole of the American cookery, and it probably emanates from defective management and the use of badly selected ingredients, such as the rancid butter, the hurriedly-fried fowls, the half-baked bread and pastry, and the raw beef-steaks and roast beef. (American housewives begin their baking and boiling about half an hour before dinner-time.) The universality of this smell throughout the country proves that the cookery is equally faulty everywhere.

Just in the same way as the Americans have only remained English in their prevailing colouring, their kitchen has borrowed much from other nations. They have in many respects imitated the Dutch in New York, the Germans in Pennsylvania, and the French on the Mississippi. From the Germans they seem to have taken the preparation of their vegetables, and they have also fresh boiled beef on their tables, which is never the case with the English. Soup is also more general among them than in England, though not so common as in France and Germany. They are very partial to boiled fruit, both fresh and dried, as well as to jellies and preserved fruits. Molasses play a great part on their tables, but their knowledge of pastry they have unluckily derived from England, and make it far more substantial. Their pie-crusts are usually as thick and pasty as if ordered from a bookbinder, just as their jellies seem to be turned out by a pomade-maker.

Of course the Americans have added many native dishes to those they borrowed from other nations, and some of them are not so very bad. We may mention, for instance, a fish soup called "chowder," the only thing we found at all eatable among the middle classes in New England. Unfortunately the Americans have discovered in their own country a variety of corn called Maize, which grows even up to the frontier of Labrador. Of this yellowish, insipid, sweet corn they make all sorts of bread, cakes, pastry, broth, and soups, with which their tables are daily supplied, though no European can grow to like them. Dry ship biscuit also plays an important part in the national dietary. It is baked in almost every house, and served at breakfast and tea; it is even put into the soup, in which it swells like a sponge, and you come across a lump of this watery stuff when you expect wholesome green fat. In New England the ladies are wont to dip biscuit in cold water, when it soon absorbs the moisture, and is eaten as a dainty.

In spite of all the offensive kitchen smells and the red-hot stifling stoves, it is a great rarity ever to obtain any warm food in America. These unhappy beings pay no attention to the fact that some articles, through their nature, must be eaten cold, while others only display their good qualities through heat. Many dishes, eaten cold, are like flowers which have lost their fragrance, but the Americans pay no attention to such delicate details. All the dishes, cold and hot, are placed on the dinner-table together, and before the company have assembled all are equally tepid. Probably this want of warm food is connected with the American

fashion of rapid eating, which is not only an unpleasant, but a most unhealthy habit. The Americans display as much haste in eating as in any other business. There is no time for cheerful converse between the courses, and naturally the teeth do not perform their proper functions. It is true, however, that so few of the dishes are really agreeable, that you only feel pleased when you have given the stomach its necessary amount of pabulum.

Many American fashions in eating probably originate from this hasty feeding. Eating eggs is not a very graceful process anywhere, but the Americans render it simply disgusting. They take an egg-cup about the size of a beer-glass, break three or four eggs into it, add some salt and pepper, stir the mass up, and swallow it at a gulp. Other delicacies they treat in the same way—as, for instance, oysters, which we like to eat one by one from their natural receptacle. The Americans, who dislike ceremony, have the oysters opened, and poured with their water into a saucepan, when they are converted into what is called oyster-soup. They are thus enabled to devour the oysters with tablespoons, and this soup is a standing dish at the soirées of New York, Boston, and other cities, and even appears to the European as his evil genius—but *paulo majora canamus.*

A great argument in proof of the decay of the Americans may be derived from the remarkable fact that they so speedily broke down in the production of great men and prominent talents. The Greeks and Romans and other nations proved much more productive during their epoch of flourishing. Among them

were entire races of great men, families in which talent, high virtue, and a noble character constantly remained, and were handed down from the revered father and grandfather to the equally distinguished sons and grandsons. Their firmament was richly adorned for centuries with planets of the first, second, and third magnitude. The Americans possess, it is true, their immaculate Washington, a patriot of simple grandeur of character, displayed by the most splendid and rare mental and moral gifts, and a citizen really worthy of imitation. As Castor to this Pollux, Benjamin Franklin may be placed by the side of Washington; but this is almost the only constellation that shed lustre on America. These two are their alpha and their omega, and they never again produced any men to equal them. It is as if their virtue only once bore a splendid blossom and ripe fruit. Since Washington and Franklin, who died not much more than half a century ago, they have produced remarkably few great, simple, and patriotic men. They were certainly followed by the Adamses, the Jeffersons, and a few others who acquired the praise of their contemporaries, but how thin did the tail of the comet soon become of which a Washington forms the brilliant nucleus!

This paucity of great men began very shortly after the declaration of Independence and the growing supremacy of democratic tendencies. All the great men of the republic, including Adams and Jefferson, were born under the English dominion, and educated in its good principles; and they, whose grandfathers still resided in England, were more English than American. Again, the birthdays of a Madison and a Clay, a Jack-

son and a Daniel Webster, nearly all fall in the last century, and partly under the English government, or close upon it. The more American the Americans became, the more that blood and temper they brought with them from Europe evaporated, the more incompetent they appeared to produce great men. Clay and Daniel Webster, who died a few years ago, were the last of the Titans. The arrogance that gradually took possession of the masses, and filled them with the confidence or the notion that any man could manage matters as well as another, has ended by checking the energy of really gifted men, and as no laurels or reverence are offered them, they make no exertions to act as patterns to men who will not tolerate example. The great men have grown sick and tired of putting themselves in evidence, and the best of them pine away in the retirement of their homes. The spirit of the age has felled one after the other all the mighty oak-trees in the American forests, and nothing is left but a scrubby undergrowth.

It is true that almost every European native complains of the want of great men: how many in England, for instance, regard with dread the death of Lord Palmerston, through the impossibility of giving him a successor? But, after all, the matter is not so dangerous with us; we have gone through many periods of poverty of that sort, and attained others which are more brilliant than even the past. We have still among us a sturdy natural stock, a primeval soil from which much may still spring up. With the Americans the exhaustion is far more hopeless, for they resemble an army without reserves. But the present crisis and

deeply ramifying convulsion may aid them in this respect too.

The Americans are very fond of calling themselves a young nation, and take credit for a great deal too much in consequence. They consider us Europeans effete nations, with collapsing and tottering states; and this complaint, that Europe has lived itself out, and that we are going down the hill, has found considerable acceptance even among ourselves, especially with the followers of Mr Bright. It seems to us, however, that people who discuss this question are apt to call decadence in Europe, what is, after all, merely change. Old Europe has been for two thousand or three thousand years a Phœnix, which, it is true, burnt its own nest at times, but which ever drew fresh life from the old wondrous and inexhaustible fountain-head of the Indo-Germanic races. We have existed a long time, like a centennial oak, but a fresh youthful sap courses through our veins with every recurring spring. The Americans have not existed long, and hence may be called young; but they have no right to regard themselves as more youthful than Europeans in fulness of life and freshness of mind and heart.

A glowing enthusiasm for the Beautiful and the Good, which at times becomes visionary, a childish and original simplicity and want of caution, a fresh poetical feeling, which degenerates at times into foolishness; such are a few of the characteristics and faults of youth. An European youth, to whatever nation he may belong, stands in this respect as a perfect child by the side of an American youth—we beg his pardon, young gentleman. And even European men, old and young, have

retained more of this temperament than the Americans, no matter of what age they may be.

Susceptibility to enthusiasm is a precious inheritance of the old, as yet uncorrupted, peoples of Europe, who feel God in nature, God in history, God in themselves. The Americans, who tinkered up the State with their own hands, who plunder Nature more than they admire her, who have expelled the old God everywhere, are but very little adapted for such youthful feelings. From childhood they are far too smart for simplicity and meekness of heart. These are qualities which can be more easily met with in London and Paris than on the prairies of the Mississippi. Among the Americans the very lads seem to have eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and the whole nation bears traces of premature ripeness and the wrinkles of age upon its youthful brow. It is doubtful whether a rejuvenescence of the mind, a renaissance, such as has frequently appeared in the history of every European nation, can take place here. Will the current that has now assailed them bear them to this desirable change, or will they become perfectly savage?

One of the most material demands for the cohesion of human society is a certain traditional reverence for merit, talent, age, past times—in a word, for everything that appears reverend to a modest mind, which is conscious of its own individual insignificance. Of this feeling, which in Europe is the cement of family life, the Americans have unfortunately retained extremely little.

When they separated from the Old World, towards the close of the last century, and gave their mother

country a repulse which it may, perhaps, have deserved to some extent, the Americans themselves received such an impulse in the contrary direction, that they at length went beyond all bounds. They yielded so insanely to their fear and hatred of England, that even long after they had become powerful and independent, a feeling of reverence for the fine old land of their fathers did not return, and a great portion of their patriotism even at the present day consists in dislike and jealousy of England, and suspicion of her motives. They were, at the same time, actuated by a feverish repugnance to all that was old or past, against everything connected with history and tradition, and the words, so frequently heard in their country, "We want no past," became their favourite phrase. They went much further in this respect than was necessary and good, and are now penetrated by a most anti-historic temper, which is a great misfortune for any and every nation. For, after all, we must repose once in the arms of history, and no nation can try to tear itself from its maternal arms without incurring punishment.

Through these historic events, through casting off the old European authority, and eventually all authority, an impulse was given to that contumely for old age generally, which is so remarkable a trait in the private life of the Americans. The men who no longer respected the land and traditions of their fathers, must in the end suffer the fate of being thrust on one side by their sons. To this, of course, was added the circumstance that in a country where so much that was new had to be created, where rude nature had to be overcome, and where even yet so rich a reward awaits the

energetic and enterprising man, who lightly throws everything into the scale, the strong and daring youth of the land must take the first rank, and the weak, more cautious, and timid elders, retire and fall into miscredit. The influence of these relations is specially noticeable in the western districts and in the bran-new States, where the youths are the dominant party, and the population consists almost exclusively of young men. But much of this has adhered to the whole nation. Young unmarried girls play the chief part in the house and in society; young men on 'Change and at public meetings. The youth of America exercise a species of terrorism, and the parents and grandfathers are attacked by an extraordinary cowardice. Even in the parental house this terrorism is employed by the little boys, whom their father can no longer manage, and from whom he at times flies to a remote chamber in passive resignation. When the lads grow up, they soon liberate themselves entirely from paternal control, do as they think proper, set up in business, marry, or go on their travels, just as they think proper.

Many of these growing lads, even among the better classes, terrorize society in the character of "rowdies." These fellows have their fraternities or bands, exercise Lynch law in the west, take the first place in elections, and fight the partisans of the opposing party in the public streets, hurling stones and brickbats at each other, and firing at each other with Derringers and pistols. Recklessness at length becomes so incorporated in these lads, that it degenerates into an irresistible fury for destruction. Hence they break the lamps without any political motive, or set fire at night to

houses just for the sake of fun, fire a pistol in passing down a dark street to terrify peaceful citizens, or force their way into flower-shows and upset everything, and nobody attempts to keep them in order or punish them. They even undertake robberies, partly through a mere spirit of enterprise, partly because they like to have their pockets full of money, in order to make a grand show. At Baltimore there existed for a time a band of robbers recruited among the better classes, who attacked and plundered a mail-coach on the public highway.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VILLAGE PRIEST.

In Upper Suabia, wherever the meadows are most flourishing, and the bright streams rustle through the valleys, or where a sunny acclivity rises, and fine woods and luxuriant crops are in the vicinity, there a monastic building generally stands. The white walls and lofty gables look from a distance stately enough; but when you draw nearer, you see that the court-yards are desolate, the spacious rooms serve only as haylofts, and the sparrows build their nests in the carved work of the palace of the prelates. Not unfrequently the hand of destruction has fallen still more heavily on these abodes of peace: the main building is in ruins, the cloister broken down and blocked up. It is true that the people have adhered to the Catholic faith, but the holy fathers and sisters are no longer to be seen; nothing is left them of their rich property save six feet of gravestone within the cloister: the rest belongs to the children of the world. The well-preserved church, with its slate-covered roof, alone shows that the new heirs will not give up the eternal treasures of the Church although they have robbed her of the temporal.

Frequently an old fruit-tree, that is gradually dying, puts forth a young shoot that is strong and healthy;

and if this young tree does not produce such fair and perfect fruit, still it is of the same species. Similarly from the old monastic buildings a new life has sprung up, less holy, but equally important. The art of cultivating gardens, of ingrafting noble fruit-trees, of housing abundant crops in proper succession, has been inherited by the free peasant, who once served as a dependent in the halls of the monastery; in the lofty rooms the brewer is busily engaged, who has robbed the monks of their richest fields and their noblest abode: in the cloister the cobbler raps and the smith hammers, and hence—probably because the prosperity in the village surrounding this monastery is greater than elsewhere—a solemn peace rests on the whole and consecrates their toil.

Such a convent, then, is Hochmünster.

The widely-extended buildings are built on a gently rising acclivity; the wall of the garden, surrounding the convent on three sides, is here and there demolished or broken down; but the front wing of the building that runs along the high road has been carefully preserved. There not a stone or a brick is absent; but in the lower storey the little round window-panes have been removed, and the refectory has been rendered lighter. It is still a refectory, save that instead of tender nuns nibbling at their toothsome sweetmeats, or sipping wine of their own growth, the carrier now has the strongest beer standing before him, and the traveller praises the rough culinary skill of the brewer's wife. To the right of the main building a piece of the garden-wall has even been removed, and given place to a gracefully-formed iron gate, behind which a newly-

built, small, though elegant cottage stands. On the frontage, a vine spreads over an espalier, and in the little garden tulips and hyacinths glisten. It can be easily seen that the proprietor of this cottage must have plenty of time on his hands, and from the grey-haired turnspit, that lies undisturbed before the door, the conclusion may be drawn that this is a nook wherein parents or a grandmother are spending their closing days in peace, while the business in the convent opposite is left to younger hands.

It must be Easter time, for in the taproom and in the court-yard, as well as at the entrance to the cottage, fresh May is fastened up; here and there a maid hurries from one house to the other with a cake; in the "nook," an active woman of some forty years of age is tripping up and down stairs, and has so much to say and to order, that herself and her two maids scarcely know what to set about first. An important guest was evidently expected, for the little woman is at one moment down on the ground-floor with grandmamma, asking advice; then she stands in the centre of the best room on the first floor, and admires her own handiwork, how white her curtains are, and how cleverly she has arranged everything; or she walks again and again to the window, whence a long stretch of the road can be seen across the green crops and the yellow rape-fields, and each wanderer, each vehicle can be recognized. At length she even calls to Ernestine and Marie, and asks, "Is everything exactly as my Alois likes it?" To the maids' affirmatory reply she then adds, "For my son returns to-day as priest, and all must therefore be doubly clean and proper. I

should like to know why he has not arrived long ago." She stood against the window—"But there's nothing coming of any sort along the dusty road. I shall have time to go over to my sister's for a moment, to see if they are so far in their kitchen. Marie, you'll stop here and look out of window. Call me if you see anything even at a distance."

Said and done. The maid stood faithfully too at the window and watched most carefully, but nothing came along the road that would occasion her to call her mistress. But while she was looking out in front, a young man approached along the footpath through the beech forest that almost runs down to the garden wall, and is only separated by a narrow clover-field; he unfastened the back door gently, and then walked slowly, and looking round carefully, as if he would greet every bush and tree, up to the house—yes, he even allowed himself time to cast a glance into the cloister, were it as a reminiscence of this playground of his youth, were it to look for some one by whom he would have been gladly greeted first. It could be seen at first sight that the young man was an ecclesiastic; still he was not attractive either through a very handsome figure or by elegant features; he looked younger than he could be in accordance with his calling, and had the slow, placid action of a passionless man. It was not till he stood on the threshold of his home, and the old dog Bello made several fruitless attempts to leap up to him, and he bent down to pat the delighted animal, that his features beamed with good-nature and became really handsome. He first went into the ground-floor room, the grandmother's

sanctum; she was seated at the window in the warm sunshine, had just laid her spectacles and prayer-book aside, and was now slumbering. Alois remained in the doorway, and affectionately regarded the old lady's tranquil features. She was dressed in her Sunday gown, evidently in honour of her expected grandson. He did not move, but wiped a tear from his bright eyes, which he now kept wide open, though usually wont to let them fall; but the turnspit dog could not be restrained from announcing the visitor, and kept barking round the grandmother till she awoke. "Come nearer, my son!" she said, in a gentle voice, which, however, had not yet lost any of its metallic clang—"come hither, for my limbs have refused me their service for many a month. Oh! how fervently have I already thanked God for suffering me to live to see this day!"

Alois had drawn nearer, knelt on the stool before his grandmother, and held her hand firmly, while she laid the other on his head, and said, affectionately, "The Lord bless you; you have been a joy to your parents, and will be here to close my eyes. Henceforth we shall be together in life and in death!"

Now the mother rushed into the room, quite red with haste and delight, and cried, "Alois, Alois! have you really come? It is really too bad: for three hours I never left the window, that I might be the first to see you, and when I went away for a moment, then you must come. Had an angel rendered you invisible? The stupid Marie!" she exclaimed, between the kisses with which she now welcomed her only child. She turned her son round and round in delight to see whether he was as handsome and healthy as she had

always thought him. "But everything's out of order to-day," she said, quite lost in her examination; "the brother-in-law has driven as far as Erbrechtingen to meet you, and now you come on foot! and how hungry and tired you must be!"

She now drew him, despite his half repugnance, away from the grandmother, and conducted him into the drawing-room that was prepared for his reception. "For," she said, "you must feel again for once that there's nothing like a mother's care. See here, all is as you like it." Yes, she even wished to take his shoes off when he stretched himself at his ease on the newly-covered sofa, for he had in truth had a long walk. He, however, prevented her with a smile, and said, "No, dear mother, our Lord and Master said, 'I have not come to be served but to serve others.'" She did not let herself be thwarted, though, so easily. "Ah!" she replied, "our Lord only meant that spiritually; in actual life he was waited upon by Martha and her sisters." Alois raised his finger threateningly, and said, "Oh, mother, mother, what remarks are those for a lady whose son will be appointed priest and dispenser of the sacraments in this place next Sunday?" She only answered him with kisses, and he was forced to submit, and allow her at least to put on his slippers: "For," she said, "even if you now are our clergyman, and your mother must confess to you, still you are my child, my own flesh and blood, which God cannot take from me. Nor would He wish to do so, for our Saviour's last words were for His mother. He had still time to think of her, when He bore the burden of the world and the bitterness of death."

Alois shook his head. She would not suffer him to speak, however, but continued: "And now I am doubly jealous of my maternal rights, for even if I gladly give to the Church the things that belong to it, little Luise will now come and want her share of your heart. And she will play the part of your bride at your installation, grandmother settled it so. But have you seen the child yet? she usually followed you about like a pet lamb."

"No!" the son replied. "I looked into the cloisters in passing, where the child usually played, but I saw no one."

"Well! that would be pretty!" the mother cried, "if the child were now to play about as she did four years ago. Luise is now twelve years old, and must help her mother; else it would be said that the children and grandchildren of the brewers in Hockmünster were badly brought up—but the child has grown beautiful." More beautiful than all the rest, she was about to add; but she checked the remark, because there was a gentle and modest tap at the door, and on her saying "Come in," the little Luise walked into the room. The girl remained standing by the stove and grew red as fire, while she made a confused curtsey and murmured a few incoherent words—a species of address which her mother had taught her, because it was no longer proper that Luise should treat Alois in the same off-handed way as before. Alois regarded her with pleasure, but appeared to have no inclination to help her out of her embarrassment, nor did her aunt. The girl curtseyed several times; but then rushed suddenly to her cousin, and said, "To-morrow and the

next day I may be as usual, mayn't I, Alois? But I will kiss you, as the other really betrothed folks do."

He caught her in his arms, kissed her forehead, and let her do all she pleased like the wild girl she was; for in spite of her good education and her constant amiable battle with her aunt, as the only child of the rich brewer and farmer, she was sadly spoiled. It is true her father always opposed it when mother and aunt dressed the child up so, and on this day she was obliged to wear a washed-out cotton frock, in spite of the festive occasion; but to make up for it, her mother had plaited her abundant black hair in the most graceful manner, and her collar and apron were the finest that could be procured, and her aunt, to oppose her brother-in-law's obstinacy, had given the girl her own silver arrow, and fastened it in her hair. By the time the mother, who had retired a little while to attend to the dinner, returned, Alois and Luise were on the best possible terms, and greeted the brewer's wife with shouts of joy, who had now finished her toilette and come in. Then they went down, as was usual on holidays, to the grandmother's room, and seated themselves round the amply-covered board. On such a day the whole house, according to old custom, must live on the fat of the land; yes, even the grandmother's canary, which always chirrupped the louder the merrier people were round the table, was doubly fed by Luise this day. The mixture of education and great rustic simplicity which is here revealed among the inhabitants of Hochmünster, is usually manifested in such wise.

The wealth that has purchased Church lands brings

no peril to its possessor, for it is still closely connected with the honest daily labour, and brings in its train a multitude of traditional duties. The rich man must always exercise benefice towards others, and possess wealth as if he had it not. Nor is it proper, according to old custom, which the farmer dare least of all infringe, to display wealth in any other fashion than for the Church and the most important festivals of life—when a human being is born, marries, or dies. The same man on whom, probably, the whole parish is dependent, must be the first about in the house, and is not respected unless he can manage a plough better than any of his lads; the housewife, too, who has all her cupboards and chests full, would be considered badly brought up if she did not spin a new piece of linen every winter and put it to the rest, or if she tried to make herself conspicuous through a different style of dress; the most permitted would be a more elegant cap, and a necklace of real pearls bequeathed by her parents. This restriction, with which all feel happy, is handed down from generation to generation almost like a tyrannical law. Even with reference to marriage, an old tradition prevails which cannot be easily deserted even when it is painful; for these healthy minds and nerves do not comprehend that a heart can be broken by unsatisfied love. They marry extremely rarely out of their rank, and whenever there are two daughters and no son in a family, the one must marry a well-to-do farmer for house and home, while the other, if she will not leave the place, they are glad to betroth to the schoolmaster, so that the whole spiritual and temporal authority may be in the hands of one family, which then regards it as

the highest boast that a son of the schoolmaster may be consecrated to the Church at an early age, and as soon as he has reached the canonical age be made the clergyman of their village, for then their position is rendered as firm as a rock. Even the government must hold these farmers in high esteem, for although they, as far as they are personally concerned, decline to be sent as representatives to the Chamber, still they decide the elections through their influence, and on the slightest show of unfair treatment they easily become very dangerous, through a purely conservative temper united to an obstinate resistance, while ever finding a support in the silent power of the Church.

Such a family was that of the Lamparters of Hochmünster, in the old conventual times, farmers, and now independent proprietors of the finest fields and forests around. The family name had alone been altered since the death of the grandfather, as there were two daughters, of whom the younger had married a rich man, Luise's father, for house and home, while the elder, obeying her affections, had accepted the school-teacher Winkler. As the latter, however, died at an early age, the wife devoted herself entirely to nursing the grandmother, and awaited patiently and in cheerful activity the moment when Alois, her son, who had been educated in the convent, would satisfy the pride of the family, by becoming the clergyman of Hochmünster. The village priest had died several years before, but the grandmother had maintained her connection with the clergy with redoubled zeal, and the brewer, as member of the Chamber, had also done his share to keep the living open and have its duties dis-

charged by proxy till Alois had received the third ordination. Now things had come thus far, and he would be solemnly presented as priest of Hochmünster on the next Sunday.

In the "nook" and the convent everything of course was in full activity: by the occasion of this festival the wealth of the family would be really displayed. The brother-in-law drove himself, with his handsome horses and silver-mounted appointments, all around in the vicinity to invite guests and clergymen; the wife opened her most precious stores, for the suffragan was going to be her most honoured guest; the mother, however, had enough to attend to in preparing Luise's dress, and not forgetting herself at the same time. Alois, too, possessed a disposition that fortunately ripened but slowly, which, so to say, awaited its proper seasons. He did not wish when a lad to be a youth, when a youth to be a man, when a man to be forced to be an old man. He could consequently oppose the equanimity of a quiet temper to everything that sought to thwart him or lead him astray; he was never embittered or insulted, and believed faithfully in the better angel that governed his fellow-men. This store of blessed love, and the active good humour in which he resembled his mother, he had ever seen closely united with the prayers and actions of the church, and the habit of regarding himself from childhood dedicated to God did not allow him to regard as a heavy resignation what this church imposed on its servants. He had, probably, never reflected that marriage was a blessing, the portal to which would be ever closed against him, and his warm feelings were

poured out over the whole family, with whom he had grown up in peace and union. He especially felt a devoted love for his grandmother, who confirmed him in return in his simple manners through her pious, sensible mind.

During the day he was not visible, and even his impatient mother did not dare disturb him; in the evening he wandered up and down under the fresh verduring trees in the garden; but then he even escaped from his fellow-beings, and paid little attention to the deep respect with which the maids and peasant wives saluted him: for to a woman's mind a young Catholic clergyman ever appears a martyr and a sacrifice, who renounces the world to keep the road to heaven open for hearts less capable of making such sacrifices.

Thus the festal day approached.

As many remote farms and cottages are contained in such a parish as Hochmünster, the bell is rung a full hour before the commencement of the service. These sounds aroused Alois, who had prayed and fasted the whole night through, from his meditations. He opened the window towards the garden, and looked out on the prospect. The mists were still slowly gathering on the verge of the forest, but the sun had gained the victory, and shone through the quivering, gently moving fruit-trees in the garden. His eyes rested on his mother with a smile, who was already dressed in her holiday attire, and adorned with her heavy gold chain, seated on a bench in the garden and weaving a garland. This art is famously understood round Hochmünster, as every one adorns the church, the grave, and the merrymakers with flowers; this day,

however, the mother had stripped her favourite tree, a cherry, planted and tended by herself, and which no one else was allowed to touch, and was twining the snow-white blossom into a wreath. Alois was perfectly aware that this ornament was intended for Luise, and that when the garland was finished he would have no time left to follow his meditations. He had, however, much too great a respect for every old tradition to think it any interference when, at last, his mother and aunt, both smiling through their tears, came in to him and conducted him solemnly down to the grandmother.

He here found a numerous company of colleagues and elders of his own parish in a half-circle round the grandmother's chair; to the left of them stood Luise, dressed in white, with the white wreath in her black hair. Alois was silently welcomed by the company, and then led to the right hand of the grandmother, who placed his hand in Luise's, and said: "It is a primitive custom in this village that the priest who comes fresh to us should on this day of honour be wedded to the merriest girl among us in a truly spiritual marriage. As this child is pure, so shall the priest devote himself to purity, for he must not separate from life, but unite himself in firm bonds with all that is blessed and divine in this life, that, while on earth, he may be in heaven. 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' He that is thrice holy commands, 'for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Thus shall a child lead you this day before the altar, and you shall watch your whole life through over this child like a faithful guardian, and when God gives her a husband you shall speak the holy blessing over both. This is

the meaning of my deed, these the duties you undertake, and I will bless you both, as was the custom of our fathers and forefathers."

She held her hands over Alois and Luise, who had knelt down, and no one dared to interrupt the silence which now ensued, till the bells began afresh, as a signal for the procession to church. The boys and girls and school-children of the village had in the mean while collected and arranged themselves in front of the house. With music, garlands, and swinging of flags, the procession started, with the brewer at the head, as soon as Alois and Luise had stationed themselves beneath the baldachin of flowers which four lads in white surplices and with gilt censers held over them. The grandmother smiled from the window at the mingled mass, which proceeded to church with a merry marriage-march, and looked after it until the church door was closed upon the last devotee. Then she sank back on her chair and prayed loudly, as the sounds of the organ reached her ear, for the welfare of her house. The day after this festival, which was commenced seriously and closed in merriment, Alois had already returned to his usual quiet course. He remained where he had formerly lived, in the "nook" with his mother and grandmother, that he might not drive the sister of the deceased clergyman from the vicarage, in which she had grown old, and then immediately commenced his regular duties. He did not require to gain the confidence of his parishioners, for they all had known him from childhood, and lightened his labour, as they willingly let him seek for and find them. The comfortable circumstances of his family supported him in his charitable actions, and his

mother's practical sense ever found a way that led to the right end. But whenever Alois found anything the matter among his parishioners in which his own experience was deficient, it was always the grandmother who strengthened and guided him, so that he often exclaimed, "Oh, home, dear home, how much you can offer a man who is permitted to exercise his calling in you; how terrible it must be to be isolated!" The rest of his daily labour also soon fell into a regular course, and was fairly proportioned between working and recreation. When he had completed the duties of his vocation, he taught little Luise, who now lived with the grandmother below, for her father would no longer keep her in his house, where she heard and saw more than was proper. In the evening, however, if the fresh air did not induce him to a ramble, he could seat himself quietly, and without any one blaming him for it, in the little private room at the Brewery, where he conversed sensibly with the burgomaster, and thus by degrees felt his way to all the circumstances connected with the parish, or played his game at whist with some of his colleagues in the vicinity. These visits to the Brewery were also specially to Luise's taste, whom the quiet at her grandmother's did not particularly please, for then she was permitted to go over to her parents, and wait on the gentlemen in the little room, for which she was continually teased by them, and always called the "priest's wife,"—an expression which was soon common through the whole village.

Thus Alois's life flowed on regularly for nearly two years; and even if this stream glided on for a while

more slowly and silently under the overhanging bushes because the grandmother had at last departed, still this event made less alteration in the young clergyman's daily life than might have been expected. He kept up now, as before, his conversation with the departed, and cheered himself by the remembrance of her wise life, which had always remained happy, even when necessity and sorrow bowed her down the most; but he gave himself now redoubled trouble with Luise, because she had given up her wild humours and was a busy student: it is true she also became bashful and thoughtful, but with him she was open; her soul lay before him like a bright day, and she and the mother lived in constant rivalry to treat the priest with affectionate attention.

This calm relation, this equanimity of their minds, suffered no wishes to be felt which might not be satisfied. Alois's mind resembled a well-fitted engine, in which every wheel works upon the other with regular movement, and thence something healthy and enduring is formed. He did not require to suppress any human feelings, because they mutually supported each other; so that he was neither forced to taste the wormwood of asceticism, nor sip the intoxicating cup of passion. Through a happy accident some further circumstances happened to furnish him with recreation. He had great talent for mathematics, and amused himself with them in many a disengaged hour, but he still wanted some introduction into deeper studies. The more pleasantly was he surprised, on going to the Brewery one evening, to meet there several strange *employés*, who were going to

survey the whole of that part of the country, and had chosen Hochmünster as their head-quarters for several months, because it was a central spot. A more favourable opportunity to make up the deficiencies in his knowledge could not have been offered Alois. He therefore went daily, and often much earlier than usual, to the Brewery, and soon somewhat neglected Luise's education, who did not, however, deem it necessary to warn him on this subject. For she would sooner be in the Brewery and listen to the conversation of the strange gentlemen, whom her beauty pleased, so that they made many a remark to her which remained flatteringly in her ear and on her mind. The elegant manners of the townspeople, which she now saw for the first time and felt delighted with, made a deep impression upon her—else she could not have been one of Eve's daughters.

Alois devoted himself passionately to his studies, for the time of his teachers' stay appeared to him too short. Alois, who usually had done everything leisurely, now yielded for the first time to over-excessive zeal, and to the failing of all learned men, that, while calculating and measuring, he no longer saw so clearly all that took place in his immediate neighbourhood; else he must have perceived that one of the strangers, whom he himself liked best of all, a former artillery officer, but who had now entered the civil service, paid Luise more attention than mere politeness demanded: it must have surprised him still more, that the girl, who usually spoke about everything with him, was silent when he mentioned the stranger, while at other times she would only too

gladly make her witty remarks about every guest in the Brewery. The mother certainly had her eyes open: but the handsome man pleased her too; and as the attachment was still a secret, though the lieutenant was universally respected and in excellent circumstances, she kept her thoughts on the subject to herself, and left it to the future, without conversing with her son on the subject. Thus week after week passed: the engineering commission was gradually preparing to leave, and Alois hence remained each evening the longer with his friends, so that he usually came home after midnight, and in a state of great excitement, when his family had long been asleep. The more was he surprised when he saw, a few days before that appointed for the strangers' departure, a light still burning in his kitchen, though the watchman had long called twelve o'clock. He consequently threw a glance through the half-open door. Luise was sitting on a bench, with a light almost burned out, and was crying. It was, however, no May rain of happiness, no overflow of delight and blessed feelings; these were the bitter tears of despair, shed by a young creature who considers everything lost because she does not yet know the power of time and of the will.

It is true that, at sight of the unexpected apparition, Luise sought to conceal her tears, and pretended to be engaged with some domestic duty; but when he walked in mildly and affectionately, and questioned her as to the cause of her sorrow, she could no longer keep it to herself, but threw herself passionately on his breast: "Oh! help me, Alois; you alone can aid me. He

kissed me to-day for the first time. Father saw it, and reproached me severely—I must not believe that he would let a man of higher rank than ourselves marry into his family. Oh! do not be so silent, Alois; say that I must not quite despair," she cried, as he frigidly let the hand fall which he had thrown round her neck. "See, the lieutenant is so good: you yourself preferred him to all the rest, else I should not have lifted my eyes to him." With difficulty Alois collected himself so far that he could utter the words, "And you love him too?"

"Ah, so dearly!" cried Luise, and regarded him imploringly, that he should answer her. He forced himself to a smile, and said: "Go sleep, my child. Such a weighty affair requires reflection and calmness. Remember that hope and love can conquer everything."

He kissed her, and clasped her tightly in his arms. Then he went up-stairs. They appeared to totter beneath him; and when he reached his room he threw himself on the ground and tried to pray. He could not, however. Luise's image rose like a kobold between him and the Eternal Spirit whose presence he sought. The desolateness, the drought and horror of isolation fell upon him. He had felt himself secure, and wished nothing which he ought not to wish. Now his desires grew to a gigantic size, and with every wish the crime grew deeper dyed. He endured it no longer: he must go out into the gloom of night: he dare not see any one before he had recovered himself, for he felt clearly, after wandering far through the forest, and the coolness of dawn struck his forehead and moistened his hair, that he was wandering like a lost sheep, in open

rebellion against the Lord to whom he was devoted, against the decrees of the church to which he had sworn fealty. When he again walked homewards in the bright light of day, slowly and with hesitation, he was enabled to acquire an artificial calmness. Still it was no sacrifice of the mind offered in obedience—it was merely an external adherence to the laws of duty; in the background wishes and thoughts were banded to which he did not dare yield. He knew that the brewer would come to him at an early hour; and it was so. The anxious father was already awaiting him, and must have gone through a scene with his excited daughter, for when Alois entered, Luise was seated, tearless, with burning eyes, opposite her father, and saying, angrily and undutifully, "Him, or none! If I cannot have him, I will remain for my whole life with Alois."

These words struck like a spark in the priest's mind, and destroyed his artificial calmness; passion raged unbridled in his heart, and as he had had practice enough in bridling his tongue, he fixed his burning glances on the beloved being. The helpless child of man cannot often curb a passion till he has first committed a sin, and then, through the suffering this entails, is driven back on the right hard road. This sin and this suffering Alois experienced in a few short minutes. It seemed to him as if he heard the thunder rolling about his head and the trumpets of the Last Day. His mouth was silent, but his heart shrieked aloud, and this shrieking his God heard, and drew to his assistance.

He was very pale when he at length raised his head,

but his eye was again affectionate and kind. He said earnestly to the silent brewer, "It is good for every one to remain in his rank, but the lieutenant can enter into your business and quit the service. Then he will be the same as yourself, for what the man does, that is his rank. There is never a blessing without a sacrifice: if he love Luise he will make this sacrifice." The brewer hesitated; but the women had now come in, and he easily perceived that they were the priest's confederates, for his own wife kissed Alois's hand, while the mother gently passed her hand over his hair and looked anxiously in his pale face. Hence the father said at last, "So come here then, Luise; don't be so wild and angry; you did not get that from me. If you will be my loving child, and the lieutenant become the same as myself, why then I will not oppose it, and will say, Yes! in God's name; but no long courting—that I will not have."

But instead of first thanking her father, Luise rushed to Alois, and said, "You are my angel, and are always on the right path. Now will you speak with Otto?"

The priest could have sunk into the ground for very shame, when he remembered what his wishes had been just before, and how an unsuspecting being now saw in him an angel; still he collected himself and sought the officer. An hour later, bride and bridegroom were clasped in each other's arms. Only a short time was allowed them, for the lieutenant was obliged to set off in a few days, and their life went on externally as usual, save that Alois spent more solitary hours, for the women were obliged to work and toil, as

the marriage was to take place in spring, just after the quiet time, and the brewer managed affairs for his future son-in-law. The priest summoned up all his strength to conquer himself, and tried every method which a naturally healthy nature, after suffering a blow, finds in its own resources; but he felt only too soon that he could not thoroughly cure himself, and that his body threatened to give way before his exertions and night watchings. His anxious mother perceived the silent sorrow which was gnawing at her child's heart, and might possibly conjecture the cause; but she did not dare speak with her son on the subject, but thought of a method to bring him to confession. She knew, from her own sad experience, the alleviation felt when a poor weak heart can pour out its sorrow before another human being, and was highly delighted when it at length occurred to her that Alois had long expressed a wish to visit the bishop in the Residence. She knew, too, through the grandmother, that this reverend man in his youth, when he had been a priest in the neighbourhood of Hochmünster, had himself wrestled with many a painful feeling, and thence would be able to give Alois healthy advice. Hence she did not rest till she had induced her son to visit the bishop after Christmas; and he willingly assented, for he felt more and more how much he wanted a staff and a support.

He must, too, have opened his heart to the bishop and received consolation, for when he returned in a few weeks his eye was brighter, and his health appeared to have returned. Still he said nothing further than that the bishop had ordered him, when the mar-

riage was over, at which he must officiate according to his duty and in remembrance of his grandmother, to travel for a year, to fill up a gap in his theological education. As the place of his abode he named the château of a count, which had been given up to the Jesuits to guide the devotions of clergymen and others who feel the need of spiritual exercises. The bishop must, besides, have given him other commands; for he now lived entirely alone, and very seldom appeared in the Brewery.

Thus spring arrived gently and imperceptibly, and the day as well, when Alois blessed the union between Luise and the chosen of her heart. The wedding guests were sitting merrily, after the ceremony, at table, and were amusing themselves by expressing their joy and hopes in drinking toasts. Alois too, who sat between Luise and her husband, was cheerful and friendly, and at length rose, when evening drew on, to give a toast, by imploring the spirit of their grandmother to watch over the newly-married couple. He then retired unnoticed: the mother's eye alone missed him immediately. She hurried after him, and saw him in the garden, but ready to set out. He was leaning over a broken part of the wall, and looking down the cloister; then he was just preparing to go through the back gate, when his mother stopped him.

He said affectionately, for her glance was reproachful, "Do not be angry with me, mother, for I have endured much, and was selfish enough to spare myself at least the pain of parting from you. A year will soon be spent, and I shall be again with you."

He then bade good-by to her like an affectionate son,

and she at length suffered him to depart. For a long while she looked after him, till he had disappeared in the forest without once looking back. Then she seated herself, weeping, beneath a pear-tree, and forgot the time. At length she was startled from her dreams by the voice of Luise, who was seeking Alois and her aunt in the garden. A bitter pang passed through her heart when Luise embraced her and kissed away her tears. "You are to blame for all," she was about to say: but she suppressed it, and said, "You cannot help it—he is gone!"

The year passed almost without any news from Alois. He was quite lost in the wondrous art of Loyola, to break and strengthen the soul at the same time. When he returned, he was calm, but his face was impassive and fixed. The last human tear he shed fell on Luise's first-born, when he baptized it with the holy water. From that time his life was passed in a stern course of duty. The home, which had once refreshed his heart, the love for his relatives, the natural feelings which connect us all to life, were tones that had lost their harmony to him. The church was all in all. His calmness was the calmness of duty: we children of the world call it impassibility and ambition.

CHAPTER V.

AUSTERLITZ.

On the evening of September 30, 1805, the château of Monrepos, situated at the foot of the Hohenasperg, in Suabia, was the scene of one of those fêtes champêtres which the Elector Frederick of Würtemberg was wont to hold there. On this day he was keeping up the marriage of his second son, Paul. The lake in the park had reflected the gay colours of the fireworks, and dancing was going on in the central hall of the villa. Prince Eugene of Würtemberg was dancing with his pretty cousin, Catharine, who, in her youthful merriment, did not dream that she would be so unhappy as to become Queen of Westphalia, and wife of a prince of Napoleonic making, who already possessed a wife most legitimately attached to him. While the young people were waltzing, a group of gentlemen was formed at the end of the hall, in the centre of which the tall, enormously stout form of the Elector was prominently displayed. A whisper was going round, though anything but a cheerful one. The brow of the ruler was overcast—very overcast. News had just arrived from the Austrian head-quarters at Ulm—news of a serious nature. For, as the figment of the German Empire still existed, the vicinity of the imperial army might, perhaps, be intended as a hint to his Electoral

Highness that he had duties to perform as a Prince of the Empire. No less serious news had also arrived from other quarters. The Emperor Napoleon, immensely delighted that Austria had thrust herself forward as whipping-boy for England, and had thus freed him from his colossal embarrassment called the Camp of Boulogne, had thrown his masses with lightning speed on the Rhine and across the Rhine, in order that the storm collected on the Channel coast might be discharged over Germany, which country would again have the honour of serving as the battle-field for the contending nations of Europe.

For Mr Pitt, the overseer of the great coalition spinning factory in the Foreign Department, had, in the mean while, completed the warp of the third old monarchical alliance designed against France. He had not found this very difficult; he had only inserted a promise of subsidies in the secret alliance formed between Austria and Russia in 1804. In the summer of 1805, then, the third coalition was ready to put a final stop to the excesses of the "French, or rather Corsican, usurper," and on April 11th England signed a treaty with Russia, which Sweden at once joined—poor Gustavus IV., it will cost you dearly—and Austria on August 9th. In truth, there was no lack of Napoleonic excesses to justify the allies, for the devourer of nations was already proving the truth of the French proverb, "L'appétit vient en mangeant." It is true that the new Emperor had solemnly promised in his speech from the throne on December 27, 1804, that he would not increase the French territory, or incorporate any foreign land with it; but Napoleon had

attained that pitch when he did exactly the opposite of what he said. Hence, in March, 1805, he gave the pseudo-republic of Holland a new constitution, which rendered it as easy to gulp that country as an oyster, and directly after ordered the consulta of the Italian pseudo-republic to perform a consulting farce, the result of which was, that he added the title of King of Italy to his other titles, and on May 26th—amid the shouts of the population, of course—placed the iron crown of Lombardy on his head (Dio me la diede guai a chi la tocca). Finally, the incorporation of the left bank of the Rhine and the occupation of Hanover were a sufficient proof of the veracity of his assurance that he did not intend to augment France.

The allies considered it necessary to look out for further help, and Prussia's junction naturally appeared to them most desirable. The hour was at hand, therefore, when Prussia must form a decision; but that was the weakest point in the character of Frederick William III. Shortly before it had cost him no end of trouble to decide on appointing Baron von Stein, his finance minister. Moreover, the foreign policy of Prussia was French—we would say decidedly French, if we might use that word in connection with Prussia. The first partition of Germany, in 1803, had considerably enlarged that country, and Napoleon had sent Duroc to Berlin to hold out Hanover as a bait. Still, we must allow that the conduct of the allies towards Prussia was not of a nature to render that state desirous of the alliance. Pitt was certainly statesman enough to see that Prussia must be offered real advantages—say, the whole left bank of the Rhine and the Netherlands—as

an inducement to give up her neutrality. But neither Austria nor Russia was willing to grant Prussia such aggrandisement, and Czar Alexander was of opinion that his "friend" Frederick William could be rendered supple by a judicious blending of promises and threats. If this did not succeed, Russian pride flattered itself that "Prussia could be subdued *en route*, and compelled to fight against France." In this sense Adam Czartoryski, minister of foreign affairs, wrote to the German envoy at Vienna, when the war was about to break out in Germany: "The Czar does not conceal from himself the disadvantages which a war with Prussia might entail; but Europe must not be allowed to say that the Emperor of Russia sent an army into the field, joined it in person, and ended by yielding to the will of the King of Prussia." While the good people in Berlin were coquetting with neutrality, the Rhenish Confederation was being actively prepared. Ere the Emperor left Paris for the Rhine, he was certain that the potentates of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, Hesse, and Nassau, would become his vassals. He calculated that all these gentry would jump at dynastic advantages at the expense of their country, and he had it in black and white from Bavaria that his calculation was correct. Emperor Francis, in the mean while, had written to the Elector of Bavaria, and ordered him to send his troops to join the Austro-Russian army. "On my knees I implore your imperial majesty," the Elector wrote back, "to consent to my neutrality, for my son, the crown prince, is now in France, and, consequently, in Napoleon's power, and will be held as hostage should Bavaria not remain neutral." Honest

Max Joseph forgot to add, though, that he had sent his son to France for the express purpose. He then fled from the approaching troops of his own emperor to Würzburg, where he had an army of twenty-five thousand men, and led them to join the two hundred thousand French, who had just crossed the Rhine between Mayence and Strasburg, admirably organized, active, thirsty for glory, and for the first time without queue or powder, which jewels of the art of war the French had thrown off for ever in the camp of Boulogne.

Thus these people were dancing on the above-mentioned September evening at Monrepos, and the curious Princess Catharine drew her cousin Eugene up to the spot where the Elector was discussing earnest news with his confidants. He sent his daughter away with the flea in her ear: "On est appelé pour la danse et pas à mon conseil;" but he had hardly said this ere a cavalry officer rushed panting in, and announced to his serenity: "In Heaven's name, my most gracious master, listen to me! The French are not a mile from this palace." Then ensued a tumult and confusion, shouting for equipages, a hasty departure and flight to the neighbouring Residenz of Ludwigsburg. When Prince Eugene looked out of his bedroom-window the next morning, "the sight was surprising; like ants countless groups of Frenchmen covered the roads and fields far as the eye could see, and all the highways were crowded with waggons and cavalry." By the intercession of the French envoy, the Elector succeeded in inducing Marshal Ney, the leader of the vanguard, to respect the neutrality of his Residenz, and march round

Ludwigsburg. He had greater difficulty with Lannes, when he appeared at the palace gates in his red Hussar uniform. On October 2nd Napoleon himself arrived, after a valet, sent on before, had so carefully examined the apartments prepared in the palace for his master that "it was dubious whether he sniffed bugs or murderers." Late at night the Emperor entered Ludwigsburg amid the beating of drums and ringing of bells. The Elector received his guest, who was at the same time his master, at the foot of the terrace, and conducted him to the garden-hall, when the Emperor, with a studied purpose, spoke most politely to the Electress —an English princess. It seemed to the observant Prince Eugene that the Emperor, "though not exactly awkward or embarrassed, did not display the manner of a man of the world." His whole appearance—his short stature, "with the prominent stomach, the face with its southern pallor, rendered youthful by the fulness of the cheeks and his gentle glance"—did not appear very imposing. He seemed to weigh his words, begged pardon of the Electress "for being compelled to appear in boots," for, as he added, he "was involuntarily following the road which his destiny pointed out to him, and hence could not always choose his dress properly." The Electress and the whole court considered his imperial majesty wonderfully charming. Napoleon knew very well how to treat such people, and proved it the next morning in a lengthened conference with the Elector, in which he said: "In the great world contest every one must join a side. Whoso is not with me is against me." "But suppose my estates oppose the alliance with your imperial majesty?"

"Your estates—bah! with my support you will soon dispose of them. You are evidently the cleverest and most powerful prince in Germany, and Würtemberg is too small for your genius. You must have a larger kingdom and a royal crown." When dismissed by Napoleon, the Elector remarked: "Since Frederick the Second no one I have met has possessed such eloquence, and, strangely enough, the Emperor has nearly the same tournure d'esprit as the great Frederick." The result of this conference was, that the Elector promised to send ten thousand men into the field against Austria, and remained to the last a zealous and devoted servant of his lord and master, so that in the campaign of 1814, after the heavy blows Napoleon dealt the allies in February, Winzingerode's Cossacks captured a letter of Frederick of Würtemberg, in which he congratulated the Emperor of the French, and "while shedding tears at his compulsory desertion," expressed the joyful hope of a "prochain retour sous ses heureux drapeaux."

Napoleon was rendered so good tempered by his success at the court of Würtemberg that he requested the performance of Don Giovanni, and enjoyed the glorious melodies.* When he sat at table with the electoral family, the young prince Eugene blushed to see Marshals Bertheir and Mortier, "those heroes of the Revolution who had grown grey amid dreams of liberty," condemned to stand behind the chairs and "wait upon an old German princely family." The Corsican ci-devant lieutenant had tamed the heroes of the

* "L'Opéra allemand de Don Juan m'a paru bien bonne," he wrote to his brother Joseph.

Revolution—or at least the majority of them—and made them his mamelukes. Still, the Napoleonic marshals at times took satisfaction for the humiliation of standing behind the chairs of German princes. Just a year after Napoleon's first reception at Ludwigsburg, he ordered the King to meet him at Würzburg. Marshal Lannes occupied the apartments selected for his new majesty, and when his adjutant complained of this insult, the Frenchman shouted to him: "Go to the deuce! Your master is only a king, but I am a marshal."

On October 4th, Napoleon left Ludwigsburg to hurry to his army, and complete the first act of the campaign of 1805. On the 20th, Mack surrendered Ulm and the Austrian army to the conqueror—Mack, "whose name in Hebrew signifies defeat." This thoroughly unsuitable man had been selected to fight Napoleon, although he had so amply proved his incompetence in the Netherlands in 1794, and at Naples in 1798. But the Emperor Francis sooner entrusted his army to a parvenu than to one of the great Austrian nobles, and, in his suspicion and jealousy, preferred a defeat through an incompetent Mack to a victory through his competent brother, the Archduke Charles. But the choice of Mack was only one link in the chain of follies which the whole plan of the allies proved to be both in design and execution. Napoleon could not fail to conquer, and the best generals of the Seven Years' War—Daun and Laudohn, Prince Frederick, Winterfeldt, and old Fritz himself—would have been defeated by Napoleon had they trusted to their method against his. Napoleon was obliged first to teach his

enemies by long and terrible lessons how they must set to work to defeat him.

The original plan of the allies was so erroneous, that, even supposing they had a general, it must have failed through the want of material means. Because Bonaparte had sought a decision before in Italy, Archduke Charles was sent thither with a large army, and was unable to effect anything beyond gaining the sterile victory of Caldiero over Massena. The only sensible man was the young Archduke Ferdinand of Este, who, at any rate, knew when it was time to run away, and really escaped from Ulm with fifteen hundred horsemen. The same want of leadership was displayed in the Russian army at Austerlitz. Kutusow was called the commander-in-chief, but was too good a courtier to protest against the interference of Alexander. The Czar behaved in this instance as he did afterwards in 1813. His own vanity and the flattery of his favourites incited him to play the part of commander, while, on the other hand, the fear of compromising himself, which emanated from a secret feeling of his military incompetence, caused him to make half attempts, which were more ruinous than entire ones.

On opening the campaign in Germany, Napoleon was superior to the enemy, not only through his genius, excellent generals, and the better organization and equipment of his troops, but he had, too, a decided superiority of numbers, for the great master of strategy was not so simple as his flatterers have tried to prove him, by constantly giving their hero a minority and his opponent a majority. Napoleon was perfectly aware that Don Quixotism and the art of war are two very

different things, and that it is the Alpha and the Omega of the latter to give the enemy a decided defeat, which, as a rule, can only be effected by superior forces. In the autumn of 1805 he was so certain of his affair, that, while entering his carriage at Ludwigsburg, he said to the father of Prince Eugene, "I shall march to Vienna as if going by regular stages." The successes of the first fortnight of the campaign were great and very cheaply bought,* but the bulletin of October 21st showed that the arrogance of the Napoleonic good fortune had begun. Nor did it go quite unpunished, for, on the same October day when Napoleon boasted in his bulletin, "La France ne songe qu'à la gloire," Nelson issued his celebrated order at Trafalgar. Henceforth there was no chance of France contending again on the sea with England, or of any Napoleonic attack on the British islands.

On October 27th, the Emperor wrote from Munich to his brother Joseph: "In a few weeks I shall have one hundred thousand Russians and sixty thousand Austrians before me, and shall defeat them." In the same letter he said: "Prussia is behaving in a very equivocal way." And that was sadly too true; for at Berlin and Potsdam the hesitation and equivocation were gradually bringing on ruin. If ever Buridan's donkey between its two bundles of hay represented a state, it was Prussia vacillating between France and the coalition in 1805. They desired the end, namely, aggrandisement through Hanover offered as a bait; but not the means, namely, the alliance with France.

* "Voilà qu'avec nos jambes nous avons gagné la première bataille," the Emperor said to Mathieu Dumas.

Hence the statement to Duroc, that Prussia would take charge of Hanover, and maintain her neutrality; but, before this was definitively settled, a change occurred.

Alexander sent his adjutant, Dolgorukow, to Berlin, to announce that in defiance of Prussian neutrality, the Russian troops would march through that territory to Germany. "They wish then to force me into the arms of France?" Frederick William said angrily, and insisted on no Russians treading Prussian soil. At this moment arrived the news that Napoleon had sent a corps through the Prussian Margraviate of Ansbach without permission, in order to invest Mack completely. "Now my resolution is altered," Frederick William said to Dolgorukow; "from this moment I am the ally of the Emperors of Russia and Austria." The brutal insult appears, in fact, to have given a fresh impulse to the anti-Gallican and warlike party in Berlin. The government mustered up the courage to send the French ambassador, on October 14th, a note, declaring rather harshly that, in consequence of this insult, Prussia considered herself freed from all her engagements to France, but at the same time committed the absurdity of accepting the sixty-six thousand dollars which Napoleon sent as compensation for damage done by his troops in marching through Ansbach. In the midst of the turmoil of mobilization, Alexander and the Archduke Antony arrived in Berlin, in order personally to exert a decisive pressure on Frederick William. The king was deluded with a grand "plan of pacification," by which Prussia was to act as intermediary between the allies and France, and in the event of her propositions—the independence of the German Empire,

Holland, Switzerland, and Naples, compensation for the Sardinian dynasty, and separation of Italy from France—being rejected, she would march against France with one hundred and eighty thousand men. On the 3rd of November this was agreed to at Potsdam, and on the following night the Czar performed at the coffin of Frederick the Great the well-known operatic scene, swearing eternal friendship to his brother of Prussia, which oath the king, in his straightforward way, regarded as gospel. With the conviction that he had now Prussia in his pocket, the Czar returned to his army; but Prussian policy is an incalculable thing. As deliverer of the Prussian ultimatum, Count von Haugwitz was sent to Napoleon, carrying peace or war in the plaits of his pigtail. Of course Prussia did not strike at the right moment: she certainly sent an army, under Prince von Hohenlohe, into Saxony, but it was only pretence. When an adjutant attached to the Prince reported himself at head-quarters, the chief of the staff, Colonel Massenbach, of melancholy memory, thus addressed him: "What do you want here? to fight? There will be no war. We must fight against the Russians, but not here. I tell you there will be no war, or else the king must be mad." "If it is madness to have a feeling of honour, I hope that the king is mad, and all his subjects so mad as to help him." "Honour! that is a chimera: you cannot eat it. Our honour would be to have a common cause with Napoleon: but he will manage without us. I tell you there will be no war." In the mean while the Emperor of the French completed the second act of his campaign by the capture

of Vienna on November 13th. The booty in *matériel* was enormous, for the wise gentlemen who misgoverned Austria had made a point that the enemy should find the arsenals full, a piece of administrative genius which the wise gentlemen who misgoverned Prussia faithfully copied in the next year. But the finest piece of folly was that performed by General Prince von Auersperg. It was of the utmost importance to Napoleon to carry his army across to the other bank of the Danube, in order to catch the Russians and Austrians in Moravia, before they could effect a junction with Archduke Charles, who was hurrying up from Italy. The means to pursue Kutusow were offered by a bridge, which consequently the Austrians must destroy at any price. Every arrangement had been made, and the execution entrusted to Auersperg, who in the most amusing way allowed himself to be swindled out of the bridge by the French. Murat and Lannes, both Gascons, were just the men to do it. On arriving with their column at the bridge, which was covered with combustibles, and guarded by a heavy battery at the other end, the two Frenchmen walked across it alone, to deal with the Austrian general, but left their troops orders to follow them quietly. While Murat and Lannes were deluding the prince, the French advanced along the bridge, and threw the combustibles into the river. The Austrian soldiers, who, though born to obey, are not absolutely without eyes and good sense, very soon detected the trick, and grew restless. An old artillery sergeant went up to the prince, and said violently, "General, you are being deceived. I will order the fires to be lit." At this critical moment,

Lannes the crafty interposed. "What, General, do you allow yourself to be treated in that fashion? What has become of the boasted Austrian subordination?" The foolish prince at once ordered the sergeant who had dared to be cleverer than his general under arrest; and while this was taking place, and the two Gascons were talking about an armistice, the French occupied the bridge, and the farce was played out.

Of course the allies acted exactly as they should not have done; instead of avoiding a battle till they were reinforced by Archduke Charles, the ear-wiggers of the Czar insisted upon fighting. These fops of adjutants and chamberlains looked with the utmost contempt on the Austrians, on account of the foregone events of the campaign, and thought it impossible that Bonaparte and his Frenchmen could withstand the Russians in a regular engagement. Old Kutusow, it is true, had very different ideas, but he observed a courtly silence, lest he should seem to wish to deprive his young master of his laurels. The battle of Austerlitz was managed as stupidly as the affair at Ulm. After giving the foe three days to bring up all his reserves, the Russians resolved to attack at dawn on December 2nd. At the Czar's head-quarters only one thing was feared, that the enemy would employ the night before the battle to escape!. One of the emptiest boasters in the Czar's suite, Prince Dolgorukow, consequently rode round the vedettes, and ordered them to watch closely by what route the French retreated. A few hours later the allies were utterly defeated, and the Russians so broken, that they lost their whole artillery; while the Austrians at least saved their guns. The poor young

Czar, instead of plucking the laurels of victory on the field of Austerlitz, as his flatterers had predicted, rode away from it across country, and, overpowered by the effect of the day, stopped his horse, threw himself on the damp ground under bushes, covered his face with a handkerchief, and burst into bitter tears, so that Major Toll, when he came up, had a difficulty in inducing him to continue his flight to Hodiegitz. The Russians, however, tried to shake off the humiliation of their defeat, by throwing all the blame on the Austrians, and even talking about treachery. Prince Dolgorukow carried his impudence so far as to write, a few days after the battle, to the Czar, that "the Russian army had been led into the field not to defeat the enemy, but rather to be delivered into his hands."

Napoleon's guns, fired on the evening of the battle of the three emperors, proclaimed the breaking up of the third coalition. On December 4th, the Emperor Francis, after requesting an armistice, had a lengthened conference with Napoleon at the bivouac fire at Nasedlowitz. Here "the descendant of the Cæsars, with his usual pitiable aspect, and only accompanied by the mentally weak adjutant, Lamberti, appeared in the presence of Bonaparte and his suite of rejoicing generals and sycophant chamberlains, like a suppliant, and, after receiving an arrogant lecture from the victor, departed as a pardoned man." He was compelled to accept this terrible humiliation, and be happy that his apprehension lest Napoleon should demand his daughter Maria Louisa for the Viceroy Eugene was not fulfilled. But the mortal hatred of the "Corsican adventurer," which Francis derived from this interview, was displayed on

his return, when, after a long silence with the well-known expression of the highest rage in his eyes and at the corners of the mouth, he said, in his Viennese patois, to Prince John of Lichtenstein, "Now that I have seen him, I can't bear him." The meeting of the two emperors was followed by the assent of the Czar to an armistice, although the continuance of the war was the more possible, because by this time Archduke Charles had arrived near Vienna with his army. But confidence in oneself and in one another had entirely disappeared among both Austrians and Russians. The latter marched home, while the former assented to the Treaty of Presburg. In addition, Austria was bound to pay forty million francs, still outstanding of the one hundred millions of war contribution imposed on the country by Napoleon. Lastly, the Emperor of Austria could not prevent Napoleon issuing from Schönbrunn a proclamation on December 26th, in which he heaped, certainly not unmerited, abuse on the Queen of Naples, an Austrian archduchess;* and finally declared that the Neapolitan dynasty had ceased to reign. On his return journey, Napoleon wrote from Munich, where he courted the Princess Augusta on behalf of his step-son Eugene, to his brother Joseph: "It is my intention to seize the kingdom of Naples. Marshal Massena and General St Cyr are marching there. I nominate you chief of this army. Start for Italy at once. Joseph entered Naples on February 15, 1806, and on the 27th the Emperor wrote: "Disarm the city of Naples, and lay a war-tax of ten millions upon it." On March 8th:

* Cette femme criminelle qui, avec tant d'impudeur, a violé tout ce qui est sacré parmi les hommes.

"Nations are not won by cajolery." On March 12th: "Impose on the kingdom a tax of thirty millions. You are far too mild and indulgent." On March 23rd: "In a conquered country kindness is humanity." On March 30th, Joseph was nominated by an imperial decree King of Naples, and his brother sent him as *ad latus* State-Counsellor Miot, to whom he said, on taking leave, "Je fais une famille de rois, qui se rattacheront à un système fédératif."

In the proclamation by which, on December 27th, the victor of Austerlitz informed his army of the conclusion of peace, he flattered the French national vanity very cleverly by calling himself "le souverain du premier peuple de l'univers." The temper of the French was so thoroughly crushed that such an assertion was greeted with delight, and replied to with the greatest subserviency. Thoroughly French coquetry was displayed on both sides after the Emperor's return from the campaign. On January 1, 1806, the Senate had passed a resolution to erect a monument to Napoleon "the Great." Soon after, the president of the legislative body, surpassing the Byzantines in miserable flattery, called Napoleon "the man before whom the universe is silent, but in whom the universe confides: the man who is at once the terror and confidence of the nations;" and, in return for this, the object of such homage tickled "his people" with the assurance, "You French have become the predominant might, which the new organization of Europe required. You are the guiders of the world. You lay down the law for all nations. Like the brilliant planets which illumine the world, you have taken the chief place in the

centre of political movements, in order to give them a healthy direction."

The treaty of Presburg deprived Austria of her influence in Italy, and drove her back on Germany. Still she retained her old obstinacy, and sufficiently recovered the storm of 1805 to be able to withstand the far more furious one of 1809 with some degree of honour. As regards Prussia, a short reprieve was granted her in 1805, which she was obliged to buy with no slight humiliation. Two days before the battle of Austerlitz Count Haugwitz was received by Napoleon at Brünn, but politely sent on to Talleyrand at Vienna. Immediately he heard of the result of the battle, Haugwitz is said to have exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, we are saved!" He at once sent off a courier to Napoleon with a congratulation, which the Emperor received with the bitterly true words, "Voilà un compliment dont la fortune a changé l'adresse." On December 7th, Haugwitz obtained an audience of the victor, and was treated as he deserved. Overwhelmed with abuse, he was compelled to endure the insult of the explosive Corsican hurling his hat in his face, and he afterwards boasted of this disgrace, because "it did not make him lose his calmness." In truth, he signed, on December 15th, the notorious treaty of Schönbrunn, by virtue of which Prussia gave up Neufchâtel, Cleves, and Ansbach, and was, in exchange, promised the equally disgraceful and insecure possession of Hanover. When this treaty—Haugwitz had signed it so entirely on his own responsibility that his representative, Hardenberg, assured the English ambassador at Berlin that Berlin was only negotiating to gain time for

arming—arrived at the Prussian court on Christmas-day, the war party were furious, and even the king was momentarily aroused. However, after a few miserable intrigues and vacillation, which fully justified Napoleon in writing to his brother Joseph that "the Prussian court was as false as it was stupid," the alliance between France and Prussia was ratified on March 3, 1806. On the day when Frederick William gave his assent there was a furious hurricane in Berlin, and the head of Bellona fell from the battlements of the arsenal, and was dashed to pieces on the pavement in front of the king's palace. But it required no such signs and marvels to prove that Prussia, by her miserable policy of vacillation, had sacrificed the respect of both friend and foe.

In opposition to the ministry, other classes in Prussia yielded to an almost incredible blindness about the power and value of Prussia. This was most visible among the officers, the great majority of whom displayed an utter ignorance of political ideas. These young sabre-rattlers rejoiced in the Prussian garrison towns, because "the white coats had been so unmercifully dusted" at Ulm and Austerlitz, and boasted that "such a thing would not happen to the blue coats." If Monsieur Bonaparte dared to attack Prussia, he and his Frenchmen would be made to run again in disgrace, as they had done at Rossbach. And it was not merely ensigns, lieutenants, and captains who talked about Rossbach, but men of a very different stamp. Even Blücher wrote: "The French will still find their grave on this side of the Rhine, and those who cross it again will take pleasant news with them, as from Ross-

bach;" at the very time when the corn was being cut in the fields where the battle of Jena was to be fought.

While the Prussian patriots talked as if these were the days of Frederick the Great, the Berlin Bonapartists declared that Prussia had cause to be satisfied with the results of the complications of 1805. These gentry were specially pleased with the present of Hanover, whose short occupation, apart from the disgrace, was sorely paid for, because England, at once breaking with Prussia, destroyed her maritime trade by capturing in a few weeks no less than four hundred ships sailing under the black and white flag. The leading English statesmen were far from accepting the destruction of the third coalition so easily as the Prussian did. Pitt died of it: the bitter consciousness of having fought a gigantic struggle for thirteen years unsuccessfully broke his proud heart, after gnawing care had been long destroying his bodily strength. When Lord Malmesbury translated to him the first report of the capitulation of Ulm from a Dutch paper, the effect was a crushing one. But the minister recovered again when, four days after, the news of Trafalgar reached him. At the Lord Mayor's banquet at Guildhall, Pitt's health was drunk for the last time as the "saviour of Europe;" but he declined the compliment with the words, "Europe is not to be saved by any single man." In December, Pitt, who was weak and ill, heard the news of Austerlitz at Bath, and it killed him. There is reason for believing that from this hour the minister's eye had that expression which has been pathetically called the "Austerlitz look." On returning to London, very ill with a fever,

he said to his niece, Hester, as he pointed to a map of Europe hanging in his bedroom, "Roll up that map; it will not be wanted these ten years." He, it is true, no longer required the map, but it was pretty frequently used during the next ten years. He died on January 23, 1806, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the spot where his great father lay, and close to the one where his great opponent, Fox, would soon lie. With Pitt, Pittism seemed to be buried, and public opinion was so strongly expressed for peace, and a Whig ministry as representatives of that policy, that three days after Pitt's death Lord Grenville was appointed, and Fox became foreign secretary. For a few days or weeks the possibility of a peace was believed in on both sides of the Channel,* but it was only for a few days or weeks. On one side of the Channel the omnivorous Napoleonism would come to no agreement, while on the other Charles Fox died in the midst of his preparations for a universal peace. The immediate consequence of the victory of Austerlitz, however, was the final abolition of the Holy Roman Empire and the formation of the Rhenish Confederation, both of which measures, though regarded at the time with horror by patriots, were of material benefit to Germany, by sweeping away those relics of feudalism which oppressed the people of that country more than in any other part of Europe. Not that Napoleon had any such design: on the contrary, he only thought of the excellent food for powder his new satraps would

* "Le nouveau cabinet Anglais paraît avoir des principes plus raisonnables que l'ancien," Napoleon wrote, on March 8, 1806, to his brother Joseph.

supply him with. On August 1, 1806, the Rhenish confederates made a declaration at Ratisbon that they left the German Empire "for ever." That they had the audacity in this document to speak about "their dignity" and the "purity of their motives" is perfectly natural, for fine words are given to mortals to decorate the lowness of their actions. Ten days later, the Emperor Francis of Austria laid down the crown of the Holy Roman Empire of the German nation: he had worn it with dishonour, and lost it with dishonour. We grant, though, that in such times it would have required a giant to wear it with honour. At last the poor old imperial spectre was released: the great exorciser in the Tuileries had uttered the formula which gave it rest.

CHAPTER VI.

AUERSTADT AND JENA.

In our account of Austerlitz we found the blue coats laughing because the Austrian white coats had been so terribly thrashed at Ulm and Austerlitz: only a year later and the time came for the laugh to be on the side of the white coats. For Bonaparte was justified in saying, "the Prussians are even more stupid than the Austrians," as he most fully proved at Jena and elsewhere. Still we must do the Austrians the justice of saying that they did not openly display their delight at the result of Jena. Even more—had not the Prussian policy in 1806 been so utterly undeserving of confidence, Prussia would probably have had the aid of Austria in her decisive contest with Napoleon. For although Austria was still bleeding severely from the wounds of 1805, she was convinced that taking up arms again was a mere question of time. Count von Stadion knew that no permanent peace with France was possible, and hence from the first moment of his administration he strove to place Austria in a position to continue the interrupted contest. He also clearly understood that an offensive and defensive alliance between the two great German powers was an imperious necessity, but also that this was impossible so long as Haugwitz guided the policy of Berlin. In September,

1806, he wrote to Gentz that Austria intended to remain neutral, because Prussia had not seriously requested an alliance, and because there was no trusting to Haugwitz; but he was careful to add, "I believe that the existing crisis affects us as much as Prussia, and however great our present difficulties may be, neither the Emperor nor myself will ever think of really separating our cause from the Prussian." Gentz at once hinted as much to the cabinet of Berlin, but Haugwitz was blinded by self-conceit, and made no effort to evade the collecting storm.

Prussia must infallibly fall, because she was the Prussia of 1806. She had erred in leaving her sword in the scabbard in 1805, and committed an equal error by drawing it in 1806. Instead of making every effort to win Austria as an ally, she preferred trusting to the half-promises of Russia, whose assistance must arrive too late, owing to the precipitation with which matters were hurrying on. After breaking up the third coalition, Napoleon was determined to seize the first opportunity for crumpling up Prussia, or even to create the opportunity. In the spring and summer of 1806 he played like a cat with the poor mouse Prussia, that fancied itself a lion. This cat play was at the same time artful and arrogant. While committing acts of insulting violence, he offered perfidious advice, such as that Prussia should form a North German Confederation under his protectorate, while his agents at Cassel actively strove to crush the idea of such a confederation in the bud. In order to complete the isolation of Prussia the French cabinet coquetted with Russia, and even with England, whose Whig ministry was paving the

way for a peace. In the interviews which Talleyrand had for this purpose with Lord Yarmouth, it was evident that Napoleon regarded Germany as his property. Talleyrand went so far as to offer the Hanse Towns as a compensation for the King of Naples. Of course no consideration was given to Prussia. The alliance between France and Prussia in March had made Hanover a Prussian province: but when Lord Yarmouth declared that the restoration of Hanover to George III. must be the preliminary to any further negotiations, Talleyrand did not hesitate to say, "Hanover should make no difficulty." It is only a pity that an "honest" Frederick William III. behaved as honourably with the alliance as did the "perfidious" Napoleon. The ink with which the King of Prussia had signed the treaty was scarce dry ere he formed a secret agreement with the Emperor of Russia, by which he bound himself to march with Russia against France. The reports which the Prussian envoy Lucchesini sent from Paris as to Napoleon's readiness to give back Hanover to George III., caused tremendous excitement in Berlin. On August 10th, Frederick William ordered the mobilization of his army. This drawing the sword, while a year too late, was at the same time premature by some months. Prussia was quite unprepared, for she stood alone to withstand the superior forces of Napoleon. The recent breach with England was not sufficiently repaired for any help to be expected from that quarter. The imperial friend in Petersburg, when urgently entreated in September, sent off an auxiliary corps of seventy thousand men, but the affair was ended long ere these columns could reach the scene of action. Saxony was forced to

join, for which the elector apologized beforehand at Paris, but this compulsion could not be employed against the more distant Hesse Cassel. While the ministry were swaggering with the sword of Frederick the Great, the defences of the country had been allowed to fall into a shameful state. Even in the matter of food for powder Prussia was far inferior: with the aid of the Saxons she could only bring one hundred and thirty-three thousand men into the field, while the Emperor of the French led one hundred and ninety-eight thousand nine hundred and forty troops against Prussia, exclusive of the contingents of his German satraps. And these were veteran troops, full of national pride, and possessed by the demon of glory, commanded by the first general in the world—a general who handled his strategic machine as a virtuoso does his instrument.

And the Prussian army? It was an old Fritzish *caput mortuum*, a brilliant specimen of noble arrogance and self-esteem. In spite of a few modest efforts on the part of Frederick William to moderate the brutality of the officers, the private was still treated on the footing of the good old times—that is to say, like a wild beast, who could only require the necessary training and discipline by a shower of blows and running the gauntlet. The commissariat and clothing were shameful. The soldier received daily two pounds of badly-baked ammunition bread, and one pound of meat a week. His uniform was made of such coarse and loosely-woven cloth, that, to use a popular expression of the time—peas could be sown through it. The coats were cut away from the chest, so that the stomach was exposed. In summer they wore canvas trousers, and

in these the soldiers, who had neither overalls nor cloaks, were obliged to bivouac in the cold autumn nights of 1806. The white waistcoat was not a real thing, but only a rag sewn on to the coat. The cloth, too, was cut so close that the man who was thrust into this uniform could scarce move, and stood "like a doll whose arms and legs could only be moved to a certain point." The torment of pigtails and powder was almost incredible. An accurate measurement of the regimental pigtails was a great feature of the Prussian art of war. There were in the army captains whose queues trailed on the ground, and required from seventy to eighty yards of ribbon. It happened, at times, that a Prussian field-marshal at a grand parade would draw from his pocket the normal pig-tail, and close his reproof of any officer whose men did not reach the standard, with the magnificent dictum: "Ah, general, it is cruelly difficult to make a good queue." It also happened that at an inspection a beardless lieutenant employed an incorrect standard, and ordered the innocent culprit twenty lashes. Fellow, and clod, were the mildest terms of abuse which officers and sergeants lavished on their subordinates. The parade-grounds echoed with savage curses, and the coarse cruelty of the drill-sergeants rendered them true places of torture for the recruits. It is true that a strong tradition of old Prussian bravery had been kept up in the army, but for all that, leading troops thus fed, clothed, and treated, against Napoleon's army, was about the same as opposing Nüremberg toy soldiers to real troops. The fault lay, to a great extent, in the constitution of the officers' corps. The higher ranks were servile, the lower fright-

fully ignorant and bombastic. It is true that a new race of officers was growing up, men like Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Müffling, and others, who eventually became historic glories of the Prussian army. But at the time of which we are writing the fate of the army was entrusted to two imbeciles, Phull and Massenbach, whom Suabia had lent to Prussia. Such men, puffed up and undecided theorists, without any practical knowledge or courage, were ordered to draw up the plan of the campaign against Napoleon. The Prussian Army List of 1806 is a satire upon common sense. A general under sixty-four years of age was a rarity, for most of them were seventy and upwards, while all the field officers were between fifty and sixty years of age. As a type of the Prussian generals of that day, we will take Von Rüchel, whom Clausewitz described as "a concentrated acid of old Prussianism." This *Miles gloriosus*, over whom all the experiences of the revolutionary wars had passed without leaving a trace, uttered at a Potsdam parade the following fabulous nonsense: "Gentlemen, his Majesty's army can display several generals like this Monsieur de Bonaparte." When a sensible young officer, who had learned to admire the mobility of the French army, hinted at the impropriety of the Prussian subaltern officers being mounted, which produced a train of fifty chargers for each battalion, Von Rüchel growled, "A Prussian gentleman does not walk." It is not wonderful, then, to read that when the news of Jena arrived, citizens and peasants should rub their hands and say: "Well, the Junkers have received a good thrashing at last."

It will furnish a sufficient idea of the Prussian army

of 1806 when we state that a lieutenant of Möllendorf's regiment took his pianoforte into the field with him, and the generalissimo his mistress, a Frenchwoman who was accused of betraying the secrets of head-quarters to her countrymen. The latter charge is not true, however, for there was really nothing to reveal. Napoleon was thoroughly acquainted with all that was going on in Prussia through his organized police, and hence, while the Rüchels were rattling their sabres in the consciousness of victory, he could write from St Cloud, on September 12, to his brother Joseph at Naples: "Prussia is arming in a ridiculous manner. She must soon disarm, or else pay a bitter price. In a few days she will either have disarmed or be annihilated." After the resolution was formed at Berlin not to disarm, orders were given for the Silesian army, under Prince von Hohenlohe, to march on Thuringia, and there join the main army under the Duke of Brunswick. The command of the vanguard was entrusted to Blücher, who felt equally confident about destroying the French. A month later, however, we find the hussar lowering his tone considerably. It is a remarkable fact that the two most warlike men in Prussia, Blücher and Prince Louis Ferdinand, could not get rid of their forebodings of evil. Both felt that Prussia was not the Prussia of Frederick the Great, and that there was not a man alive to take his place. The Junkers, though, had no idea that Frederick's Prussia no longer existed, and their continual boasting resembled idiotcy. Thus a general said, "Bonaparte does not deserve to be even a corporal in the Prussian army." Beardless ensigns and lieutenants, who had never seen an enemy, spoke con-

temptuously of Napoleon's soldiers: "They have never had Prussians before them. The victory is certain to be ours—an easy victory—perhaps too easy to be honourable." Even on October 13, Prussian officers said at Weimar, "Let them come on, that is all. We will soon settle these sans-culottes." As a delirious intermezzo, we may remark that Goethe, who had come to the Prussian head-quarters as a commissary for Weimar—"a tall, handsome man, always dressed in a court suit, powdered with a hair-bag, and dress-sword, who looked like a minister"—was only a "fellow" in the sight of the old Prussian Junkers. An old corpulent major, who marched with his battalion into Weimar, joined a party at a wine-house. A young officer asked him whether he had good quarters. "Well, well, decent. I am with one Gethe or Gothe—deuce take me if I know the fellow's name." "Ah, it must be the celebrated Göthe." "It can be so: yes, it can be. I felt the fellow's teeth, and he seems to me to have flies in his head." The thoughtless crowd allowed themselves to be led away by these boasts about Prussian invincibility. Thinking men—a poorly flourishing species at all times—and especially thinking soldiers, regarded the storm gathering in the West with very different feelings. When, after a brilliant Potsdam parade, a comrade asked the Engineer officer, Reiche, "Do you now doubt whether we shall beat the French?" he replied, "From what I have seen to-day, the French will beat us." And when Reiche waited on Colonel von Kleist, the adjutant-general at Magdeburg, after the beginning of the campaign, the latter said to him, "My friend, let me advise you not to drop a hint that

we can be defeated. My voice does not penetrate. They believe that we need only show ourselves and the French will fly. Experience has not made us wiser." But the strangest thing of all is that the Prussian generalissimo, the Duke of Brunswick, despaired. He only accepted the command in order to escape a war. At times, when his bile was stirred up by his subordinates doing things behind his back about which he was not consulted, he called "Prince von Hohenlohe, a weak, vain man, who let himself be governed by Massenbach; General von Rüchel, a fanfaron; Field-Marshal Möllendorf, a worn-out veteran; General von Kalkreuth, a cunning intriguer; and the generals en second ordre, boasting routiniers." This catalogue he concluded with the words, "and with such people we are to wage a war—a war against Napoleon." Lucchesini and Haugwitz were the Duke's stars of hope, because they made him believe that war could still be avoided. When Lucchesini, on arriving at head-quarters at Naumburg, answered the Duke's question as to Napoleon's intentions, with the words, "He will never be the assailant—never, never," Brunswick's face displayed the highest expression of satisfaction. And yet so few days lay between Naumburg and Auerstädt!

With such forebodings the campaign began. Berlin was full of martial excitement; the gendarme lieutenants made the most absurd propositions, such as setting a price of ten thousand dollars on Napoleon's head; ladies even spoke of drinking the blood of the French; and the departing army was greeted by a song, in which the "dispersion of the coming storm by the Prussian cannon" was confidently prophesied.

But the leading circles were far from feeling such confidence, and the political and military strategists continually became more stupid, and when they finally came in sight of the foe, resembled the bourgeois gentilhomme, who said to his maid, when she advanced on him with her broom, "You do not attack me according to rule; il faut que tu m'attaques ou de tiers ou de quart." The uninitiated, or those who were not acquainted with the embarrassments at head-quarters, where it was not known till October 9th that Napoleon's intentions were hostile, still revelled in their old Prussian chimeras. A few days before the fearful decision, while the delirium tremens was growing sporadic at head-quarters in Erfurt, a staff officer employed the following language in the quarters of Charles Duke of Weimar: "Up to the present the enemy has not taken a single step which we did not prescribe: our operations are so combined, our corps so stationed, that the enemy is everywhere cut off and driven into the strategic net. Napoleon is as certainly ours as if we had him already in this hat." As he concluded, he pointed into his hat, and many of the credulous listeners rose on tiptoe and looked into the hat, as if Bonaparte were really in it. At this time the Prussian main army, seventy thousand strong, had taken up a position between Erfurt and Weimar. Rüchel stood between Eisenach and Gotha, Blücher between Eisenach and Kreuzburg: both having orders to advance on Erfurt too. The second army, fifty thousand strong, and commanded by Prince von Hohenlohe, was extended along the Upper Saale as far as Jena. The whole Prussian force was spread over a front of nearly one

hundred miles, because the augurs at head-quarters constantly talked about out-flanking and surrounding Napoleon, who, after driving in a few thousand men, under Tauenzien, on October 7th, was already preparing to slip through the opening so cleverly left for him between the Saale and the Erzgebirge.

Conscious of his superiority, Napoleon had a prescience of victory, and employed language which, though arrogant, was far more justifiable than the Prussian boasting. On September 18th, he wrote from St Cloud to his brother Joseph: "It is possible that the quarrel with Prussia may be settled in eight or ten days. If not, I shall so thrash the Prussians in the first action, that all will be over in a few days. You need not feel anxious. You will receive the news of my victory simultaneously with that of my joining the army and the beginning of hostilities." Leaving St Cloud on September 25th, Napoleon received at Mayence and Würzburg the homage of his German satraps. He collected his troops in Franconia, only taking across the Rhine the trifle of eighty thousand francs for their sustenance. He knew that through his artistic commissariat arrangements his troops would not starve in an enemy's country; while, on the other hand, the Prussian arrangements were so cleverly made, that they must suffer hunger among their friends. In order to understand how much this circumstance helped to produce the disbandment of the Prussian army after the catastrophe of October 14th, we need only realize the scene that took place at Sömmerda on the evening of the 15th. Here General von Kalkreuth tried to restore order among the defeated troops, and

said, in his proclamation to the army, *inter alia*: "Bread will be distributed to the troops, and if there is none, they will receive its value in money." But, as there were neither bread-carts nor money, Prince Augustus of Prussia, who led the column, translated the order very truly: "Give the men money which you have not, so that they may buy bread when there is none to buy." On reaching Bamberg on October 7th, Napoleon received the Prussian ultimatum, which demanded that the formation of a Northern Confederation should be no longer opposed, and that Napoleon should immediately withdraw his troops across the Rhine. Napoleon's reply to this "véritable délire de la Prusse" was an arrogant burst of laughter, in the shape of a proclamation to his soldiers, and—"comme on dit qu'il y a une belle reine qui veut être témoin des combats"—an order to his marshals to advance, which was immediately carried out. The French army, ninety thousand strong, consequently advanced along the Leipzig road, while the two wings marched on Coburg and Hof. On the evening of October 9th the centre column, led by the Emperor in person, reached Ebersdorf, near which place the first engagement took place.

Poor Prince Louis! he had the stuff in him to become a great party leader in England; in Russia, a species of Suwarrow, or at least a Potemkin; in France, a bit of a Danton, or a dashing Napoleonic marshal; in Germany he did not rise higher than a promising officer of gendarmes. And yet the Prussian Alcibiades had a heart, and loved his country. He had often said, at Rahel's evening parties: "I will not sur-

vive the downfal of my country. If such a misfortune occurs to us, I will die." And before he went to Jena, and thence to Rudolstadt, to take the command of Hohenlohe's vanguard, he wrote, on September 11th, from Leipzig, to the same lady: "We have had to-day a meeting of the three leaders of the vanguard—Blücher, Rüchel, and myself. We all pledged our word—a manly solemn word, which will surely be kept—to expose our lives, and not survive this contest, in which glory and honour await us, or political liberty and liberal ideas will be long suppressed or destroyed in the event of defeat. So it shall be. What is this wretched life? Nothing—nothing at all. Everything fair and good is disappearing, badness is exalted, and miserable experience mercilessly tears all bright hopes from our heart. So it must be in this age. Only the miserable is left; this alone is victorious. Then why complain because that happens on a small scale, from which a whole age is suffering?" With such Byronic feelings the prince went, on October 10th, into the battle of Saalfeld, which any decent general would have avoided, because Marshal Lannes displayed such a numerical superiority that any effective resistance was impossible. The prince, however, who was a better soldier than general, accepted the combat, either because he hoped that success might induce Austria to advance to the rescue of Prussia, or else because, from what he had seen and heard at head-quarters in Weimar, Erfurt, and Jena, he had come to the desperate resolution that it was time "not to survive the downfal of his country." While heroically engaged in trying to check the retreat of his troops he received a

sabre-cut on the head, followed by a thrust through the chest. His body—which was found stripped after the action—displayed thirteen wounds. When Marshal Lannes was informed of the prince's death, he said: "Diable, voilà qui est bon: cela fera une sensation à l'armée."

It certainly did make a sensation, but it was greater in the Prussian than the French army. The news of Saalfeld was a bombshell. On October 11th the insubordination among the Prussians was so great that a deputation of officers waited on General Kalkreuth at Weimar, imploring him to take the chief command, for "the king's crown was imperilled if the Duke of Brunswick longer retained the command, because he did not know what he was doing or what he wanted; and, in order to make the confusion worse confounded, he had quarrelled with Colonel Scharnhast." About the same time Napoleon learned at Auma that the Prussian main body was still on the left bank of the Saale, at Erfurt, and came to the conclusion that the enemy would concentrate behind that river or the Ilm. He at once made a left wheel, by which the outflankers, as they fancied themselves, were outflanked; for the Prussians were cut off from their base, and the roads to Dresden and Berlin lay open to the French. The latter were drawn up on the right bank of the Saale, one hundred and fifty thousand strong, ready for the decisive blow, while the Prussians were scattered about. Had there been one grain of common sense at Prussian head-quarters, they would at once have resolved on the only chance of salvation, falling back on Magdeburg in good order, and

thence reaching the Oder, to give the Russians time to come up.

We must do Brunswick the justice of saying that he had some vague notion of this way of escape; but the Prussians seemed to have lost their senses on finding the sans-culottes actually advancing, instead of flying. When no doubt was possible that the enemy was coming up the valley of the Saale, and that the Prussians were outflanked on the east, the resolution was formed at Weimar of moving on and selecting a suitable battle-field between the Saale and the Elbe. But Napoleon had taken care that the Prussians should not have the choice of the field left them. The main army, which left Weimar on the evening of October 13th, only got as far as Auerstädt. Davout had seized the pass of Kösen before it, occupied the heights on the left bank of the Saale, and advanced one of his divisions to Hassenhausen. On the morning of the 14th the battle of Auerstädt began here, and simultaneously with it that of Jena, twenty miles off. The latter town had been occupied by the French on the previous day, and they had seized the plateau running northward from Jena. Napoleon arrived on the same day, and, as he expected to find the Prussian main body behind Jena, he had brought up an overpowering force to this point. Hence, at Jena, Hohenlohe's corps of Prussians and Saxons fought very clumsily and unsuccessfully against a superior force, while at Auerstädt the Prussians fought still more clumsily and unsuccessfully against a very considerable minority, and could only allege in their excuse, that a bullet at the

beginning of the action put out both eyes of the commander-in-chief, and that the wounded general took away with him from the field the secret of his plan of action—if he had one at all. At the same hour when the Duke of Brunswick was mortally wounded at Auerstädt, Napoleon led on his legions at Jena, after addressing the troops at daybreak, and receiving in reply an enthusiastic en avant! Prince Eugene of Würtemberg gives so full an explanation of the ensuing defeat, that we will quote his remarks *in extenso*:

"The fall of the Duke of Brunswick disturbed every disposition, and the helplessness of the other leaders destroyed any connection in any plan which in itself possessed no great amount of cohesion. They advanced separately to the attack, and were driven back separately. Without knowing it, they were solely opposed here by the corps of Marshal Davout, and he did not feel at all comfortable in the affair. At length he resolved to send one of his divisions against the Prussian left wing. This measure produced an imposing effect, and they began to retreat. On the night of October 14th, the discipline of the army was broken up by the fugitives from Jena crossing the retreaters from Auerstädt. The defeat at the latter place was based on an illusion; but the disbandment was positive, and, yielding to the involuntary instinct of marching off in the direction opposed to the enemy, the troops of the main army reached Erfurt, on which city also marched Tauenzien and the Duke of Weimar's divisions, which had stood further to the right on the Thuringian mountains. When the enemy reached Erfurt, a garrison largely augmented by fugitives capitulated there, which

had a very depressing effect on the troops outside, and all fled to Magdeburg, though before they might have marched to that city."

The conquerors were not disposed to hesitate, least of all their leader. A few days after the double battle he loudly declared that every fresh success would increase the severity of the conditions which he would impose on Prussia, and a striking contrast to this arrogance was displayed in the despondency displayed in the suite of Frederick William, when all persons of influence advised the king to yield without further resistance even to the harshest conditions of France. The Napoleonic word of thunder, "écraser," flew over Germany after Auerstädt. "The house of Hesse-Cassel has ceased to reign. The house of Brunswick has ceased to reign." The lightning passed menacingly near other houses. Such was the case with Saxe-Weimar. On the evening of the unhappy day of Jena, Goethe was seated at table in Weimar till the thunder of the cannon drove him away. He went round into the garden as the monstrous confusion of the Prussian flight dashed passed—a furious medley of men of all arms, guns, ammunition, and baggage-waggons, cavalry on foot, and infantry by two or three on one horse. When it began to grow dark, French chasseurs were roaming through all the streets. Drums and fifes then announced the marching in of the first French infantry column, the so-called spoon guard —"savage bearded fellows in long dusty cotton blouses, and three-cornered hats with a spoon stuck in them." Then came the frightful night of plunder, when Christiane Vulpius, by her boldness, saved the prince of

poets from the clutch of French marauders, who, heated with wine, forced their way into his bedroom. On the following day, October 15th, Napoleon entered Weimar. The Duchess Louise, who in these fearful hours retained all the nobility of her heart, received the victor at the head of the palace steps with the calm dignity of a woman. "Qui êtes vous, madame?" he attacked her, "je vous plains. J'écraserai votre mari. . . . Qu'on me fasse dîner dans mes appartements." On the following day he had a longer conversation with the duchess. He began in the Napoleonic exploding style. "A cause de vous, madame, je pardonne votre mari, ce fou, qui croit me faire la guerre." To which the princess replied modestly, but firmly, "The duke, my husband, has only done his duty as a Prussian general." The man who "adored nothing but force" must have felt the magic which dwells in such a woman. He lowered his tone considerably, even played the pious man, so to speak, by interjecting the remark, "Croyez moi, madame, il y a une providence, qui dirige tout et dont je ne suis que l'instrument;" and, on returning to his apartment, he said to Rapp, "Voilà une femme à laquelle pas même nos deux cents canons ont pu faire peur."

The course of victory continued incessantly, and so early as October 25th Napoleon wrote from Potsdam to Joseph, "I have crushed the Prussian monarchy. I will crush the Russians when they arrive, and I do not fear the Austrians." In the royal palaces he found everything just as the legitimate owners had left it. So extraordinary was the prevailing stupidity, that no attempt had even been made to save the private papers

of the royal family, and Napoleon was able to examine the letters of Queen Louise. In the study of Frederick the Great at Sans Souci he had, or affected to have, an attack of reverence. "Gentlemen," he said to his suite as he took off his hat, "this is a spot that merits our respect." But he yielded to the vanity of sending the sword of the mighty dead as a trophy to Paris, and when the Prussians asked for it back in 1814, it came out that Jerome had been so dishonourable as to have the revered relic destroyed. On one of the nights that Napoleon spent at Charlottenburg his slumbers were disturbed. The divine comedy of history also has comic interludes. In Frederick William's dining-room, close to the conqueror's bedchamber, there stood a large musical clock, which admirably imitated a band of trumpets. At midnight the row began, trumpets echoed through the palace, the servants, the adjutants, Napoleon himself leaped out of bed, and every one believed in a surprise. But everything was quiet again, and no one could make out where all the trumpeters were. Sentries were posted, a part of the servants and adjutants remained up, and at one o'clock there was the same row again, this time in one of the rooms. They rushed in, and the innocent clock was detected before the tune was ended. Napoleon the Great, the écraseur of the Prussian monarchy, sleeping in the palace of the Queen of Prussia, and frightened by a musical clock—in truth, du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.

On October 24th, the first French columns marched into Berlin, led by Davout, the victor of Auerstädt, and most devoted slave of his master—for the present and a few years longer. For the time will come when this

slave rebels, turns his native savageness against the conquered of Waterloo, and urged on by Belial Fouché, shouts so loudly at Paris that the dethroned man at Malmaison must hear it, "What, your Bonaparte will not be gone? He must liberate us. If he does not go I will arrest him with my own hand." The French were received with gloomy silence as they marched into the Prussian capital. But the officials unhesitatingly placed themselves at the disposal of the conquerors: they were only a machine without a soul, who did not care for whom they worked. The news of Jena had been preceded by a bulletin of victory, a flattering tale, probably told by hope. Hence the blow was all the more crushing. On the morning of October 18th, "old Heim," one of the most original characters in Berlin at that day,* entered the sitting-room of a respected citizen of Berlin. "What news do you bring?" was the first question addressed to the family physician. "Infernally bad! The battle is lost. They have all run to the deuce." The lady of the house turned pale, but her husband added in extreme agitation, "I fancied that nothing was yet decided: it is said that they face each other like walls." To which old Heim replied: "No, no, no: they ran away like curs. All is lost." In the streets there was a silent, oppressed

* Raumer gives a splendid anecdote of this physician, which I add, as showing his character. One day the old expelled Landgrave of Hesse was with Chancellor Hardenberg, when Heim came in in a great hurry, as usual. The chancellor introduced the landgrave to the physician, whereupon Heim said, "Are you the landgrave with the pigtail? Just have the goodness to turn round. Cannot you sell me a few of your subjects, as you did to others, so that I may make some medical experiments on them?" The "seller of souls" was quite stupid through surprise, and could not utter a syllable.

movement: people stopped eagerly to talk, but did so in whispers. There was a general feeling of mourning and sorrow. In Behren-street, under the windows of the town governor, a dense crowd assembled and awaited news with a dull murmur. The minister supplied it in the shape of a poster. "The king has lost a battle. The first duty of the citizen is tranquillity. I request all the inhabitants of Berlin to carry this out. The king and his brother are alive." The victors of Jena found a "dull, death-like silence in the streets." But for those who had ears to hear there was in the air a shaking and cracking and yelling, not merely the echo of the French drums and fifes, but produced by the collapse of the Prussian state and the laughter of a chorus of demons, who repeated over the ruins the classic bleating: "The first duty of the citizen is tranquillity."

CHAPTER VII.

HELGOLAND.

THE remarkable reef of red sandstone lying thirty miles from the mouths of the Elbe, the Weser, and the Eyder, which has so often proved the destruction of many a fine ship, has during the last twenty years obtained a constantly increasing reputation for sea-bathing. The communication with the mainland is maintained by steamers, and, so long as fine weather lasts in June or July, the island may be easily reached. You start from Hamburg in the morning, get out of the Elbe at mid-day, and arrive towards evening. For the pleasure of this sea trip you pay about twelve shillings, and, as a rule, one-half of the passengers suffer from *mal de mer*, because the water of the Elbe is always more or less restless, owing to the waves that dash along the German coast constantly breaking against countless sand-dunes and reefs. As the year advances, the voyage grows more and more perilous and irregular, and on September 15 the steamers cease running, partly because it would not pay, partly because the vessels are not capable of standing any extra heavy sea.

The island of Helgoland consists of a rock of red sandstone and lime, about two hundred and twenty feet in height, which is so steep that only a single flight

of steps forms the road from the upper land to the lower land, which lies within a width of a few hundred paces to the south-east of the cliffs. At every other spot the rock is quite perpendicular, and it is only possible at very low water to walk round it dryshod.

The flight of one hundred and eighty-six steps leads comfortably aloft, and was restored a few years back at the expense of the British government, which treats Helgoland in every respect most liberally, without drawing a penny of profit out of the island. The soil of Helgoland itself is good arable land to a depth of four feet: sixty cows find pasturage, and from four to five hundred sheep can be kept at one time. There are about three hundred and fifty houses above, and eighty below, and in these houses live about two thousand four hundred persons of both sexes, although the feminine is in a large majority. Strangers can lodge in whichever part they please, and obtain for the sum of four shillings and sixpence a day not only board, but a bed with seaweed mattresses, intended a double debt to pay by acting as a sofa in the daytime. As for bells and any other luxury, they are not to be expected, and in this respect Helgoland is decidedly inferior to Constantinople, for at Misseri's Hotel every room is supplied with bells. These, however, are generally of an ornamental nature, for we never once knew a waiter answer our summons, and consequently had to fetch our bottle of bitter beer ourself. The worst thing connected with Helgoland lodgings is, that the inhabitants, in their anxiety to accommodate the largest number of guests, have subdivided their rooms by plank partitions, and hence you have the gratification of overhearing

every word spoken to the right and left of you, above and below.

Not a tree, not even a bush, grows on Helgoland. Any one lodging on the top of the rock can walk for amusement through potato-fields, which occupy the whole top of the cliff, and hear the sheep bleating, which are tied up at every grassy spot; the visitor who lodges below can climb up, if he desire to see some green thing, or he takes a walk in "the Pack-thread Allée," as a path leading between the cottages down to the beach has been christened, because a rope-walk is established there. On the shore are two pavilions, where coffee and refreshments may be obtained; but they are only wretched wooden booths. On the southern point above stands a similar place of refreshment, but in fine weather you can charter a boat and have a sail round the island; you can also go mackerel-catching, or borrow a gun and shoot seagulls and strand birds. The chief amusement is restricted to the Conversations-house, in whose solitary hall people dance, smoke, eat, and drink. Each Sunday and Wednesday there is a ball, on other evenings dancing, tea, and music, for which each visitor is expected to pay four marks, or four and sixpence. The steamers bring the newspapers. Every Saturday the boat arrives loaded with the fashionable world of Hamburg, who generally attend the Sunday ball and go back to business on Monday morning, for Helgoland is one of the chief points of excursion for tradespeople living on the Lower Elbe.

Helgoland was, up to the year 1715, a perfectly free spot, inhabited by a fishing population, who had

besought, and obtained, the protection of the Dukes of Holstein; but no one took any notice of them, or taxed them. In 1714, the Danes besieged and captured the island. The Helgolanders were delighted when the English took possession of their island in 1807, for the Danes had made them pay taxes. Then came a golden time for the red cliff, as it became the great smuggling depôt for English goods, which were carried through the French lines on the Elbe and the Weser, and plenty of money was earned by the transaction. In 1809, this trade had attained its highest point. Hundreds of vessels arrived simultaneously, and hundreds departed. Houses, booths, barns, and stables were crowded with men and goods, and a cook-house was built in the Underland for the foreign workmen. The beach was covered with all sorts of wares, thrown in a heap, because there was no place to store them. Building materials and provisions gradually became very dear: a pound of coffee was exchanged for an egg. Twelve-inch beams fetched six shillings a foot, a goose seventeen marks, or three-and-twenty shillings, and so on in proportion.

When peace came, the golden era of the Helgolanders ceased. They were obliged to catch fish again, and compete at Hamburg market with the active Holstein and Blankenese fishermen, and that did not suit them. At the same time, not one-half of the old fishing-boats were still in existence; some had been lost in the smuggling trade, and others sold or worn out. There was no money left to build new boats, and more than two-thirds of the male population of the island were compelled to be idle. Poverty set in, and

Helgoland went down fast. The Hamburgers, to the great annoyance of the islanders, annually more and more improved the entrance to the Elbe, established light-vessels and built lighthouses, and the result was, that fewer shipwrecks occurred in which the Helgolanders could exercise their prescriptive rights of robbery and plundering. The result also was, that captains wishing to enter the Elbe no longer required Helgoland pilots when they came too near the dangerous island. Only in a storm or in winter seasons, when the buoys were carried away by the drifting ice, did they still employ the Helgoland pilots.

Under these depressing influences, the bathing establishment was founded by a few Helgolanders, who obtained permission from the British government that no one should be allowed to bathe on the dune without their consent, for which he must pay.

The population of Helgoland is divided into four quarters. Each quarter has two quartermasters, who must be seamen and pilot officers; but they are only appointed for eight years, when others are elected in their stead. Still it is rare for more than two to go out simultaneously, so that persons acquainted with their business may always be in office. Further, each quarter has four elders, who represent overseers. The commune consists of three classes. The executive authority consists of the six councilmen, who form the court. The legislative authority is represented by the sixteen elders, and the eight quartermasters perform the police duties. Altogether, thirty members form the municipality, and assemble to consult about regulations, the introduction of improvements, and so on.

A majority of voices decides and renders the resolutions valid.

In olden times the sixteen elders constituted the government, and held assemblies of their own, but at the present day the municipality consists of the councilmen, elders, and quartermasters. Every measure they pass must be countersigned by the governor, or it is not binding; nor are they allowed to assemble without his permission. The debates at the assembly always take place in the mother tongue—Frisian. At times the debate becomes very warm, especially when the discussion goes on about improvements, or the maintenance of old customs. So soon as the matter is decided, and a resolution formed, it is recorded in German. The native language is only current in their own land, and so soon as the Helgolanders visit the continent, they are compelled to employ another language. At the same time, their own tongue is constantly growing more corrupted with foreign words, and if you still wish to hear the old language, you must converse with the aged cronies, who speak Frisian most purely, especially those who have not left their country during their whole life. During the last thirty years their language has undergone the greatest alteration, for a reason we can easily understand.

The councilman need not expect the slightest reverence from the lowest man; and the feeling of equality is so strong that any stranger can stop the first pilot or pilot officer and ask him to carry his trunk, or so on. He will not refuse to do so, but carry the packet into the Oberland for the regulated tax of fourpence: if, on the contrary, one of the councilmen or rich pro-

prietors claim his services, he may offer the tenfold amount in vain and be contemptuously refused. It is only when the former lays hand himself, and claims the assistance of the citizens, that the latter does so willingly, and expects no reward for it. From this trait we can see that a consciousness of equality exists powerfully in all classes, and that the whole people forms a connected family, the members of which are closely related by intermarrying and other ties.

The population of Helgoland consists, as we have already stated, of about two thousand four hundred souls, of whom three hundred and eighty are pilots, and at the same time fishermen. The language is the same as is spoken on the islands of the German seas, at Wangerode, Norderney, and on the Holstein coast; but here it is mixed with Dutch, English, and Danish words. It is impossible for a stranger to understand much of this *patois*, but, luckily, nearly all the inhabitants speak German, and tolerably correctly. The number of pilots and fishermen in Helgoland shows that there are few men who do not turn to this trade. There is a pilot school on the island, where the growing lads are taught, and they attain their practical knowledge while fishing or sailing across to the Elbe. Those young Helgolanders who devote themselves to navigation, and can show a certificate signed by their skipper that they have sailed as "able seamen," and received their full share of the profit, and who, furthermore, can produce a certificate from their clergyman that they have passed their twenty-third year, have a right to request their examination as pilots. The examiners are four experienced pilots and two council-

men, who must also be seamen, and have passed their pilot examination.

This examination is strict and sharp, and the young men are frequently warned to be careful in their answers. They are allowed time to answer any troublesome question, and to reflect, for any mistake of importance entails plucking: hence it frequently happens that young men faint during the examination. The examiners, so soon as they notice that a young man displays any timidity, compel him to take a seat, offer him a glass of wine, and carry on a conversation together on unimportant topics for some minutes, until the young man has recovered sufficiently to be able to go on. The questions have reference to the wind, the course of the tide, its changes at ebb and flow, its increased pace at new and full moon, the depth of the sea round the island and in the German Ocean, the changes in the sea-bed in the vicinity of the rivers, whether the bottom is sandy, muddy, stony, or chalky, which are the most dangerous sand-banks, and so on. The Elbe pilot, if he wish to become a Weser pilot, is bound to undergo an examination from four Weser pilots, but he cannot do so till he is first an Elbe pilot.

When a vessel signals for a pilot or other assistance, and the flag flies out from the foremast, the fact is at once reported to the pilot officer on the beach, and the pilots at hand hurriedly assemble round a yawl which is held in readiness day and night, so that at the first intimation the men can pull off to the pilot-boat or sloop, which is always lying at anchor in the roads. Lots are drawn at the yawl: each pilot has a metal ticket, on the obverse of which is represented a man

holding a log-line in his hand, and displaying on his shoulder the pilot's number. On the reverse is the name of our most gracious Majesty. These tickets are thrown into a tarpaulin hat, and the number drawn is announced aloud. In a twinkling, the men whose numbers have been drawn stand on either side the yawl, and with them the owner of the pilot-boat or his representative, making nine. Then comes up the pilot officer, who has also drawn lots with his comrades and won the prize. The officer then informs the crew that a vessel is off the island, and that all must get ready, and each man at once fetches his sea-clothing. Should the vessel, however, be close to the island, they start at once. We see, therefore, that there is no regular succession; any one present has a claim to pull off to the ship, and that is the reason why the fishermen may be seen lounging about in swarms, especially when a heavy sea is on, and a regular race ensues so soon as a vessel is in sight.

On reaching the vessel's deck, the first questions are where from and where to, whether she has a clean bill of health, and if the skipper wants a pilot. If all these questions are satisfactorily answered, the sum for pilotage is demanded, which is high or low, according as the weather and the season are favourable or unfavourable. The captain offers one-fourth, one-third, or one-half of the sum demanded. The pilot, as speaker, does all in his power, on the other hand, to substantiate his demand, and he and the captain frequently have a quarrel, through which much valuable time is lost, for an hour more of daylight or flood tide may ensure the safety of the cargo, and even of human

lives, which are imperilled by such a delay; hence the pilot generally advises the skipper to make up his mind rapidly.

When the bargain is at length struck, the ten men draw lots which is to take charge of the vessel. The officer has no privilege in this matter—although he has greater responsibility—except when the captain selects him as pilot. For every skipper has the right to choose one of the ten men who come aboard as his pilot. When the pilot money is high owing to tempestuous weather, a late season, and long nights, and hence one or more pilots are requisite, the latter are again selected by lot. The men who have to return to the island receive three dollars of the agreed-on sum to divide among themselves, and the owner of the pilot-boat receives the same amount. The pilot who takes charge of the ship is paid one-half of the gross amount, but from this must be subtracted one mark per man for the fishing-boat which takes him ashore at Cuxhaven; further, his expenses for living, according to the length of his stay; next, his return voyage to Helgoland, which costs two shillings; and, lastly, the clergyman's tithe on the island, twelvepence a head, for into how many parts soever the half may be divided, the clergyman receives twelvepence for each. The other moiety is paid into the pilot chest, and is divided among those persons who drew lots on the beach, or merely laid a hand on the above-mentioned yawl. This division the fishermen keep up as one of their most sacred rights, because, when they are no longer able to pull an oar through old age or disease, they need only lay a hand on the boat in order to receive a small share of the pilotage money.

Through the small profit derived from the fishery, the fisherman finds himself compelled to live very closely, if he does not wish to run into debt. For this reason his dinner consists the whole year through exclusively of potatoes and fish. If, however, he go to the continent with fish for market, he receives his food during the whole voyage from the company to which he belongs, and, consequently, enjoys a taste of meat during the period. But to his wife and children such dainties are entirely unknown, and, as they have nothing but fish in the house, they are compelled to eat it or starve. The fish are either dried in the open air, or salted, or eaten fresh, just as they come out of the sea. The latter, however, are only to be had during the fishing season. Sometimes the fish are smoked and eaten raw: the children are excessively fond of this fare, which they eat nearly always without bread, for that is very expensive, and, therefore, eaten very sparingly. When the fishing season is at an end, the house-father is also restricted to this fare, and the pilots generally put dried fish in their pocket instead of a crust when they have any pressing engagement out to sea.

In autumn and winter, when storms are prevalent, the fisherman usually rises several hours before daybreak, and reconnoitres from the beach or from the lighthouse above whether vessels are making signals for pilots, or other assistance. If this be not the case, he generally returns home before it is daylight, and makes himself a basin of coffee, which he swallows, with a lump of dry bread. He rarely has butter, sugar and milk never, unless when he has earned an extra

sum of money. When he has finished breakfast, he hurries back to his post on the beach, where he remains till twelve o'clock. So soon as day breaks, the wife also makes her appearance, and has a similar breakfast with her children. Then she turns to her work, which is either spinning, or washing, sewing, knitting, or clothes-mending, and she only leaves off to prepare the dinner, to which her husband returns as the clock strikes the mid-day hour. At half-past two, tea or coffee is drunk, and at seven in the evening tea, with bread, the same as in the morning. At eight o'clock, or, at the latest, nine, the husband retires to bed; but his wife, on the other hand, is busied till ten o'clock. If vessels, however, have been in sight before dark, the husband does not go to bed, but hurries back to the beach after supper. If no signals are visible at night, he forms a partnership with one of his relatives or friends. One holds the pre-midnight watch until the other relieves him, and undertakes the watch till day-break, when he is relieved in his turn.

If, by persevering industry and activity, a little more is earned than is required for housekeeping, it is carefully laid on one side; and if the fisherman be so fortunate as to save up something for a series of years, his next step is to buy a small cottage. When he has saved up one-half the amount, he lets the other stand on mortgage, and when he is once the owner of a house free from encumbrances, he requires nothing more to ensure his felicity. His only care then is to make fishermen of his growing-up sons, so that they may help him afterwards in his work. His wife, whose maternal duties appear to be confined to her daughters, quietly

lays by something for them on the chance of their marrying young. The dowry consists of a perfect bed, with two sets of sheets. The getting together of this dowry, which cannot be effected all at once, and which would be very oppressive without previous attention, should the daughters marry at an early age, is their greatest anxiety. The father, in his turn, is anxious to have all his son's fishing-lines in readiness, should Hymen's bonds be tied all too soon.

In this way the years slip away; the house is free from debt, and the children are provided for. Then old age crawls on: fatigues of every description, countless dangers on the savage ocean, sleepless nights spent in wet clothes, labour, and hard work, have destroyed the fisherman's strength. In spite of all his care and industry, he has not succeeded in laying by anything for old age. If the man, then, finds himself compelled through failing strength to leave his fishing company, he is at once isolated, unable to earn anything, and has no prospect of any means of existence in his old days; hence most of the fishermen sink here into the grave poor and helpless. For on the island there are no charitable societies to help to bear the burden of old age, such as are found in continental seaports. Therefore, any man who cannot help himself is at once exposed to the horrors of poverty. This hopeless prospect in old age bows down mind and temper, and, if we take all this into consideration, we may fairly estimate the lot of the Helgoland fisherman as a melancholy one, unless he become the prey of the waves at an early age.

Although the fishing is fatiguing, and frequently

connected with great danger, it is, with the exception of the bathing season, the most productive source of livelihood, which, so long as it lasts, satisfies both rich and poor; and woe to the man who has not laid in a winter stock of salted and dried fish.

The old manners and customs of the Helgolanders have received a heavy blow since the occupation of the island by the English, and the visits of strangers during the season have entailed very marked changes. Although the majority of the inhabitants revert to their usual mode of life when the bathing season is over, a certain amount of affectation is visible among some of them. Formerly it was the custom that whenever one or the other neighbour received firing, no matter whether wood or peat, his nearest neighbours appeared with their sacks, and helped him to carry it up the steps from the beach. In this fashion each helped the other, and thus got his winter stock of firing home free of expense. At present, however, this is the case with but very few. The rich man does not require it; those who wish to pass as rich are ashamed to carry, and hence the poor carry the fuel up for money. But the industrious working men help each other mutually, and find themselves the better off in consequence. When a woman of the latter class cannot finish her domestic work, and is so busy with it as to be unable to get dinner ready, she runs in to her neighbour and complains that she has no mid-day meal prepared for her husband when he comes home from fishing or his usual occupation. Her husband is, in such a case, at once invited by the neighbour to dine with him. Soon after the opposite event takes place, and the umquhile host

becomes the guest in his turn. This primitive fashion is maintained by many persons, even to the present day.

Hospitality has been kept up in Helgoland through all ages and changes, and is sacred both to the poor and the rich. If a poor fisherman accidentally form the acquaintance of a stranger on the mainland, and the latter come across to pay him a visit, his reception is not merely as if he were a member of the family—no, an irresponsible expense is incurred on account of the stranger. The solitary bed of the family is surrendered to him, and man and wife sleep during his visit under the roof of their cabin, or else on the ground. Food and drink, such as never appear on the table at other times, are procured for him, even though they have to be obtained on credit, and the family suffer for it a long time after.

The stranger who visits Helgoland for the first time, and sees himself surrounded on the beach by pertinacious boys, while the men look on gloomily at a distance, will and must naturally think, this is a rough lot. But when he grows better acquainted with them, he finds matters very different. The dark look is partly owing to the bad behaviour of the lads, and partly, too, to the retiring nature of seamen, which renders it impossible for them to press their services on a man. The dark glance has also its cause in the fact that they are without employment, and can earn nothing, as the fisheries are unproductive during the hot season, and they are compelled to lounge about in idleness. So soon, however, as they have any work to do, they meet you with a cheerful face, are friendly in their

manner, and quite contented with their poor livelihood and scanty wage. But the growing lads, who are still left to themselves, are often coarse and impudent, so that complaints are frequently heard on the subject, which must be sincerely regretted. Still, so soon as they join a fishing company, their behaviour improves, although we are sorry to say that some remain incorrigible, and, as men, continue to annoy visitors. Such fellows every right-thinking inhabitant treats with the most cutting contempt.

Those women whose husbands are fishermen remain thorough slaves so long as the great fishing season lasts. They know no rest either by day or night; for they are compelled to carry heavy loads up and down the steep steps, wait on their husband, supply him with dry clothes, keep their children clean, till the potato patch; in a word, perform all the household duties. As all this falls to the lot of the wife, she may fairly be called a slave. Even the playthings of the little girls consist of a couple of pails and a yoke, and when the father returns from Hamburg he causes his child a great delight if he bring her toys of this nature. They do not know—perhaps fortunately—that what is their plaything in youth will become their cross in wedlock. A yoke and pails are the daily implements with which the wife must work, and they render her a slave. But she knows naught of a different state of things, and undauntedly performs her household duties. It will often occur that a husband goes up the flight of steps with his wife, he unburdened, and his wife with a heavy load on her shoulders. If the husband were to offer to relieve her, however, she would not allow it, but feel her

honour assailed, as if she could not carry. It has been from the oldest times the custom on the island that the husband should toil at sea and the wife at home.

St John's Day is celebrated in Helgoland exclusively by the fish-girls. If this day happen to fall on a working day, the solemnity is deferred till the next Sunday, because during the fishing season the girls know no day of rest but the Sunday. For a week previously, they walk about arm in arm every evening when their work is over, and sing and dance the whole night through in the house where they meet. Every party of girls attached to a fishing company has a separate house. On the Sunday they dine there, go a walking during the whole afternoon in their best clothes, and drink tea and coffee. In the evening they go to the dance-house (Helgolandish, *ûhnt spring-hüss*), which constitutes their highest delight, and dance till midnight. As the time slips away too rapidly for them, and St John's Day is their sole occasion of pleasure throughout the year, they walk about the streets during the rest of the night, singing every song they can remember, and having all sorts of fun. The next day they are obliged to return to hard work, and everything falls back into the old groove, just as if nothing had occurred.

The government of Helgoland is the mildest conceivable. England gives, but takes nothing. She built the noble lighthouse, which she maintains; she pays the governor from her own exchequer, and offers her assistance whenever it is needed for public purposes. No wonder that the Helgolanders esteem themselves blessed in being subjects of her most gracious Majesty,

and we should be truly gratified if our modest article induced any of our readers to pay a flying visit to the smallest of the British possessions. They may feel assured that they will have no reason to repent it, unless they are sworn friends of Ramsgate and its meretricious amusements. But those who go to the sea-side for the sake of the fresh air and the bathing, and, above all, those who desire a maximum of iodine combined with a minimum of cost, cannot do better in the coming summer than put themselves on board the Hamburg boat, and make essay of the amusements which Helgoland is enabled to offer them. We have spent more than one summer in the island, and have ever returned to it with fresh pleasure, for, in point of fact, all sea-side places are insufferably dull, and Helgoland is so utterly dull, that the very dulness constitutes an unexpected charm. The highest delight of the subaltern in country quarters was to expectorate over one side of a bridge, and see his performance come through on the other; but this is impossible in Helgoland. Still, if people are modest, and do not require such a luxury of dissipation as the subaltern, they will find considerable amusement on this tight little island. The very bathing has a piquancy about it, for it happens at times that a storm will spring up and prevent the boats putting off to fetch the bathers from the sand-dune; and stories are current how people have, through persistent bad weather, been reduced to living on the thumb of a kid glove or the tongue of a Balmoral boot, all the food allowed by the rigorous dispenser of the united rations. And, after holding out the prospect of such a sensation scene, we think we need say no more

about our favourite spot, the sea-tormented islet, which, we trust, England will continue to hold, in spite of the proposed surrender of the Ionian Islands, so long as one fragment of the old red sandstone clings to the other. Our only surprise is that, in the present mania for resignation of territory, no power has as yet established a claim to Helgoland. The sole reasonable assumption is that fears are entertained lest the island should be entirely washed away ere the momentous point was settled.

CHAPTER VIII.

BAFFETTO.

Among the Roman coffee-houses of the second class, the Café Gnocchi is one of the most celebrated. It stands at the corner of the Via Felice and the Via di Porta Pinciana. In spite of this favourable position, in a quarter almost exclusively inhabited by foreigners, it is not greatly frequented either by these or by the better class of Romans. Only rarely does an artist, on his hasty walk to his studio, step into the gloomy bottega to swallow his *café dolcissimo* as rapidly as possible, and throw the bajocchi on the marble table. On the other hand, the café is greatly frequented by the countless swarms of models, who have their eyrie on the Monte Pincio. At any hour of the day you will find there white-bearded old men, who perform in turn St Jerome and the street-beggar; red-petticoated Albanian women, with white head-dress and coral beads; pifferari, with bagpipes and peacock feather in their hats; and rogues of every description lounging on the leather-covered benches, and chattering, smoking, or sleeping.

Among the latter class of idlers, Luigi Pastone, or the Baffetto,* as he was generally called, from his long waving beard, played the most important part. His

* From the diminutive of *baffi*, beard and whiskers.

mother was a native of Genzano, and had married a shepherd of those parts. After Luigi's birth she had been summoned to the house of Prince Castrucci, in order to give the breast to the new-born representative of the family. After a while Anna Pastone settled in Rome, and distinguished herself at the distribution of the convent soup by the largest pot and the loudest voice.

Her son Luigi, or in abbreviation Gigi, the only fruit of her marriage and the hero of my story, grew up like the lily of the field, without toiling or spinning, and yet clothed by the Heavenly Father—if not quite so brilliantly as that blooming symbol of virginity. His youth was much like that of all Roman street boys: he begged, pilfered—though only in cases of extreme necessity—ate, when he had anything to eat, and warmed himself on fast days with the dogs in the sunshine. We see our hero in his earlier years at one moment sliding down the railings of the Spanish steps, at another seeking during the carnival real confetti under the horses' hoofs and between the wheels. Sometimes he ran in procession by the side of the candle-bearing monks, and collected the dripping wax, either in a box or his bare hand, or acted as cross-bearer, when the boys of the quarter were driven to the parish church on Sundays. With these, and similar harmless avocations, Luigi attained his twentieth year, and had become tall and thin, strong and active; the only defect was that he continually suffered from a consuming hunger, a still more torturing thirst, and an almost fabulous dislike of hard work.

About this time it was that an English artist, who

needed a true birbaccione for his *genre* picture, saw in the Piazza Barberina our Gigi lying on his stomach and playing at cards. He made him a proposition, whether he would stand, or rather lie, as his model for three pauls a day, a proposal which was joyfully accepted by the noble youth. Luigi followed the artist to his studio, laid himself at full length on the ground, had nothing to do except doing nothing, and received for his trouble a shining apostle piece. The affair pleased Pastone, and the resolution gradually ripened in him to devote himself entirely to this new calling. From this hour he let his hair and beard grow freely, took the cognomen of Baffetto, and removed his residence to the Café Gnocchi, which he only quitted to exchange it for a villegiatura in the surrounding wine-shops.

We are bound to confess that Baffetto had made no mistake when he decided on the calling of a model: he combined the two chief requisites of a vagabond life—indolence, and gaining a livelihood without trouble. In a short time he was known by the artists, and sought by them whenever they had to paint Orlando Furiosos, bandits, or scamps and scoundrels generally. When there was no demand for malefactors, Baffetto would condescend to play the facchino, carry a letter to the post, shear a poodle, or undertake any job that cost him half an hour's time and brought him in half a paul. The day's work was then terminated—five bajocchi rattled in his pocket, and they were sufficient to procure at the Friggitore's a piece of paper piled up with steaming cauliflower, a foglietto of Albanian wine, and enough tobacco to keep his pipe a-glow till nightfall. Sitting before the door of the Café Gnocchi, with

his jacket thrown over his shoulders, comfortably puffing out the smoke, chaffing every pretty girl in the street, and chaffed by her in turn, Baffetto felt himself blessed, and would not have changed places with the senator of Rome. All the propositions made him to undertake some respectable business he responded to with a contemptuous and very meaning smile. At times he would deign to add that the corner post of the Via Felice was too old a friend for him to become unfaithful to it. He had lived by its side, and wished to die by its side. But Baffetto was destined to learn that all the hopes and determinations of man are vanity and vexation of spirit.

One afternoon a little boy shook Baffetto out of the sweetest of siestas, and shouted in his ear that he must go home directly; his mother felt very queer, believed that she had not an hour more to live, and earnestly desired to speak to him once again ere she died. Although in the lower classes family ties are easily relaxed, this information very soon brought him on his legs. He panted up the narrow stairs, entered the low garret in which Madame Pastone was lying on a mattress stuffed with maize-straw, and cried to the sick woman with that semi-anger which, with rough temperaments, is meant to indicate, and at the same time conceal grief: "But, mother, what an idea is this of yours! Want to die! Sanguinaccio di Dio! get rid of such thoughts."

"No, no," the old woman sighed, in a faint voice; "I feel very certain that I have arrived at the brink. But listen, Gigi; I must first confide a secret to you. Pay attention to this: you are not my son, but the

Princess Castrucci's. I changed you in order to secure the rich inheritance for my child. Ah! Gigi, do not be angry with me—it is not too late yet to confess my sin—all will come right."

Baffetto started back in amazement, and slowly shook his head, half doubting, half believing the possibility of the statement. "Listen to me, old one," he at length began; "in that case you played a cursedly stupid trick. I the son of a prince! Oh, nonsense—you are raving. And suppose that I really were so, who would believe me, eh?"

"Go to Father Tommaso, Gigi, at the monastery of Maria Sopra Minerva. He is the confessor of the old Principessa. Tell him he is to come here and receive my confession at once. Go, make haste, before it is too late."

"Well, if that will settle it, we'll soon have the father here. But listen, mother," he cried, turning round once again in the doorway, "there is plenty of time for dying. Be patient till I return with the father, or else my entire principality will be lost."

The Reverend Father Tommaso let his snuff-box fall in affright when he saw Baffetto rushing at him in the cloisters: he fancied, as he afterwards stated, that he had an escaped lunatic before him, when the latter explained with frightful bandit grimaces how he was the true Principe Castrucci, how his mother, who was not his mother though, was lying at death's door, and any quantity more of the same rigmarole stuff. The more the monk retired, the nearer Baffetto drew to him, for he was burning with impatience. Both yelled at the top of their lungs, the Dominican for help, the

not yet confirmed principe for a witness. Every moment of delay might cost him a prince's crown, and for such a thing many a man had ere now made a greater disturbance. Half an hour at the least slipped away ere the shouting parties could come to an understanding through the intervention of foreign powers, another half hour ere the padre set out, and a third half hour, in spite of all the urging of the pretender to the crown, ere he reached the abode of the aged Anna Pastone, which was situated in the Via della Purificazione. Contrary to all expectation, the mother was not only still alive, but sufficiently conscious to be able to repeat her confession in the presence of Padre Tommaso and two witnesses. Yes, after she rolled this burden off her conscience, she seemed to obtain a fresh lease of life, for immediately after the confession she evinced a devouring longing for a dish of salt fish and pomidori, and, in defiance of all warnings, devoured the dish, which was handed her with great hesitation, with an astounding appetite.

"We are all, my children," the monk began, in a voice full of emotion, "witnesses of one of the most extraordinary miracles. I do not doubt for a moment but that it was San Dominico, the founder of our holy order, who moved the heart of a sinful woman on her dying bed, induced her to make a voluntary confession of her guilt, and mercifully takes charge of oppressed innocence."

"Mancomale! that oppressed innocence," Baffetto growled in his beard, as a sign of his approval.

"And," the Dominican continued, "that, lastly, it is the miraculous power of the saint which imparts

fresh life to the penitent sinner, in order to bring the gloriously commenced work for the benefit of our holy faith to an equally glorious ending. Peace be to him and glory for it through all eternity. Amen. Hence I have not the slightest hesitation in saluting you, eccelenza, by the title of your illustrious ancestors, as Prince Castrucci of Castro San Martino. I warn you to thank Heaven and the saints, but, before all, San Dominico, on your knees, for the mercy vouchsafed to you, and to prove your gratitude by rich gifts to the poor, and especially to their refuge. I mean the monastery of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva. For the present I invite your excellency to preserve the secret of your illustrious birth for a short period, until I have had time to prepare your illustrious mother, the Principessa Maria Castrucci, whose confessor I, though so unworthy, am, for this surprising event, and conduct you to her arms. So early as to-morrow, my prince, I hope to be permitted to lead you as such to the palace of your fathers."

With a profound bow the Dominican turned to depart, but at the moment Prince Baffetto seized the hanging sleeve of his gown, and whispered mysteriously, "Padre, it would be a nice thing if you would advance me to-day, on account of my inheritance, two or three crowns. I have lost the whole afternoon in becoming a prince. I ought to have stood as model to the German painter at the corner of the Via Rasella—I should have earned my three pauls—certain is certain; if the old principessa won't have me, I shall have lost my money."

"Be without fear, my son, your mother will not

deny you, nor the princely inheritance slip from you. I am not the man to have temporal wealth at my disposal, but if the widow's mite is not beneath your notice, I willingly offer it to you."

"Show it here, padre," the prince cried, impatiently, and stared with saucer eyes at the small leather purse which the monk pulled out. "Two papetti, three more, make a scudo—here with them—another paul, just enough for a bottle of orvieto. Va bene. I can manage till to-morrow. Good-by, padre. Eleven pauls in one's pocket, per bacco, with that sum a man can play the signore."

The Princess-Dowager Maria Castrucci was an elderly, withered lady, very avaricious, and immoderately bigoted. She was tall and thin—her regular features might in earlier years have made pretensions to beauty, had they not evidenced concealed gall and arrogance; add to the portrait nose long and thin, mouth with ugly wrinkles, and pale lips, cheeks wondrously berouged, hair-powder, a rosary eternally in her hand, nestling in a small sofa, on which her wheezy lapdog alone had room by her side; before her, on a low tabaret, a coarse-gowned monk or a priggish abbate.

Prince Gaetano Castrucci, her hitherto supposed son, an amiable young man, and thorough gentleman, had been carefully brought up by his enlightened father, and, quite in opposition to the habits of the Roman nobility, sent to travel in foreign countries at an early age. There he had certainly seen and heard many things, which came into collision with the principles considered normal in his blessed native land:

above all, the priestly domination had lost its nimbus in his eyes. When the old Principe Manlio Castrucci died, Gaetano returned to Rome to undertake the management of the estates to which he had succeeded. He found his palace converted into a synod of black, white, brown, grey, barefooted, shod, bearded and smooth-chinned monks, and the last bald pate had more to say in it than himself. In vain did he try every means in order to banish the holy vermin from out his four walls, but he unfortunately recognized the truth of the proverb, that fleas are ten times more difficult to extirpate than rats, and priests a hundred times more than fleas. While engaged in this Augean operation he had had violent quarrels with the conscience-keepers, and drawn on himself the hatred of all, and chiefly of his mother's confessor. With his mother, who clung to her tonsured body-guard, Gaetano had also quarrelled, and in the conviction that he could effect nothing during her lifetime, he had gone to Naples, where he held the post of chamberlain to the king. Here it was that he formed the acquaintance of an amiable young English lady, contrived to gain her affections, and was engaged to her, a step which rendered the breach with his mother and the house clergy perfectly incurable, for Albion's blonde daughter was unable to cover the unfortunate blot of having been brought up in another faith, either by her good birth or the real pearls of the five figures which represented her dowry.

Father Tommaso sent in his name to the princess, took his seat on the stool facing her, and then began, with folded hands and upturned eyes, an edifying sermon

about the strange dispensations of Providence, which he concluded with the explanation: "Your prayer, eccelenza, has been heard. Not that the lost youth has become himself converted and turned to apostolic humility, but because the remarkable confession of a penitent sinner has revealed to me that this oak-apple growing on a noble branch was grafted on it by a scandalous deception. I will speak more clearly: the nurse, Anna Pastone, has confessed how, blinded by criminal greed, she changed the two infants, dared to lay her own low-born son on your heart, and allowed your noble descendant to pine up to the present hour in obscurity. Rejoice, signora, praise the saints, that Heaven has liberated you from an unworthy son. Doubly fortunate mother! your real well brought-up son is sighing for the moment when he may be allowed to throw himself at your feet. Grant me the happiness of leading him to your arms after so long a separation."

It was a considerable time ere the princess could understand the story of the exchange of children and the happiness that awaited her. The monk, however, did not leave off until the case was quite clear to her, and she at once sent off a courier to her son Gaetano with a letter, in which Padre Tommaso requested him politely, but rather coldly, to be kind enough to look about him for another inheritance, mother, and name, and suggested Anna and Luigi Pastone for the latter vacant articles.

After the princess had shown herself so ready to give up her hitherto son, she expressed the natural wish to see his substitute as speedily as possible. Father Tommaso, however, felt very fully that Baffetto would

require a few slight touches before he could be introduced with success to his princely mamma; hence he put her off till the following morning, and ordered her to pray off a dozen rosaries, as a seasonable distraction, till then. The princess humbly obeyed this order as well.

When the reverend father proceeded, on the following morning, to the Via della Purificazione, he found old Anna Pastone fresh and merry, as if a finger even had never pained her, spinning in the doorway, and learned from her lips that the present Prince Gaetano Castrucci, or Baffetto, as we will call him henceforth, in order to prevent any misunderstanding, had not come home during the night. "Heaven knows," the old woman's irreverent report concluded, "where the scamp is lurking." Shaking his head, the padre proceeded to the Café Gnocchi in order to seek his protégé, but there he was absent the first time for years. No one was able to give any certain information about the missing man, and only one of the models mentioned a report that Baffetto had been on the previous evening overtaken by orvieto, had a row in consequence, and was arrested by the gendarmes.

The Dominican gave a violent start on hearing this. He proceeded very despondingly to the nearest guard-house, and there really found Prince Baffetto sunk in the deepest reflection, and snoring under a bench.

The priest's application sufficed to effect the liberation of the prisoner. The priest impetuously dragged him from the guard-room, and began in an earnest and well-delivered speech to urge on him, before all things, the duties of his exalted race. Never did a more fertile

seed fall on stonier ground. His excellency behaved most violently, cursed and swore, and finally deigned to make the assertion that, unless he could go to the osteria every evening and drink his fill, the deuce a prince would he be, and the monk could look for another fool.

"At any rate hasten, eccelenza, to dress yourself, and arrange your toilette for the presentation."

Baffetto stared, first at the priest and then at himself. "Dress? I? Am I not dressed, eh? Have I not tied on my red and blue-striped fascia expressly for mamma princess, and put on my red woollen cap? What more would you have, padre?"

"Cut off your beard, my prince—this odious, wildly-entangled forest, which gives you the aspect of a bandit."

"Be that farther from me," Baffetto replied, "than January from mulberries. Young and old know me as Baffetto, and a Baffetto without a beard is a Pope without cardinals. And now let us hasten to get to the spot, padre. I am longing for my palace and a good breakfast."

They were soon standing before the former. If the prince had done so much to give the monk's patience a hard trial, the servants did their share in completely exhausting it. The porter refused Baffetto admission with levelled bamboo, and after he had been appeased, with some difficulty, the groom of the chambers refused to announce a rogue—as his face showed him to be—to her excellency. Baffetto threatened him with his highest displeasure—the camériere called him an ass. Little was wanting, but that prince and subject seized

each other by the hair. The demon seemed on this day to sow tares among the wheat by handfuls.

What the eloquence of the padre did not succeed in effecting was produced by a five-paul piece being thrust at the right moment into the jowl of the camériere Cerberus. He held his tongue, and the doors of the princely apartment were thrown open. The surprise of the princess at the sight of her lost and recovered son might be called grander than it was pleasant. Speechless, she leant back in the ottoman, and measured with cold, searching glances the new comer, who, with a gawky smile, was twirling his red nightcap.

"With no slight surprise," she at length said, slowly, "we make the observation, that the subject in question does not bear the slightest resemblance to the features so deeply engraved on our heart of our deceased and illustrious consort, nor to our own, but, on the contrary, the marked stamp of an extremely vulgar person."

The padre rubbed his hands in embarrassment, dropped a few remarks about the surprising freaks of nature, and ventured the supposition that after the removal of the disfiguring beard the princely features would be more easy to trace. The princess waggled her head thoughtfully, rang for the camériere, and commissioned him to accompany his Excellency Prince Gaetano di Castrucci to his apartments, there drag him out of his primitive condition, and impart to him a human, and, if possible, princely appearance.

Baffetto allowed himself to be led away more patiently than might have been supposed. The princess

his mother and the Dominican remained behind, in order to consult how the indispensable polish should be given to this very rough jewel in the shortest possible space of time.

The hour for dinner was long past, and the meal had been served up, but neither prince nor camériere put in an appearance. The major-domo sent to fetch them found the reconciled couple playing at zecchinetta with a very dirty pack of cards, which his excellency had filched from the Café Gnocchi. The prince was a winner, and in the rosiest humour. He broke off the game with reluctance, and with the assurance that he would speedily give a revanche.

The camériere, however, had done his utmost on Baffetto: he was hardly recognizable. His face had become as smooth as the palm of his hand, with the exception of a small moustache, and his locks hung in the prescribed spirals: linen, clothes, and the other articles which constituted the external man, and which were temporarily borrowed from the wardrobe of the ex-prince, stood in a proper ratio to the rest. Baffetto, besides, was not an ugly fellow, and thus it happened that the principessa deigned to express her satisfaction, traced some resemblance in the nostrils with those of her departed husband, and graciously offered him her hand to kiss. Baffetto squeezed it so heartily as to draw a yell from her Altezza.

Generally we must say in praise of Prince Baffetto, that he became used to his new position with extraordinary speed, and the more easily so, because, on the one hand, there is not so tremendous a gulf as people might be inclined to suppose between the tone of a

true dandy and that of a street vagabond; and, on the other, because that is regarded as wit with nobly-born persons which in low-born clods is called impudence. If, then, the young prince, through absence of mind or too lively a recollection of past times, happened to make a few mistakes—as, for instance, when he leapt, in his plumed hat and sword, behind his carriage instead of into it; or slipped from the tedious conversazione of the salons into the ground floor, in order to dance a Saltarella to the tune of the spit with some sturdy kitchen wench; or when, in society, he pulled off his light tail-coat to throw it over his shoulders, after the Birbaccione fashion, and sneaked into a corner of the Temple of Peace, in order to play undisturbed alla Mora with the stone-cutters there—this did no injury to the amiability of the child of nature, as he was called in the great world, and, on the contrary, made him more interesting in the sight of the ladies. At the soirées they actually contended for his simple excellency. His luck with the women was decided, and already people were talking of a marriage with the daughter of an immensely rich banker, who, commencing with lucifer-matches, had attained through usury a ducal crown. Father Tommaso reaped from the princess, who every day grew more attached to her new son, the most flattering thanks for his fortunate interference, and his monastery the most splendid donations. The servants would have died for their condescending master, and, in the whole world, there were only two persons dissatisfied with the change—namely, in the first instance, old Anna Pastone, who found herself awfully disappointed in her sanguine hopes, be-

cause Prince Baffetto regarded the late recognition of his princely birth, and the therefrom resulting loss of the glorious hours which now fell to his lot, as a crime, and would have nothing to say to her, or even see her; and, secondly, the ex-Prince Gaetano Castrucci, or Luigi Pastone, as he was henceforth to be called.

The latter, at the very moment when the courier was sent off to him with the disinheriting letter, had crossed to Sicily in the suite of his monarch. To the constant change of residence, as well as the defective communication in the interior of the country, must be ascribed the fact that this letter did not reach its destination till a month after. It was a crushing blow for him. His pride forbade his retaining his situation, and commanded him voluntarily to retire from it before the story of his misfortune became town talk. He immediately handed in his resignation, and returned to Naples. He felt incapable of appearing before his affianced bride as a nameless adventurer, and hence broke off the engagement with a bleeding heart: he released the lady, in writing, from her pledge, and only allowed her to conjecture from undecided expressions that a misfortune, not of his creating, forced him to give up the happiness of his life. After this, he hurried to Rome with the determination to go thence abroad, and find death in the ranks of a foreign army.

It was on one of those beautiful winter days, such as only the Roman February can offer, when the deeply-lamenting Gaetano was walking up and down the grounds of the Monte Pincio, and at length sunk in melancholy reflections, leant over the stone balustrade, and allowed his eyes to wander over glorious Rome

stretched out at his feet, the city on which he was so soon going to turn his back for ever. Rome is so beautiful, so wondrously beautiful in the eyes of the stranger, who revels for the first time in its splendour —but how much more beautiful in those of the departing man, who is leaving his paternal city for ever!

A beggar woman came up to Gaetano, and, in the Madonna's name, implored him for alms. He silently handed her a silver coin. The beggar looked up in his face, uttered a loud cry, and threw herself at his feet. "It is you, excellency," she howled, "and you give me alms—me, the lost soul, the false witness, who have stripped you of everything! you, who rested on my heart, to whom I offered my bosom! And for whom have I committed this crime and lost my eternal salvation? For whom else but my godless, ungrateful boy, who now denies his own mother, and revels in her sin! Eccelenza Principe, forgive me, so that I may die in peace. I will recall all my statements, and tell Father Tommaso, who urged me to bear false witness, the principessa, and the whole world, that I lied at that time, and that you are the only true son of the deceased lord. Oh! have mercy on your wretched nurse, eccelenza! Oh, Heaven, you do not know how great the temptation is to be able to give one's child by one word wealth and splendour, and how painful it is to have an ungrateful son. Forgive, principe—forgive a poor sinner!"

Gaetano tried in vain to soothe his old nurse: she continued to beat her breast while shedding streams of tears, to kiss her nursling's knees, and to accuse herself in a loud voice before the constantly augmenting

crowd of having listened to the monk's persuasive arguments, and degrading the true scion of a princely family for the sake of her son Baffetto.

At this moment an elegant carriage drove up, in which an elderly gentleman and a young lady were seated. "There he is!" the latter exclaimed, with joy-beaming eyes. "Did you think you could escape me so easily, Don Gaetano? Did you fancy that your misfortunes were a sufficient reason to fly from me? Proud fellow, so you only thought of yourself."

It was the English lady, who had heard of the misfortunes of her affianced husband at Naples, and had followed him in her father's company, with the firm resolution of offering her hand to her nameless and poor lover.

Her noble feelings were rewarded. Too many witnesses had been present at the voluntary confession of old Anna for Father Tommaso to be able to intimidate her, and force her to recall it. She repeated her statement before a magistrate, and revealed the whole of the intrigue concocted against Gaetano. He was solemnly restored to his rank and property, and Father Tommaso was removed to a distant monastery—I believe at Palazuolla. The princess went into the convent of the noble nuns of Santa Eufemia, through vexation at being deceived by her confidant, and seeing her hated son in possession of all his inheritance.

Baffetto, when he was told of his dethronement, burst into a loud "Accidente!" but resigned himself with marvellous composure, and returned to a private condition. Once again he enthroned himself in his beloved corner post of the Via Felice; he has allowed

his beard to grow again, acts as model, shaves poodles now and then, and is president as before of the Café Gnocchi. "When I was Prince of Castrucci," is the commencement of most of his tales. I can recommend Baffetto with a safe conscience to all my friends who visit Rome. He is the best-tempered fellow in the world, unpretending and modest, in spite of his four weeks of princedom, and ready to oblige, and even honest, whenever his trousers-pockets have not got a hole in them, and he then, in absence of mind, allows the money entrusted to him to fall through.

CHAPTER IX.

A NIGHT ON A WHALE.

THE *King Harold* whaler was cruising off the King's Mill group for sperm-fish, with the intention of passing the winter months there, and at the setting in of spring going farther north to catch the real whale. But in vain had they sailed back and forwards for months; not a fish was captured, and, at last, when the deck was hailed, no one believed in the truth, as it had hitherto ever turned out a useless finback, or a shoal of smaller brown-fish, which they did not care to follow. At last, however, their efforts were destined to be crowned with success, and one of the crew, from whose lips I heard the story, met with the pleasant adventure which forms the subject of my paper.

He was an Irishman, and, of course, his name was Pat—an active, strong hand, who had been promoted to perform the important duty of boat's-header, or harpooner. At the first summons four boats left the side of the *King Harold*, exerting their utmost strength to outstrip each other. An extraordinary zeal prevails on such an expedition, not alone among the boat-steerers and harpooners, as to who shall first hold fast to a fish, but among the whole crew: it becomes a point of honour which boat shall throw the first successful harpoon, as in such a chase all, from the cap-

tain down to the cabin-boy, work on shares, and the crew of course do their utmost not to be behind one another. The three swiftest boats had, on this day, the best prospect of getting within striking distance, while the fourth, which was commanded by our friend Pat, in spite of the desperate exertions of the rowers, was not able to keep up with them, and was at least a cable's length behind the first boat when its harpooner prepared to throw. Just to their right, but at a considerable distance, a whale was perceived blowing, and, though the boats, in order to be able to help one another in case of need, do not generally separate, the young Irishman hardly noticed it ere he turned the bow of his boat towards it, and pulled away from his companions.

At this moment the other boats had too much on their hands to pay any attention to him; and the sailors who were rowing, and saw his movements, naturally thought that he was after a fresh whale, and had not the slightest objection to get rid of a rival so easily. In addition, they found themselves nearer to the whales than they had at first fancied, for the former suddenly rose again not thirty yards from them, and one of them even came within distance of the first harpooner, whose iron was immediately driven home. The other two were also "fast" soon after, but the iron of the second boat came out again, and the whale sank to a great depth, so that it was compelled to follow the third, and help in securing its fish, in which it succeeded after some trouble. The struck fish, however, set off at full speed in a northerly direction, tearing the boats after them, so that the water dashed

furiously over their bows, until the third harpooner succeeded in driving home his lance behind the fin of his whale, and giving it the *coup de grâce,* while the first harpooner was dragged at least a mile ere he could effect the same desirable object, and then lay on his oars to await the ship, for it would have been impossible for them to row with such a tremendous mass in tow.

But they were at so great a distance from their vessel, that they could hardly distinguish its hull, and she found great difficulty in tacking up to them. The three boats had now leisure to look round for the fourth, which was quite out of sight; but they searched in vain for its glistening sail: it had disappeared, and they consoled themselves with the hope that it had surely been kept in sight from the mast-head, and that the direction it had gone in would be known on board. The *King Harold* was by no means a quick sailer, at least on a wind, and the afternoon was spent ere she succeeded in tacking up to the two fish, and secured them alongside. The second harpooner had returned on board before, to help in the arrangement of the vessel: and a man was now sent up to the crow's nest to discover where the fourth boat was, in order that, in case it was fast to a whale, they might send the three other boats to its assistance in bringing the fish alongside.

"Well, sir, where away does she lie?" the skipper shouted from the deck, when he knew that the whales already captured were secure, and now turned his attention to the other boat; "is it far from here?"

"Can't see her anywhere, sir!" was the reply;

and the man began once more to survey the horizon.

"Oh! nonsense! You needn't look to windward; she can't be there!" the skipper replied; "look carefully to the south—she must be in that quarter."

The man obeyed, and looked so long through the glass that the skipper at length grew impatient, and himself sprang on the bulwarks to look after the boat, whose mysterious disappearance began to make him uneasy.

"Over away there, sir, I've fancied once or twice," said the man, removing the glass and pointing south-south-west, "as if I could see a dark spot on the water, but when I looked closer it went away again."

The skipper looked for a while in the direction indicated, then shook his head, and began to search once again. But in vain did he remain above until the sun sank beneath the horizon, and caused every object to come out most clearly. He could not see the slightest trace of the boat, which would surely set its sail again, when it knew that they would be looking for it, and its whiteness would glisten far athwart the sea. The first harpooner, too, had come up: an accident must have happened to the boat, and the crew began to grow impatient. But he, too, could not see the slightest object resembling a boat or sail; and the now rapidly approaching twilight soon rendered any further search impossible. The captain of the *King Harold* had no alternative as to what he must do: he could not cruise about on account of the fish alongside; and even if he had known in what direction he should steer, he would be obliged to leave his whales behind

to save his men. But he still had the chance of finding them to leeward, and the ship was drifting in that direction with the trade-wind and equatorial current. If, then, nothing was seen of the lost boat in the morning, he could leave the remainder of the fish with a flag hoisted on them, and then sail in search of it. But, in that case, there would be but little hope of finding it; and he would only do it that he might not have to reproach himself with desertion of his men. It was most probable that a wounded spermaceti had destroyed the boat, and the men had not been able to keep so long above water. The sea was certainly calm enough, but the fearful shark speedily scents the blood of a struck fish; and as, at the present moment, five or six of these greedy brutes were swimming round their vessel, and making unavailing efforts to tear off a piece of the tough and elastic hide, it would be only too certain that they would find the spot where the other boat had sunk, and woe to the unfortunate men who were exposed to their rapacious, inexorable jaws!

But there was still a possibility that the boat, though uninjured, had drifted so far to leeward, that it could not pull up again: a boat is only a little dot on the mighty ocean, and can easily escape the best glass and most practised eye. But then they would be perfectly well aware in what direction to steer; and two lanterns were hoisted to the fore and main tops, in order that they might not pull past the ship in the gloom. After dark, at midnight, and before the dog-watch, the skipper had the gun fired; but in vain: the night passed away, and nothing was heard or seen

of the missing men. The cutting up the whale went on actively in the mean while; the blubber was stripped off, and brought on deck by means of a powerful windlass, and the boiling out was immediately commenced, in order to lose no time and get the mass of meat and blubber, which so soon becomes decomposed under the line, out of the way. Large torches, fed with strips of blubber, hung overboard in a fire-basket, or net made of iron hoops, and lit up the dark ocean, giving the dancing waves a singularly transparent hue. By midnight one huge fish was stripped, and the tremendous head, which was cut off from the trunk in the water, was hove on board by means of the heavy blubber-hook.

By daybreak, when the entire crew was working hard at the second fish, two of the harpooners were sent up to the tops, armed with good glasses, to look for the missing boat. In vain had they searched the horizon without being able to discover anything, when the eye of the first harpooner was attracted by a dark spot, which he closely examined. The distance was too great to allow anything to be clearly distinguished; but, for all that, the skipper was immediately informed of the circumstance, and speedily joined them. It was certain something was floating on the water there, whatever it might be, but it lay to windward. They must have drifted past it in the night, and the second harpooner was ordered off with a boat to discover what it was. Even if it were not the missing boat—and it did not at all look like it—it might possibly be a dead whale, and would not only repay the trouble of looking after it, but would surely

put them on the trail of the missing men, as the fish, if struck, would at any rate have one of the ship's harpoons, or irons, in it.

For nearly an hour they pulled, following the signals on board, without distinguishing anything in their track, until the harpooner who stood in the bows suddenly fancied he noticed a dark object right in front, and only just above the water. Before long he shouted, half turning to his men, and pointing in front:

"Pull away, my lads, pull away. By heavens! it's a man on a raft or boat, or something of that sort. Pull away, for I fancy we are only just in time." Then uttering a loud "Halloa!" he tried to arouse a responsive echo; but no sound answered him, and the boat bounded on its course towards the extraordinary object.

"A man! a man!" the men in the boat now exclaimed; and the boat's-header, who was also standing up, shouted, "By heavens! if that is not Patrick!"

"Patrick it is!" the harpooner replied; "but where are the others?"

But every other question died away in renewed exclamations of surprise, when they came nearer, and not only recognized the fourth harpooner, the young Irishman, in the shipwrecked man, but also found that he was kneeling on a dead sperm-whale, which lay with its burden a few inches above the water's edge. His left hand was twisted tightly in the line of the harpoon, which alone kept him on his slippery post, and with the right he held the shaft, which he had cut away from the harpoon, so tightly grasped, that he would not

even leave go when the boat shot up to him, and every arm was stretched out to help him in.

The poor fellow looked deadly pale, and could not utter a single word—his eye was wildly fixed on his messmates as if he did not recognize them: he merely rose mechanically to step into the boat, but fainted away as soon as he felt the firm planks under him. He had lived through a fearful night; and we must return to the period when he quitted the others with his boat, in order to chase a whale on his own account. Pat, as he thought, very cleverly steered away from the track of the other three boats and followed a single sperm, which was lazily breasting the waves at some distance from the rest of the shoal. They rowed lustily on at about five hundred yards in the rear of the sperm, and gained upon it rapidly, for the fish was, as yet, ignorant of the danger that threatened it. At the same time, the sperm swerved more and more from its former course, and went westward with the wind and current. Patrick now set his sail, in order to get nearer to the fish without any unnecessary noise. The whale, however, appeared to have scented the approach of danger, for it started off at the top of its speed, so that the boat, even with the favourable breeze, could gain but little upon it. Suddenly, just as they had got, with great labour, within casting distance, the sperm dived, and the boat shot over the spot where the waves were still bubbling over the sinking monster. "Sail in!" the harpooner quickly shouted: but the boat glided on a little distance from the impetus it had received, and the boat-steerer stood with uplifted lance, anxiously awaiting the signal to cast. While the sail flapped

idly in the wind, and the harpooner held the sheets firmly in his hand, that they might not lose a moment in pursuit, the rowers looked down into the clear water beneath, with the hope of, perhaps, seeing the fish, and so discovering the direction it was about to swim in.

"There's something swimming," one of the hands suddenly said, in a half-suppressed and anxious tone; "it's coming up straight from below."

"Hush!" the harpooner said—"gently, gently, or you'll startle him—where?"

"There he comes, there he comes!" three or four shouted simultaneously, and grasped instinctively at their oars.

"Back—back for your lives!" the harpooner cried at this moment, who was well aware of the peril to which they would be exposed if the colossus, in rising, merely grazed their boat. Almost at the same instant the oars fell into the water, and the boat had scarcely shot its own length back, when the gigantic, rounded head of a powerful sperm fish, with its wide, narrow jaws half opened, rose to the surface, and then bounded forwards, as if to escape the strange object, whose presence it was now aware of. In the bow of the boat, and close above the mountain of blubber, which actually rose under his very feet, stood the boat-steerer with uplifted lance; but his arm trembled, and, still within reach of the fearful foe, who could crush them at a blow, he did not dare to hurl the harpoon into the flying monster.

"Give it him!" Patrick however shouted, perfectly careless of danger, and only thinking at the moment of the chase. "Hang the fellow, he'll let the fish slip

through his hands;" and, seizing his own lance, he appeared to be anxiously awaiting the moment when he could hurl the sharp steel into the flank of his prey. The boat-steerer still hesitated, but only for a moment; for if he suffered the opportunity to slip, it was a question whether they would ever again come up with the startled whale. The sail had again caught the wind, and the harpooner held the tiller firmly with his knees to bring the boat's head round, and rush after the flying foe. At this instant the harpoon whizzed through the air deep into the monster's back, and was imbedded in the tough blubber. In a second the sail was again taken in, and the boat-steerer, springing back to the tiller, made room for the harpooner to throw his lance and give the leviathan of the deep his death-blow. Patrick stood in the bows, with his lance raised for a cast, and the crew tugged away at the harpoon rope, to bring their little bark close up to the prisoned fish. Patrick bent back, and while the flukes of the gigantic brute lashed the waves close to them, and it rose once again to escape the danger which it saw impending, the death-bearing steel sank deeply into the soft flank of the foe. In a second the harpooner withdrew it to repeat the blow, and the whale, in its fury, suddenly turned at bay, causing the sea to hiss and foam by its rage.

"Thick blood!" the crew shouted at this moment; but the voice of the harpooner was heard, "Back for your lives!" And while the boatswain threw his whole weight on the tiller, and leaned overboard to bring her head round, and ere the crew could ship their oars, the furious brute came up with open jaws, and

seizing and crushing the thin planks, tore them asunder as if made of paper. Patrick saw the danger, knew what impended over them, and with an unshaking hand he again hurled the lance at the enemy, and pierced its eye, but he could not save the boat. The maddened brute probably did not feel the new wound in its death-struggles. For, blowing out the thick black blood, and only thirsting for revenge, it tore the boat in pieces, and the foaming, blood-stained waves soon closed over a mass of fragments and swimmers, who only tried to clutch at a plank in the instinctive feeling of self-preservation. Patrick had, quite unconsciously, seized the line to which the harpoon was fastened, winding it round his arm; the whale dragged him along through the discoloured waters, and he would inevitably have been drowned had the fish lived a few minutes longer. But the first cast had gone home, and rising again to the surface, the whale swam once or twice in a circle, lashed the trembling waves with its gigantic flukes, and then floated slowly and dead upon the blood-stained sea. Patrick, who had risen with it, and had been so unwillingly taken in tow by the whale, swam quickly up to the floating monster, and seizing the harpoon still sticking in it, raised himself up at the very moment when a piercing shriek sounded close behind him. In horror he turned round; the cry for help was too agonizing; but he felt as if stabbed to the heart when he saw, at no great distance from him, the dark dorsal fins of two sharks, which shot greedily back and forwards, while the gurgling in the water just behind him, and the lashing of the waves, betrayed the spot where one of his comrades

was fighting the fight of death in the merciless clutches of a third brute.

Here and there a few of the unhappy men belonging to the boat were still floating on oars and planks, but only three were left of the merry fellows who, but a few minutes before, had boldly looked danger in the face, and now the hyænas of the deep were revelling beneath them. Of what avail was the powerless blow of the arm aimed at them, or the yell of despair? It was music in the ears of the cold fearful monsters, with their catlike eyes and giant strength; and the bloody foam which at the next moment floated on the surface of the water was the cerecloth of the unhappy men, and revealed their grave.

"That is fearful!" groaned Patrick, who had hardly strength enough to keep on the back of the whale that still offered him protection; "fearful thus to die, and no help!" And his eye sought desperately across the watery waste for the saving ship, which was tacking to pick up the other boats, far, far away on the horizon. And when they missed him, and sought for him, and could not find the boat with the glass, and sailed about for days in search of him, of what avail would that be to him? Only hours, minutes, perhaps, were allotted to him, and his murderers were bounding in their insatiate greed after their prey. Shudderingly he concealed his face in his hands, almost forgetting his own peril, not to see the death-struggles of his comrades around him, which was only a counterpart of what awaited him; but the hissing and beating of the waves compelled

him at last, with that instinct of self-preservation which clings to a straw, to think of his own salvation, or at least to defer his fate as long as was possible, in order to leave room for any possibility of help. The harpoon in the back of the whale, which he drove still deeper into the blubber, offered him a support to keep him on the slippery, smooth mass. For, although he thought once or twice about cutting out the head and using it as a weapon of defence against the greedy sharks, still he immediately gave up the idea again. Once washed into the sea, even the sharp steel would be no protection against the agile shark, which would infallibly seize its prey eventually, and then draw him down in spite of all the wounds it might receive. But one thing he could do. The handle of the harpoon, a short, stout oak stick of about two inches in diameter, was still firmly fixed in the steel; this he pulled out, cut it away from the line with the lanyard-knife every sailor wears on his person, and then fastened the cord to the ring of the harpoon. And while he twisted the cord tightly round his left hand to have a better holdfast, he seized the shaft with renewed confidence, and awaited with tightly-clenched teeth and flashing eyes the attack of the foe, which, however, was deferred for some time.

The sharks were satiated for a while, and played in the streams of blood which stained the water around, rather than sought for fresh prey: they tried at times to catch hold of the slippery, broad carcase of the whale, or swam lazily or sleepily among the fragments of the boat, seizing a plank and hold-

ing it for a while between their teeth, and then pushing it before them with their round, spade-shaped upper jaw. The weather, fortunately, was quiet and calm, and the rippling waves, in which the whale rose and sank, washed over Patrick, but not one of the sharks had come near enough to scent him, or, if it had done so, had it noticed him; and he hoped, perhaps, that he would be able to hold his own unassailed until the ship could come up to save him, or, at least, send its boats. But where was the ship? Father of mercy! there was no prospect of release for a long, long while. For even at the distance he then was, it could not escape the sailor's practised eye that it was keeping away from him. The other boats, therefore, had caught their fish, and with their booty alongside, would not be able to look after him. At the same time, the sun burnt, hot and scorching, on his forehead, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Water!—the limpid waves bathed his feet, and should he perish of thirst? He knelt down and washed his forehead and temples, and eyes and lips, in order to have a slight refreshment, and then he bound his handkerchief round his head—for he had lost his hat at the destruction of the boat—in order to protect it in some measure from the scorching beams.

Through this movement, however, the attention of one of the sharks must have been attracted to him, or else, though satiated and over-satiated, it could not resist its desire for more prey; for just as he raised his hands, he noticed that one of the largest dark fins, which projected above the water, was swimming in a direct line towards him. He had, in fact, scarcely

time to raise himself, and prepare his weapon for defence, when a tremendous fellow of some thirteen feet in length shot up to him, and tried to turn over on the back of the whale, and pluck off what was still upon it. But with the danger, all the sailor's daring courage returned to him, and swinging the heavy shaft in his hand, and holding the rope firmly in the other, he struck the head of the monster such a powerful and well-directed blow that the shark, half stunned, slipped off the whale and sank ere it could prepare for a renewal of hostilities, or perhaps make up its mind to such a serious step.

But other sharks had been attracted by the noise and splashing, and although they did not dare an immediate attack on the bold mortal who ventured to withstand them in their native element, still they continually swam in narrow circles round the spot where he was sitting, and once or twice came so near that Pat gave them one or two hearty blows across the jaws, to teach them to be respectful to him and keep their proper distance. But the shark is a greedy, obstinate brute, and, even if dangerously wounded, always returns to any booty it has once scented, as long as it retains the necessary strength. So it was in this instance. Again and again the heavy stick was required to teach them that there was nothing here for them to fetch—at least, so long as the young Irishman felt himself strong enough to struggle against hunger and thirst, the scorching sunbeams, and the constant, fearful excitement of his nervous system in the tremendous danger that ever surrounded him.

And the ship—no hope of salvation thence! Deeper and deeper sank the sun, and the ship lay far to windward, with its brightly glistening sails. But the beasts that swam around him became more and more ravenous, and tried in vain to drive their teeth into the tough skin of the sperm fish; and when the stars were lighted, and gradually illumined the whole sky, even as far as the bright strip which still lay on the western horizon, he watched the glistening beams shooting athwart the limpid waves, as the sharks swam restlessly backwards and forwards, and the peril that beset him grew worse with the night.

He clearly saw the lights of his vessel hung out for him—he even noticed, when it grew quite dark, the bright glimmer of the blubber-lamps, and even the pale light which came from the stoves of the oil tryers, and were reflected in the idly-flapping sails. But what availed that to him? How could he hope to be seen from the ship in the darkness, and to be saved from his fearful position? and would merely human strength be able to endure it till the next morning? He was no longer strong enough even to keep on his feet, and sought to find some little relief in kneeling down for a minute, or so long as the approaching sharks permitted, upon his extraordinary float, and attempting to stretch himself at full length, even though it might be in the water. Fruitless hope! his tormentors left him no rest, and the danger of being surprised, seized, and pulled down to a certain death, was too imminent to allow him to wait their attack. The most greedy of the brutes, a young fish of scarcely more than eight

feet in length, once went so far as to seize the harpoon, and held it sufficiently long to be left half dry upon the sperm by the retiring wave: but the oak stick struck it such a fearful blow across its treacherous, crafty-looking eyes, that the shark glided off the slippery whale, turned up its white stomach, and sank. But others took the brute's place, and only the glistening streak in the dark water revealed their approach, and warned the unhappy man to prepare himself for the renewed attack.

Hour after hour thus passed in this fearful contest for life; but fresh hope was aroused in him when the ship drew nearer and nearer to him, and the signal-guns clearly and distinctly reached his ear. At last he was able to recognize the forms on deck, as they moved backwards and forwards in the flickering light. "Ahoy—ho—ahoy!" his wild despairing cry was wafted across the waters, as his comrades drifted slowly past without noticing him—"ahoy!"

Again was he compelled to defend his life, for the sharks, attracted by the sound of a human voice, came up from all sides, and their dark dorsal fins cleft the surface of the water in every direction. His blow fell repeatedly, and the end of the tough shaft was already splintered—blows which would have felled an ox, but produced no further effect upon the shark than to make it retire for a little while. And the ship? there it drifted, almost within hail. Again a signal-gun reached his ear, and he again employed the ensuing pause to send his cry for assistance across the waves to the spot where salvation lay, so near, and yet so unattainable. But the wind came from that quarter; though he could

so distinctly hear the sound of the gun, and even distinguish the different voices on deck, he was unable to make them hear him. He only made his enemies around more and more active and rapacious, and their attacks became almost incessant.

His strength, his good spirits—which had till now been kept up by the hope of salvation—sank, when he saw the ship drift past—sank, when no means were left him to announce his proximity. The love of life alone kept him upright, and urged him to defend it against the savage brutes until his last breath.

Thus night passed away. The Southern Cross turned slowly—very slowly—to the West, and day at length broke in the far-distant East. He saw it all; he saw the sun rising from its ocean-bed, recognized the contour of his vessel, the graceful masts, and the bellying sails, attempted to make a last attempt to announce his existence, and tried to pull off his shirt and wave it in the air—a signal certain to be seen by the look-out at the mast-head—but he was not able to do it. His limbs were stiff and rigid, even his voice refused his service, and he could only produce a hoarse, gurgling sound; his eyes burned, his head went round and round, and a new wild idea, like a Will-o'-the-wisp upon the broadly-spreading sea, struck him and seemed to expel all else—every thought of help or salvation, every hope. He began to look out among the sharks that incessantly swam round him for the one on which he should hurl himself, and which he intended to destroy along with himself, by means of the sharp knife he wore. Again and again had this one attacked him,

and allowed him neither peace nor rest, for even an hour at a time; again and again, although received by fierce blows and driven back, it returned, the most rapacious of the rapacious band, and revenge he determined to have on that enemy.

But his strength deserted him, the painful excitement of his mind and body threatened to overpower him, and although the sharks had not renewed their attack since daybreak, though they still kept round the dead whale—for they felt that he must soon become their prey without further trouble—he had fallen on his knees, and, half unconscious, only followed with his glance the dark, threatening fins. He had utterly forgotten the ship.

The loud halloa of the sailors that came to save him first aroused him from his lethargy; he saw the boat, but he could scarcely comprehend, it seemed, what it all meant, or where he actually was. But he raised himself once again, felt himself supported by friendly arms, greeted by cheering, encouraging words, and sank back in a fainting condition. The harpooner had received orders that, on arriving at the dark spot which had been seen from deck, if he found it was a dead whale, he was to give a signal by waving a white flag he had taken with him, and remain there till the other boats could be sent to his assistance to take the dead fish in tow. But they had not expected to find a single, half-dead messmate upon it. He therefore gave the signal and stuck the flag into the body of the dead whale, in order that the other boats might find the spot, and then rowed with the saved man, as fast as he could, to the vessel. Three of the sharks, which were

not inclined to let their prey be so easily torn from them, followed the boat, and were severally lanced and killed by the harpooner, who could easily imagine how they must have terrified and tormented his messmate.

And so ends my story about a whale. The reader may remark to himself that it is "very like a whale!" but, mind! I do not vouch for its authenticity. I only tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

CHAPTER X.

A DARK STORY.

My name is Charles Whitfield, and I was born in 1817, in Berks county, Pennsylvania. After receiving an education at Lancaster, which might be called good for that day, I was apprenticed to a druggist at Philadelphia, but soon grew tired of that, and followed my inclination for the sea by entering aboard an East Indiaman. As it is not the purpose of this article to describe my cruising about the ocean, I will simply add that, at the beginning of the present civil war, I had the misfortune to see my own vessel burnt by the *Jefferson Davis* privateer, and was thus compelled to ship aboard the *Black Hawk*, a large New England clipper, as first mate. Could I but have foreseen what a melancholy occurrence would be connected with this ship, I would certainly have sooner gone before the mast in some other vessel than have enjoyed the comforts of a first officer on board of her.

After taking in a cargo of machinery and tea at Boston, we sailed across the Atlantic by the northern passage, and, after a three weeks' voyage, found ourselves between Dunnet Head and the Orkneys, whence we steered direct for the Skager Rack; after knocking about for some time in the Cattegat and the Baltic, we ran direct before a western breeze into the Gulf of

Finland, and on the forty-second day, after losing Cape Cod out of sight, we anchored under the batteries of Cronstadt. During the whole voyage I had but little opportunity of becoming acquainted with the master, Mr Morton, who proved himself a first-rate seaman, but a merciless tyrant to the crew, because the second mate was taken ill soon after we sailed, and I was constantly on duty. Only this much I noticed, that the demon lurked behind his scowling grey eyes, and that he cared little for human lives. When other vessels shortened sail in stormy weather, he would spread all the canvas he could, not caring whether a man fell overboard or not when aloft. During a thick fog in Pentland Straits, a fishing smack only escaped from being run down by the steerer letting the *Black Hawk* fall off half a point, and Morton flew at the man like a tiger for altering his course, and said that if the smack had been sunk, it would have served the crew right for lying in his track. Soon after this occurrence an old sailor, who stated that he had known the master for a long time, imparted to me that he had formerly gone by the name of Howard, and had been mixed up in the well-known mutiny on board the United States brig *Sommers;* after that he obtained a commission in the newly-formed German navy, and he, the sailor, had lost him entirely out of sight, until, to his surprise, he recognized him on the quarter-deck of the *Black Hawk*. Morton, in truth, looked as if he had led an adventurous life; his weather-beaten, deeply-furrowed face gave evidence of violent passions, and when he had been drinking he made the ship a very hell for the crew. Under such circumstances I naturally kept very quiet

with him, and attended to the strict performance of my duty. Hence, I was not sorry when, immediately after our arrival at Cronstadt, he went with the next steamer to St Petersburg, and left me to unload the cargo and settle with the custom-house officers. During his absence we all breathed freely, and these days were certainly the pleasantest that I spent aboard the *Black Hawk*.

A broker, who had business on board the ship, told me that Morton, who had formerly been engaged at Sebastopol in raising the sunken men-of-war, was applying to the Russian Admiralty for an appointment in the navy, but his services had been declined, for, although his merits were fully recognized, it was feared that he might act too independently—an experience which the Imperial Government had only too often made with Americans.

At length, after fourteen days' absence, Morton again appeared on board, but in a very bad temper, which he explained by the fact that he could obtain no back freight for the United States: he was therefore resolved to sail to Copenhagen in spite of the advanced season, where he expected letters from his owners, and also hoped to obtain a cargo for St Thomas. We therefore set sail towards the end of October, and slowly beat down to the Sound against contrary winds. During this trip, Morton became more familiar with me, while his behaviour to the crew was much milder: he rarely cursed, and, more rarely still, threatened them with the rope's end. As the second mate, who was suffering from an incurable disease of the lungs, and pined for his green Vermont mountains, still kept

his bed, Morton was thrown on me for company, and became remarkably communicative. I was amazed at the multitude of events of which he had been witness, and could not sufficiently admire his knowledge of languages. He gave me to understand that for a long time he had not stood on the best of terms with the United States marshals, and had therefore preferred to try his fortune in European waters, for which the wars and revolutions had given him abundant opportunities. It was not till the outbreak of the civil war that he returned to the New England States, and being supported by the influence of a senator, to whose son he had once rendered a service, he obtained the command of the *Black Hawk*.

After an eleven days' voyage, we at length cast anchor close under the Three Crown Battery at Copenhagen, and Morton, who had told me that he knew the city well from former times, at once went ashore to look up old friends and fetch his letters. He came aboard again the next morning in rather a desponding mood, and told me that it would be difficult to obtain a freight for St Thomas or the West Indies, as the merchants gave a preference to the neutral flag on account of the war. Besides, his owners had sent him instructions, if possible, not to take any cargo for the United States on account of the Southern privateers: if he did not succeed in getting a cargo in the Baltic for some European port, he was to sail to Southampton, where he would find further instructions. He added—and as he spoke a dark shadow flitted across his wrinkled forehead—that he had met some old friends ashore, and that, if I and the crew were the right

sort of fellows, we might do a profitable stroke of business.

"Do you not think, Charley," he continued, confidentially, "that our *Black Hawk* has famous ribs, and that her keel is as strong as that of a frigate? We may possibly be beset in the ice this winter, and I therefore think it will be as well to order some carpenters from Nyholm to strengthen our bows."

These and similar remarks of Morton's the more struck me, because I considered the strengthening of our bows a perfectly needless expense, while the master usually displayed an almost dangerous parsimony in providing for the ship's wants. Moreover, the *Black Hawk* was as strong as wood and iron could possibly make her, for all the New England clippers are built of the best materials.

Towards evening two gentlemen came on board, who reminded me of our Broadway dandies. They greeted Morton in a very friendly manner, and, after the customary remarks, followed him to the cabin, where he shut himself in with them. At the expiration of two hours they left the ship, and Morton, whom I had never before seen so polite, accompanied them to the side ladder; then he walked up to me, and said that he had been discussing with his visitors a very important affair, which he might hereafter impart to me, if I promised an inviolable silence.

The next day, as Morton readily granted me leave, I quietly strolled about the streets of Copenhagen, in order to have a look at the curiosities. On this and the following days I frequently fell in with Danish sailors, who liked to spin a yarn over a mug of beer.

and a Dutch pipe. As the majority of them spoke English and German, I could get along with them famously. The subject of conversation was generally the impending war with Germany, which country they most cordially hated. Prussia, they said, who had betrayed her own countrymen and allies in the last war, was now daring to utter warlike threats, and arrogantly pointed to her newly-rising navy. If the merchants of Hamburg and Bremen were to use such language respect would be felt for them, as they were practical men, who would equip good men-o'-war and appoint officers who had seen service, but the wind-bags at Dantzig understood as much about the sea as a donkey did of playing the harpsichord. I am sorry that I did not take down in my journal all their remarks about the Prussians and their naval system. As I had myself once served aboard a man-o'-war, such arrangements as they told me existed in the Prussian navy appeared to me most impracticable, even ridiculous; in any case, the manœuvres of a parade-ground are not adapted for the quarter-deck of a frigate, and if such a system be carried on for any length of time mischief cannot fail to come from it.

Morton, who now became extraordinarily communicative with me, and frequently took me ashore with him, seemed to have given up all hopes of obtaining a freight, and as the second mate grew worse and worse, he ordered me to take more ballast on board in order to make the ship heavier. The *Black Hawk*, in truth, when not loaded, was too high out of the water, which is dangerous in stormy weather, especially when a ship is clipper-rigged, as ours was. Morton also had the

bowsprit strengthened by stays, whose construction he superintended on a plan of his own: the cutwater was also covered with heavy oak planks, and, in short, preparations were made as if we were about to sail directly for the Arctic Ocean. When I asked Morton for what purpose he had these alterations made, he laughed equivocally, and said: "Charley, you must not be so curious: when the time comes, you will be thankful to me for sharpening our *Hawk's* beak, for it will soon require it." As he gave no answer to my further questions, but did everything to gain my good opinion, I paid no further attention to the matter. We sailors are thorough careless fellows, who do not care to bother our brains—and is not the captain absolute lord aboard his ship, and not responsible to any one? Still, I noticed with surprise that the two gentlemen to whom I previously referred came continually on board, and that Morton showed the alterations he had effected on the bowsprit to his own and their satisfaction. These gentlemen were neither sailors nor ship-builders, as could be seen by their hands. I instinctively suspected them, and could almost say with Shakspeare:

> "By the pricking of my thumbs,
> Something wicked this way comes."

One afternoon, as I was admiring the equestrian statue of Christian V. in the New Market, I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder. On turning round, I noticed a Danish sailor whose acquaintance I had formed. He offered me his stick of Cavendish, and said cheerily:

"Well, messmate, if you would like to see a real Prussian man-o'-war, come across with me to Amager Island; the *Amazone* corvette is just coming in. You

need not be in a great hurry, though, for she is as slow as a snail."

As I had nothing else to do I accepted the offer, and we were soon in Christianshaven, whence we reached a point from which the approaching vessel could be observed. In truth, had not the old sailor told me that the *Amazone* was a man-of-war, and had I not seen the ports, I could have scarce believed her to be such. Disproportionally tall masts, set in a hull which more resembled an oblong wash-tub than a smart corvette, loose shrouds, and the running rigging so far from taut that it offended a seaman's eye—all this necessarily produced no great notion of her efficiency. She tacked slowly with a moderate breeze, and the manœuvres were excessively slow, and showed a want of hands. My old friend, however, explained to me that she was a training-ship, and had but few old sailors on board, as the duty was performed by half-grown cadets.

After watching the *Amazone* for a while, we returned to Christianshaven, and continued our conversation over a glass of grog. Towards evening I went on board, where I did not find Morton. I gave the boatswain and the sail-master some orders, and then went to my state-room, in order to make up the ship's log-book, and record the events of the day in my journal, as I regularly did. While hard at my writing I was disturbed by a noise, and heard the steward introduce two strangers into the cabin, where they wished to wait for the master. At first I paid but little attention to this circumstance, till I recognized by their voices that they were Morton's mysterious visitors. As I was

close to them, merely separated by a wooden partition, I could understand every word they said. They purposely spoke in German, because they conjectured that not one of the crew understood that language: they had no idea that I was close to them, or that, as a Pennsylvanian by birth, I could understand every word. When I heard the name of the *Amazone* used in connection with Morton, I became doubly attentive, and tried to imprint on my memory, if not every word, at least the precise meaning. One of the men had an unpleasant, sharp dialect, and so I will call him the Croaker; the other spoke benevolently and unctuously like a Baptist minister, and so I will call him the Lisper.

"My dearest friend," the Croaker began, "when did you see the baron last?"

"Not since the day before yesterday," the Lisper replied, "at Friedensborg, where he had a long conversation with the Countess —— with reference to our matter. He told me that the lady seemed very well satisfied, and if we carried out our enterprise through Morton, and managed to keep the matter perfectly quiet, we could not fail to obtain the Dannebrog order. The baron also added that his court could not interfere further, and had done enough in placing the Nyholm docks at our disposal. Herr Hall is too honourable, and if he were to hear anything of the affair he would put Morton in irons."

"Herr Hall is a bourgeois parvenu, and has no noble feelings; he ought to know that the new creation of the navy is a thorn in the eye of our party, and that we only see in it a manœuvre of the democracy, by

which to hurl good old feudal Prussia into the vortex of the revolution. Hence it is my opinion that Danish statesmen ought to greet with pleasure any event that prevents our king and prince from creating a navy, even if they decline connivance. For, as the interests of Denmark can never allow Prussia to become a maritime power, and as the feudal party in our country sees a dangerous change in it, both parties are served if we nip it in the bud."

"You are perfectly right in that, but this Lieutenant Herrmann, of the *Amazone*, is said to be coquetting with the Liberal party; he has even refused to go to sea because the ship is no longer seaworthy, and he will not accept the responsibility of the lives of the cadets; only detailed instructions from Berlin will induce him to do so."

"What an instinct these men have!"

"In truth, friend, we are engaging on this occasion in the most daring but most honourable diplomacy, for thus to serve the good cause privily, and give the democratic institutions a blow from which they will not easily recover, is an incomparable deed, and receiving an order for such services is far more honourable than for mere court duties. I am only anxious about one thing, lest the coup may miss, and the king or the prince get wind of it. Although his Majesty is thoroughly wearied about the navy business, still he would be furious, and regard our well-meant services as anything but loyal, and act accordingly."

"Do not be at all alarmed, my excellent friend. Morton is warmly recommended to us from St Petersburg, and is most certainly the man to keep his word.

Moreover, he is entirely in our hands, as he will only receive the other half of the stipulated reward when the deed is done. But silence—I think that he is coming!"

At this moment I heard Morton cursing tremendously, because the deck-watch had placed no lantern at the side ropes; he seemed to have been drinking, and walked noisily into his cabin, where the strangers were awaiting him. I quickly blew out my light, got into my berth, and pretended to be asleep.

"At last!" one of the gentlemen said in German. "We were beginning to think that Mr Morton had altered his mind."

"An honourable man keeps his word," Morton replied. "But, before we say any more, allow me a moment to see whether we are all safe."

Soon after the door of my state-room opened, and Morton looked cautiously in with a light to see whether I was asleep. I naturally behaved as if the very trumpets of Jericho could not wake me, and snored like an Irishman who had his cargo of whisky aboard. Morton withdrew quite satisfied.

The conversation in the cabin went on in whispers, but I soon understood that they were talking about money. I heard the rustling of bank-notes, and Morton say, sulkily, "Well, here are ten one hundred-pound notes, all right, but how does it stand with the draft?"

"Here it is," the croaking gentleman whispered. "When you have faithfully fulfilled the conditions, you can at once draw at sight upon our London bankers for the other thousand."

"The bargain is settled. That will do," Morton replied. "I only desire one thing, that we may find thoroughly stormy weather in the German Ocean, for if it blow hard, and anything happens, suspicion will not be so easily aroused."

"The pilots of Elsinore say," the lisping gentleman remarked, "that it is always stormy at this season in the Cattegat and German Ocean. By-the-by, when do you sail?"

"We can go to sea to-morrow morning or afternoon," Morton answered, "as everything is ready. We shall soon catch up the old snail, or, at any rate, she will anchor off Kronenburg, when we can have a nearer look at her. At daybreak I will have all clear, and we shall soon be in the Sound with the present favourable current. But come, gentlemen, a parting glass. Halloa, steward!" he shouted. "What, you rascal, are you asleep already? I'll break every bone in your carcase."

Soon after I heard the rattling of glasses and the popping of champagne corks, and Morton proposed bold toasts, which were quietly responded to by the other gentlemen. They drank to a successful result, and then parted. Shortly after the master came into my state-room, shook me out of my apparent sleep, and told me that the anchor must be a-peak by daybreak, as the Elsinore pilot would come aboard during the night.

It was the morning of the 3rd of November, when the sun dispersed the dense fog, and illumined the roads of Elsinore with its beams. The wind had turned during the night, and a fresh breeze now blew from

south-east to south. The numerous vessels which had been waiting for favourable weather to pass from the Sound into the Cattegat took advantage of the opportunity, and set every inch of sail. Morton, who came on deck by daybreak, constantly consulted the barometer, and expressed his opinion that the fine weather would not last long. "The Prussian, there," he added, pointing to the tall masts of the *Amazone*, "must know better, though, for he is making his preparations to put out to sea. If he ventures it with his wash-tub, our clipper need not feel alarmed. So, all hands on deck. Mr Whitfield, have the anchor run up quick. Why do you delay? Do not set too much sail, though, for we wish to remain in the Prussian's track: you see, he is as slow as a German stage-coach."

Ere long we were under weigh, the *Black Hawk* obeyed her helm splendidly, and moved at a moderate rate over the rippling sea. Now we were able to see the superiority of the American art of ship-building. While the other vessels did their best, and had set all sail, we had spread scarce a third of our canvas, and yet we caught up, in a very short time, the clumsy colliers, galliots, and other short-built ships. We only left the *Amazone* ahead of us, who sailed better than the others; but for all that, badly enough for a man-of-war. When we reached Kullen's Point we had left most of the ships behind us. Towards evening the Swedish coast disappeared from sight, and when it became dark we could distinctly see the green and red lights of the Prussian ahead of us. Morton gave the man at the wheel and the watch the strictest orders to keep the *Amazone* in sight, and then went down to

the cabin. Soon after he sent the steward to summon me. I found him sitting in deep thought at the table, with his head resting on his hand.

"Charley," he said, "I sent for you to have a little chat, for it is not pleasant to be all alone with one's thoughts."

After saying this, he pushed a box of Turkish tobacco over to me, and told me to fill my pipe as he himself did. Then he ordered the steward to mix a strong bowl of punch, sent him away, and filled the glasses. I silently took a seat opposite, and, while waiting for what was coming, I veiled myself in the blue clouds of Latakia.

He emptied his glass at a draught, as if trying to give himself courage, and his usually so stern eyes assumed a milder expression. Then he began as follows:

"Charley, I am well aware that you distrust me, and that much in my conduct appears enigmatical to you; still, when you have heard the history of my past life, the shadows of my character will not surprise you. More than twenty years ago I was a midshipman on board the United States brig *Sommers*, and as happy and careless as a young man can be. There the devil tempted me, and I mixed myself up in the mutiny which the son of the secretary of the navy at that time brought about. Severe discipline and bad treatment caused us to take this step. Of course you remember the facts? The *Sommers* was the fastest vessel in the whole navy, and was afterwards capsized by a squall, off Vera Cruz, during the Mexican war. The mutiny was discovered, the leaders were summarily hanged, and I and several others taken in irons to New York.

There I succeeded in escaping from Governor's Island, and getting on board a Bremen ship in the Narrows, which was bound for Rio. From that time I knocked about every sea, for of course I was obliged to avoid the States. I brought many a freight of living ebony from the African coast to Cuba, and lost many thousand dollars at the Havannah at monté. I constantly sank deeper, for, as the French say, 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.' Daring and lucky in the trade as I was, I was no longer inclined to trade for the lazy Dons, but equipped, at the price of all I had in the world, a Baltimore clipper, and safely reached the Cuban coast with five hundred of the finest niggers, my own property. Fate decreed, however, that one of those accursed government steamers, which are always sniffing round Key West, came across me. If we had had a decent breeze I should have got away and landed my cargo all right, but a dead calm suddenly set in, and I was only too glad to escape ashore with my crew in the boats. The man-of-war seized my vessel and the slaves; thus I again became a poor man, and I had hardly enough money left to keep me for a few weeks at the Havannah. I would now have gladly returned to New Orleans, where I fancied that I was less known, when I read in the *New York Herald* the report of the capture of my vessel, in which it was also mentioned that her captain was, in all probability, the runaway mutineer from the *Sommers*, who had now escaped his legal punishment for the second time. Alarmed by this article, I gave up for the time all hope of returning to my native land. In the same paper I read a long report about the new formation of a German navy, and

that able-bodied seamen were required for it. As I had every reason to consider myself such, and was also resolved to begin an entirely new course of life, in a country where I was unknown, I hastened to Germany, where, by the aid of testimonials which my old friends the Dons gave me, I soon obtained my appointment as officer on board one of the new men-of-war in course of equipment. I certainly had now only as many dollars as I before had doubloons, but I felt cheered by the fact that I had again become a respectable member of society. I also knew that if the new navy were really intended to fight the Danish men-of-war, which were at that time threatening the German coasts, I should have plenty of opportunities to distinguish myself, for you know, Charley, that I had often before looked death in the face without winking. In this expectation I did my duty quietly, and gained an excellent name as instructor. Once at Bremenhaven I came across an old comrade, but he luckily took no notice of me, as he did not recognize me in my uniform. As we lay at anchor, inactive in the Weser, we had of course plenty of spare time, and employed it in making country excursions. On one of these I formed the acquaintance of a clergyman's daughter. I managed to gain her affections, and, in spite of her father's opposition, she became my wife. Charley, I tell you, at that time I was very happy, and I believe, too, on the best way to become an honest fellow."

At this point Morton was interrupted, for Brown, the boatswain, thrust his shock head into the cabin and hurriedly summoned us on deck. I took a passing glance at the barometer, and noticed that the mercury

had fallen tremendously. On reaching deck we found the sky pitch dark, not a star was to be seen, and only the red and green lights of the Prussian gleamed at intervals. In the perfect calm the sails flapped against the masts, and a faint streak of lightning over the rocky coasts of Sweden warned us that a storm was coming up, as so often happens in these latitudes on the approach of the cold season. This time, however, it was no ordinary storm, with the thin zig-zag lines of northern lightning, but it resembled in violence those thunder-storms which cause terror in the tropics. We took in all sail, home to the double-reefed fore top-sail and fore-topmast staysail, or just enough canvas for the ship to answer the helm, and waited for what might come. Suddenly the tempest hurtled above our heads, and the sky was for several hours one incessant sheet of fire, until the pouring rain extinguished its gleaming lights.

Morton was standing by my side on the quarter-deck, and pointing with his telescope to the Prussian corvette, which displayed its outline on the fiery sky about half a mile from us; it was truly a demoniacal sight, worthy of the Flying Dutchman. The *Amazone*, like our ship, displayed almost bare spars. Still she seemed to roll on the now excited sea like a drunken man, which was evidently the result of her bad build, while our ship heeled over gracefully on her larboard side. Towards morning, Morton went below, after giving me strict orders not to lose sight of the vessel ahead of us: for this purpose I went on the forecastle and ordered my night-glass to be brought me. My task was the easier because the *Amazone* was obliged to

leave the Skagener Reef six miles to leeward, like ourselves. Mr Brown joined me, made a few remarks about the sudden storm, and declared that if he had not known we were in the Cattegat, he should have fancied himself in the Gulf Stream, in the middle of the Florida Channel.

"What is the master up to," he continued, "with that confounded Prussian? I am afraid no good. If we had set more sail we should have passed him long ago; the master is not usually so timid about a couple of spars or a little damage—besides, we are well insured."

"Heaven and Morton alone know that," I made answer. "You may be right. Still, Mr Brown, you know the act of Congress by which the crew are compelled, under heavy punishment, to obey the captain's orders unhesitatingly; he alone must bear the responsibility."

The boatswain went aft with a mysterious air, and whistling "Yankee Doodle," and I saw him, the carpenter, and several others, putting their heads together. In the mean while dawn had arrived, and the grey clouds were slowly dispersed by the beams of the rising sun. As the horizon grew gradually clearer, we could distinctly see, about two miles from us, the Prussian corvette drifting ahead of us under bare poles: she had lost a topgallant-mast during the storm, probably by a lightning-stroke. The sea ran hollow, the wind had got round more to the east, and about six miles from us the waves were breaking on the dunes of a desolate sandy coast. While I was surveying this anything but pleasing prospect through my

telescope, Morton came up to me, and pointing to the *Amazone*, said:

"Well, Charley, I thank you for not losing sight of our comrade there. The fellow has been hard hit, and the lightning has smashed a topgallant-mast for him: that comes from the guns attracting the electric current. Such children ought not to be trusted with guns; if they had put tarpaulin over them they would have escaped."

It now began to blow much harder, and the territory point of the Skagener Reef constantly drew nearer to us. That is a perfect cemetery for ships: with the telescope we could distinctly make out the blackened skeletons of the wrecks high up on the sand, and lashed by the waves at high tide. Here it was that Nelson, after carrying off the Danish fleet from Copenhagen, lost his badly-manned prizes in a south-east storm; here, too, Peter the Great, on his voyage from Saardam to Petersburg, was stranded, and only saved his life with difficulty. The other vessels which had left Elsinore with us were all out of sight, and we were struggling alone with the *Amazone* to steer clear of this point so dangerous to sailors with an unfavourable wind and a high running sea. At last, towards evening, when the long northern twilight was threatening to turn into night, we found ourselves, after many short tacks, in the mouth of the Skagener Rack, as the Scandinavians call it. Except the Prussian, no ship was in sight: the only thing we fancied we could see in the distance was the smoke of an eastward-bound steamer. The barometer pointed to stormy. Morton gave the necessary instructions for the night, ordered

the man at the wheel not to let the corvette out of sight, and invited me into the cabin. After the steward had again prepared punch for us, and the smoke of the Turkish tobacco once more surrounded us, he continued his narrative:

"Charley, when I have once laid bare my heart to you, you will see what a just cause I have to track that accursed Prussian. After what happened to me in Germany, I should like to sink every vessel that bears the hateful black and white flag. You know how happy I was with my Mary, and how I had begun a new life! Our whole anxiety on board the newly-established fleet was to produce something respectable, and the foreigners wished to prove themselves grateful children to their adopted country. All at once a dull rumour spread that the German parliament, on which our existence depended, was broken up by the princes, and the latter had resolved to destroy the navy as a creation of the revolution. Men whispered to each other that we should soon be discharged, and the fleet sold by auction. Our admiral, whom we all esteemed, made several journeys in order to prevent the catastrophe through his representations; but he came back with sad looks, and we read in his eyes that our fate was decided. This broke his heart, and, as I have since heard, he soon after died of grief. The mutiny, in which I thoughtlessly took part as a young man on board the *Sommers*, was certainly illegal, but if we had resisted in the present case, right would have been on our side. Unfortunately, the promises which we secretly made each other led to no result, because we had imparted our plans to a false brother, a Scotchman,

who had been before suspected, because he had run ashore and lost a large steamer bought in England for the fleet. He betrayed the still unripe conspiracy to an influential leader of the reactionary party, through whom the admiral, who knew nothing of these facts, was induced to take such measures as stopped the execution of our plan. Soon after our arrears were paid us, and we were discharged. The little money I received was soon spent, and I was obliged to go to England to look for a fresh situation. My poor wife, who was expecting her confinement, was obliged to remain in a little town on the Weser, where I had hired apartments for her in the house of a respectable but poor family. During my absence the police, under orders from Berlin, burst into her room, examined her scanty property and my papers, and found nothing. In consequence of the fright, a miscarriage was brought on, and she and her child died. Charley, I tell you, I never felt in my life as I did on receiving the news. I swore to avenge myself, and I believe that vengeance is within my grasp: it is there for me while others will bear the guilt and the cost."

Here we were interrupted by a sudden noise, and the shouts and stamping of the men on deck. We both hurried up, and found that the violence of the wind had torn our fore-topsail. The damage was not considerable, and was soon repaired: the ship was laid more to the north, and the watch were stringently ordered not to lose sight of the Prussian, which was now rising and sinking in the trough of the sea. We then went below again.

"Believe me, Charley," Morton said, "the more

stormy the elements grow, the happier I feel. A wild delight comes over me when the storm rages, for it harmonizes so well with my passions. Long live the tempest!" With these words he swallowed a bumper of the fiery liquid. "Ah," he continued, "if my wife still lived, I should be another man, but now I am forced back into my wild, desperate courses, and my better feelings are deadened.—After various changes of fortune, I at length went back to America, where I could reckon with tolerable certainty on not being recognized; and Senator W., for whom I had fetched many a cargo of niggers from the African coast while he was the partner of a Spanish Don at the Havannah, though he was now the loudest brawler among the abolitionists, gave me, out of friendship, or perhaps through fear, lest I should blow on him, the command of the *Black Hawk*. In Petersburg I met with an old acquaintance, a Prussian, who had formerly known me in the German navy, where he was a commissary of war. He gave me letters of introduction to two German noblemen in Copenhagen, and they were the two persons with whom I had such repeated conferences."

At this moment our vessel groaned again, through a tremendous sea striking her on the larboard quarter, and our presence on deck became necessary. The wind had so heightened during our conversation that we were compelled to exercise the greatest caution in tacking, so as not to lose a sail. This part of the North Sea, which is usually called the Skager Rack, is often visited by powerful currents, which render the sea even more turbulent. Towards morning, when the

whitish-yellow fog cleared off a little, and we could survey the horizon, we also saw the *Amazone*. Morton had for a long time been seeking her with his telescope, and a smile of satisfaction played over his bronzed face when he saw her heaving and tossing in the trough of the sea. She seemed to be labouring heavily; evidently answered her helm badly, and her tall masts oscillated, owing to the looseness of the shrouds. Farther away a few sails were in sight, but we could not make out what they were. When the sun rose higher, the wind slackened a little, and we were enabled to set the mizen-sail, so that the *Black Hawk* heeled over gracefully and cut through the high waves. This day passed without any further incidents; there were certainly every now and then violent gusts, but as the wind had veered round to the north, we, as well as the *Amazone*, could pursue our south-westerly course without much difficulty.

In this way several days passed over; the weather was certainly stormy and the wind very changeable, but still it generally blew from the north. We met many sailing vessels, and also a few steamers, steering for the Baltic, in order to reach their destination before the close of the season and the setting in of the heavy frost. Morton was most of the time on deck, whence he looked at the Prussian and the other vessels through his glass. So soon as a fresh sail appeared on the horizon, he cursed savagely; it seemed as if he saw in it a witness of his criminal design; still no ship took notice of us, as each had enough to do in the hollow sea. One evening, early in November, he drew my attention to a small white cloud, which scarce rose

above the horizon in the far west. The weather might be called relatively warm for these latitudes, and the barometer had fallen considerably. As a rule, this white cloud is only seen in the tropics, and is always the harbinger of a hurricane or a whirlwind. All of us aboard knew the danger, and nothing was neglected to make all snug; we also noticed that the Prussian, who was about three miles to windward of us, showed equally bare poles—a proof that he was awaiting the coming hurricane.

Morton and I were standing on the quarter-deck, when Mr Brown came up to us, and remarked that he had not expected to see this white cloud in the North Sea, just as little as he had that tremendous storm in the Cattegat. "We shall soon have the tempest upon us," he remarked, as he looked windward to the horizon, which was now black as pitch, and distinctly showed the lines of the white-capped waves. "Shall we take in the trysails, captain?"

"I really think we shall have a tornado," Morton replied, as he stepped off the weather gangway, where he had hitherto been standing, and wiped the spray from his face. "I also notice that the glass has fallen remarkably. Take in all the small sails aloft, and so soon as the staysail is drawn taut, run down the gaff and bring home the spanker; one watch, I think, will be sufficient for the present, for we will not tire our men too much, as they may require all their strength."

"Ay, ay, sir," Brown answered, as the master walked away. "I could swear that he doesn't trouble himself much about it; at least, he looked so when he left the gangway."

"That is his manner: the more the elements threaten, the more daring his glances become."

After supper the new watch was called on deck, and the master gave me orders, which I punctually obeyed. I had to post in the bows a half-bred sailor from Canada, with strict orders not to lose sight of the Prussian corvette. Soublette, that was his name, had the best eyes aboard.

"Now, Mr Whitfield, we will make all snug for the night. Reef the fore-topsail and mainsail properly; those, with the foresail, the fore-staysail, and trysail, are all that we can carry."

During the first watch the tempest became much fiercer. Heavy drops of rain were mingled with the spray, distant thunder rolled to windward, and from time to time sharp flashes of lightning darted through the gloom. The watch below slept carelessly, confiding in their comrades on deck. But the night was frightful, and Morton, myself, and the officer of the watch, did not leave the deck for a moment, as our presence was absolutely necessary.

At six in the morning the tempest had reached its height. The lightning traversed the firmament in all directions, and the thunder overpowered the howling of the wind as it blew through the rigging. The sea beat violently against our bows, and dashed along as far as the quarter-deck, as the *Black Hawk* laboriously rose out of the water.

"If this goes on much longer, we shall be obliged to lower the foresail entirely, and trust to the main-staysail," I said to the captain.

"I really believe we must," Morton remarked. "But look, day is breaking. Let us wait awhile."

Then he ordered the man at the wheel to let the ship fall off a little. With increasing daylight, and as the storm grew worse rather than better, Morton was on the point of giving the necessary orders to lower the foresail, when Soublette, who was standing at the lee-gangway, suddenly shouted, "A sail to leeward!"

"A sail to leeward, sir," I immediately reported to Morton, as I held on by one hand to a rope, and touched my hat with the other.

"Fetch me my glass from the cabin directly," he said to one of the sailors. "I trust that it is our old companion."

"It is no very large vessel, and hardly half as heavy as ours," I said, after climbing up some half-dozen rattlins.

The sailor brought the glass, and the captain, after passing his arm round a thick rope, in order not to fall to leeward through the rolling of the ship, and getting the stranger into a focus, which was no easy matter, exclaimed,

"By Jupiter! it is the Prussian, but in a very bad state."

Other glasses were fetched, and Morton's opinion was confirmed by all.

"Let the foresail stand, Mr Brown; we will run down to the corvette at once."

The *Black Hawk* fell off a little, dashed through the trough of the sea, and rapidly approached the stranger:

in less than half an hour we were within a mile of the *Amazone*.

It was easy to see, even without the help of a telescope, that the people aboard the Prussian corvette, which had lost both mizen and main-mast, were making every possible effort to rig a jury-mast, for which, however, their strength seemed to fail them. They did not dare lower their foresail, as the corvette would not stir without any sail upon her, and the last remaining mast would have rolled overboard, but without some sail at the stern it was impossible to keep her head to the wind, and hence she fell off a couple of points, and was at the mercy of the waves, although the man at the wheel certainly did his duty.

In a few minutes we were within three cables' length of the Prussian, and our ship trembled under the enormous pressure of sail. The wind howled, the sea raged, the thunder deafened, and the lightning blinded. The Almighty was present in all His majesty, but a furious human passion occupied Morton's heart. He sprang up the rattlins in order to convince himself that no sail was in sight, and came down again satisfied. With a furious glance at the helpless corvette, he bade the man at the wheel go to the devil, and seized the spokes with his powerful hand. The rain, which had before fallen vertically, now dashed into our faces, so that every object was concealed by the spray. We heard a shout, which, however, was almost deadened by the howling of the storm, and saw that the *Amazone* suddenly ported her helm. Too late! a blow, a crash, a cry of terror, which rose above the raging tempest! Our bow had caught her exactly in

the centre, smashing in the bulwarks, the netting, and a part of the aft-deck. Then our bow rose again, lifted by a mighty wave, and rode for a second on the bursting wreck. Our weight had broken her spine, and the two halves of the hapless ship sank in a second in the yawning deep. At the spot where she disappeared another mighty wave rose, and, as it broke, forced beneath the surface any living beings who were trying to save themselves.

The blow had hurled me and nearly the whole watch on to the deck, and Morton alone held on convulsively to the wheel. The other half of the crew, who were asleep below, started up in terror, and the confusion did not cease until the captain, who was still standing at the wheel, gave the necessary orders in a voice of thunder. Morton then surrendered the wheel to an old steady sailor, and hurried to the bows, while the carpenter went into the hold to see if we had any leak. The damage was not so great as we had at first supposed: the bowsprit, which, with its supports, weighed twelve tons, was certainly seriously injured, and snapped in two in the middle, but our bows, owing to the reinforcement they had received at Copenhagen, were not so damaged as might have been concluded from the violence of the blow. The thick oak boards had done their duty, and protected the cutwater. The carpenter, too, soon returned on deck, and reported that the ship was quite sound.

As there was no sign of a leak, we soon cleared away with our axes the wreck of the bowsprit, and nailed tarpaulin over the holes in the bulwarks, so that we were soon able to lay on our course again. As

Morton saw that our crew were putting their heads together, and exchanging opinions as to the recent catastrophe, he ordered one-half below again, the others such occupations that they could not well converse together. Then he called me to the back of the quarter-deck, made some remarks about the now visibly subsiding storm, and then said:

"Charley, you are the only man on board who can perhaps judge correctly of my conduct this morning; you alone know the motives of a deed which must appear to all the rest an unfortunate accident. I beg, nay, I demand your inviolable silence. The law cannot touch me; remember that I am your captain, and that the regulations of Congress render my position unassailable."

With these words he turned away, carelessly took up a telescope, and surveyed the horizon, to see whether any sail were in sight. I went down to my cabin in a very desponding mood, and up to the present day I have been silent about a deed which was suggested by selfishness and revenge, and whose victims are eternally covered by the rolling waves.

So far the remarkable narrative of Charles Whitfield. Although we are not responsible for its truth, we thought it right to produce this explanation of a still mysterious and terrible catastrophe, for it reached us from a most trustworthy source. We may, at the same time, mention a few facts confirming the statement of our reporter to a certain extent. The Margate and Deal hovellers spoke openly of the affair at the time, because they hailed a large Yankee clipper, with

broken bowsprit and damaged bows, in the Channel, and their help was very roughly declined. Any one who lived in New York last winter will also know that it was publicly stated in all the coffee-houses on the Bowery and elsewhere that the *Amazone* was run down in the North Sea by an American, who had been bribed to do so in Copenhagen. A sailor, now stationed at Fort Monroe, on board the Federal fleet, also described the catastrophe to the German soldiers there. The American press, too, noticed the circumstance, and the report can be easily found by a little search in the shipping intelligence of last year.

CHAPTER XI.

A RETURN TICKET TO PARIS.

THE worthy Tristram Shandy tells us that he hates the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and find all barren. Although I have not been anything like that distance, and have nothing to describe save an every-day trip from London to Paris, I found it so far from barren that I venture to hope it may furnish some amusement to my numerous readers.

As is very well known to everybody, there are two principal routes connecting the two capitals—the one by Folkestone and Boulogne, the other by Newhaven and Dieppe; the former being nearly twice as expensive, but at the same time twice as rapid. It is atrocious that in these days of almost instantaneous locomotion twenty hours should be cut to waste in reaching Paris at a reasonable rate, and the mismanagement is so glaring that I am surprised it is allowed to last. Dieppe is certainly a tidal harbour, but I see no reason why you should have on arrival to destroy six hours in that deplorably stupid town ere a train starts for Paris. And yet such was my fate: I reached Dieppe by twelve o'clock in a very fast and powerful steamer, whose only fault was that she was so fond of the water that she shipped a sea at every revolution of the paddles; but it was seven in the evening ere there was a through

train to Paris. Nearly seven hours in Dieppe, and I am still alive!

Nor is it pleasant, after snatching the fearful joy of sleep in a railway carriage, to find yourself landed, at half an hour after midnight, in a strange capital and in a drizzling rain, with no possibility to *orienter* yourself, and while half bemused by your past spasms of slumber. If the Dieppe railway were properly managed, its directors would run a train in connection with the boat, and get people to Paris in decent time; but I suspect one of the managers keeps an hotel at Dieppe. If so, I can quite understand the delay, but, at the same time, the reason why the Folkestone line is so extensively patronized. Such competition in the present fast age will not induce the South-Eastern directors to lower their fares.

Having thus indulged in the Englishman's natural privilege of grumbling, let me turn to pleasanter matters; and, first of all, I can perfectly understand the reason why so many Englishmen have given their adhesion to Louis Napoleon: the sight of new Paris must convert his most stubborn opponents. Those who can remember Paris in Louis Philippe's era, and see it now for the first time, must rub their eyes in amazement, and fancy that Aladdin's lamp has been at work: it seems as if no human agency could have produced such marvels, and in so short a time converted a foul, ill-paved city into the finest capital in creation. You cannot say in Paris such a street is a great improvement, or, if that row of houses were pulled down, it would afford a fine view of such a church: no, wherever the eye turns, it sees one succession of palaces, and even

as far as the Barrière Montmartre, the only one I visited, on either side was a vista of new streets, each more splendid than the other. And this first gave me the idea of the stability of the emperor's rule. Since 1854 he has fought two most expensive wars, and yet he has never once relaxed in his efforts to make Paris the architectural capital of the world. Surely state loans alone do not effect this; he must have taken deep root in the hearts of his people ere they would consent to an outlay which must have entailed considerable privations on them, and which has certainly raised the price of all provisions.

In other respects I found the social aspect of Paris greatly changed. In my bachelor days, when I lived in the Quartier Latin, and thought with Béranger,

Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans,

the pre-eminent quality of the French character was a dilettante idleness which no convulsions disturbed. If the most important business awaited him, the true Parisian could not be induced to exceed his mile an hour, or to neglect his darling amusement of sowing gape-seed at all the shop windows. Now-a-days this is entirely changed: the Paris people move along as briskly as our citizens at three o'clock in Cheapside, and they all have a hungry look, as if they had a bill to take up that day, and had not yet raised the funds to meet it. I was positively elbowed once or twice, "tout comme chez nous," and the assailant never thought of turning round and taking off his hat with an infinity of bows as in the olden time. France is decidedly growing commercial, and less polite.

My first pilgrimage was naturally to the old home

of my youth, to gaze on the dingy house where I had spent so many happy hours. Alas! it was all gone. Even that wondrous little estaminet, where we played the interminable *poule*, and the pride of our existence was an artistically coloured pipe, had died and left no sign. In the place of the smoky room, where the famous bière d'Alsace was drunk by countless choppes, now stood a flaunting café, where the only articles of consumption were raspberry vinegar and seltzer-water, or brandy strongly suggestive of the potato! I turned sadly from the spot with one illusion less.

Why should it be so? Why should I regret a frousy little estaminet, which I would not now have entered on any consideration, for fear of injuring my coat, and which had caused me headaches innumerable? There must be a charm about old associations beyond mortal control, and many a pleasant thought came over me, dashed with a tinge of regret, as I stood in front of the Odéon. Where is Jules? Hard at work in Cayenne beneath a tropical sun. Where Edouard? He is a great painter, with any quantity of orders on his "brochette," and swearing by his deity, Louis Napoleon, who finds him in constant work. Where is Raoul? Ah! he, poor fellow, volunteered to Algeria, and "absinthe" soon finished him. Where are they all, the comrades of my youth, the men who vowed eternal friendship, and forgot each other six months after parting? Ah me! we must let the dead bury their dead; if we allowed thoughts of the past to invade us, we should soon be laggards in that great race which is called Life.

Can any more fairy-like scene be imagined than the

Boulevard des Italiens half an hour after the lamps are lit up? It is a true type of the French character, all outward show and picture, and yet very agreeable to rub shoulders with. Why expose the nakedness of the land? A little paint and gilding may be had cheaply enough, and go an enormous way. The Parisians rightly estimate their merits, and every effort is made to divert attention from the intrinsic value of the article by the lavish nature of the surroundings. Let us take a familiar instance. My readers will agree with me that a pork butcher's shop is not an object to fascinate us at home, and yet, across the water, a charcuterie is one of the most agreeable sights in the world. Everything that could produce an unpleasant sensation is removed from the eyes: triumphal achievements are formed with strings of sausages and grinning boars' heads, the background being composed of Mayence hams, which set the mouth watering, or gigantic Lyons sausages, large enough to provision the *Great Eastern* for a voyage to America.

It seems to me, then, as if the mercantile population of Paris has striven to keep pace with the magnificence of the new buildings, but one disagreeable result has arisen from it. The comestible department of Paris is certainly in a state of decadence, and, instead of being the capital where one could dine *par excellence*, the restaurants, at present, leave much to be desired. Of course, you can still dine if you like to pay the price—you can do that anywhere—but the man who has to measure the length of his dinner by that of his purse, suffers. I tried various restaurants known to me in former days as places where one could feed reputably at

moderate cost, but there was a sad falling off. The repasts had a great deal of the Dead Sea apple about them: there was the same abundance of vermeil, the same unlimited supply of bread, but the fish was doubtful, and I wish the meat had been only that. Even the oysters appeared to me to have degenerated. I remember those delicious little green Ostend molluscs, which gave you an appetite by the mere sight, but now the Parisians have a base imitation of the Milton, possessing no flavour save that of bran. Besides, they were mostly in that condition which would have gladdened the heart of George I., and which, though highly to be applauded in a woodcock, is not exactly desirable in an oyster.

The same law of deterioration holds good with the wine. I really believe it is impossible to procure a good glass without paying an exorbitant price for it. Now this is hardly fair, and I see no reason why John Bull should have to pay his quota towards new buildings at the expense of his health. Better put a tax upon us as we pass the octroi, and let us have matters eatable as before. At present, the *non cuivis homini* is most strictly applicable to Paris, and I recommend those who wish to visit that Circean capital to put money in their purse, and plenty of it, unless they wish to choose between the alternatives of starvation and poisoning.

The printsellers' shops are, as usual, surrounded from morning till night by eager gazers, for they are still full of the episodes of the war. To judge by the enormous number of his portraits, the emperor is decidedly the most popular man in France. Every window contained at least a dozen engravings of him: here

he was in uniform, there in mufti; here a full front, there a profile; whole lengths, half-lengths; in every position, in short, to which the human frame could be tortured. Next to the emperor's in popularity was the effigy of his imperial highness the prince, in his cradle, in a Zouave uniform, dressed as a drummer of the Guard, or in Highland garb. Probably the most successful engraving of all was one representing the emperor seated in a chair and dandling the little prince on his knee. There was something theatrical, Winterhalterish in the grouping, and that was sufficient to fascinate the Parisians. The empress did not appear to be one quarter so popular, and as for Plon-plon, the providence of families, he was nowhere. After the imperial family, Marshal M'Mahon appears to have enlisted the popular suffrages; every battle-piece has him for the central figure, and he seems to have usurped all the renown—after his master, of course. Here and there a dreadful insult on humanity might be seen, representing Garibaldi, whom the French mind evidently regards as own brother to Fra Diavolo, but I did not notice that he attracted any peculiar attention. Indeed, I was amazed to find how chary the Parisians were about uttering an opinion as to Italy. I tried to draw one or two friends on the subject, but they always contrived to evade it. At any rate, the war fever is going down, and I fancy the Parisians have had quite enough glory for the present.

The idle population of Paris, at this moment, is represented by soldiers. They lounge about the streets, not as single spies, but in battalions, and nobly take the wall of every *pékin*. They certainly are a great insti-

tution, but I cannot say I admire the Knickerbockers with which the emperor in his wisdom has thought proper to clothe them. Those articles of attire may, possibly, become Lord Elcho, or any other sturdy representative of British beef, but the dumpy little Frenchmen now look, for all the world, like razéed Dutchmen. The emperor takes care that the Parisians shall have specimens of all his regiments constantly before them, perhaps to show them how the money goes; and the consequence is that Paris resembles a huge stone Aldershott, where men in black coats are permitted to reside for the purpose of supplying the wants of the army. After so much has been written in abuse of our system of clothing the troops, I candidly confess that I saw nothing in Paris which could at all compare with our Grenadiers, both in solidity and attractiveness.

But in another respect I grant the French are our masters, and that is in their street advertising. It may be that the system of having shops one above the other may have much to do in increasing the display; but go where you will through Paris, and you find the houses covered with really artistic designs. Some of them, I dare say, are highly ridiculous to an English eye, but they produce the desired effect—they attract attention. I am surprised that our tradespeople have followed the fashion in so clumsy a way. You may see here and there through London, on the sides of houses, various boards suggestive of wants, and the right places to satisfy them; but there is a decided paucity of invention. I am sure Mr Sala might take an instructive walk through Paris, and throw out many useful hints.

On the other hand, we are far superior to the French in newspaper advertising; nothing is so wretched as the last page of one of their journals, and the loss of space is deplorable. Nor have they yet attained the scheme of advertising in 'buses, which is pre-eminently a feature among us; but I suppose that will come with time. But there is one deficiency in Paris I am surprised at: the nation that came over to teach us how to work our 'bus communication, has not yet started a Parcels Delivery Company. Nothing more tedious than to send a packet across Paris; it would reach London in less time, and probably at a cheaper rate. Awful formalities have to be gone through, and by the time the parcel reaches its destination it is covered with little etiquettes, all tending, possibly, to its security, but frightfully absurd to the English practical mind.

The general aspect of the shops is otherwise unchanged; the silk mercers have broken out into ampler proportions, probably owing to the crinoline expansion, and there are many more shops for the sale of mock jewellery than of real. Of course there must be retrenchment somewhere, and if ladies' dresses demand so many more yards than heretofore, the wearers must put up with a depreciation in their jewel-case. France is, indeed, more than ever governed by crinoline, as we are—a wicked wit said t'other day—by Delaine; and, as for any reduction of the rotundity, I really believe the ladies, out of sheer spite, grow more balloon-like in proportion to the abuse showered on the jupons-ballons.

Of course, a visit to Paris would be imperfect without the expenditure of sundry francs at the theatres.

My time was limited, but I managed to assist at three representations, all of them deserving a word of description. My first evening was devoted to the Vaudeville and Balzac's play of "La Marâtre," which, it is true, I had seen eleven years before, when it passed unheeded, but which has now become, like the author, the idol of the French. Anything more repulsive than this play it is hardly possible to conceive. Two ladies, a mother-in-law and step-daughter, are in love with the same young man, and there is a regular ladies' battle between them as to who shall win the day. The scene takes place in the vicinity of London, where a *M. de Grandchamp*, an old Bonapartist general, has established a large factory. His daughter *Pauline* is twenty-two; his wife, *Pauline's* ex-governess, a few years older. The golden apple for which they contend is a certain *M. Ferdinand*, a handsome man, engaged in the factory, who is under a cloud, for his father had surrendered the gates of France to the allies, and the ex-Bonapartist would infallibly murder him if he found him out. Hence the young man has thought it advisable to shave and change his name. *Ferdinand* has assured both ladies of his love for them, and, of course, they discover they are rivals. *Ferdinand* nobly hands *Pauline* all her stepmother's love-letters to him in order to force that lady into a compromise, and *Gertrude* doctors her to get possession of them. *Pauline*, driven into a corner, hits on the ingenious idea of poisoning herself and throwing the blame on *Gertrude*. The latter is arrested, and in a very awkward predicament, when *Pauline* avows all, and then *Ferdinand* follows her example by killing himself. *Gertrude* is

left to live a life of misery with her husband. Faugh! no wonder Jane Eyre said that reading Balzac left such a bad taste in the mouth.

Nor was my second experiment much more successful: for I went to the Théâtre Déjazet, better known as the Folies Nouvelles. That once great actress Déjazet was here *dans ses meubles*, and performed the hero in a very charming piece called "Les Premières Armes de Figaro." Eugh! it was terrible to see so old a lady performing a beardless boy of seventeen. She really ought to have known better. It was truly painful to see this decrepit lady tottering about the stage and attempting to assume the reckless airs of a Figaro. Her voice was so thin, her legs trembled so, her fingers were so long and skinny, that it was a cruel thing even to look upon her. My evening's entertainment was quite spoiled with her first appearance on the stage. It was the more atrocious, as we can all remember what the Déjazet was—why, then, force upon us the knowledge of what she is? I remember being disillusioned precisely in the same way in 1849. I was persuaded to go to the Odéon and see Mademoiselle George in "La Tour de Nesle;" and it was just such a painful exhibition as the present one—perhaps even more hideous, when we bear in mind the character of the play.

My third and last evening was, however, a compensation for the two former, for I spent it with M. Hamilton, successor to M. Robert-Houdin. He is certainly one of the neatest prestidigitators I ever saw, and one of his tricks I had not seen before. His little foot-page stood on a stool upon the stage, holding

loosely in his hand two long green cords with brass handles at the end. With these M. Hamilton walked up the room and invited any one to lay hold of them. The effect was most ludicrous when a stout Englishman held them and tugged fiercely. All at once, though, he changed his key, and vociferated, "Oh, hang it, let go!" quite forgetting that he was the holder. The force of the galvanic current completely drew him off his chair before he dropped the handles. Others of M. Hamilton's tricks were also done with remarkable neatness, and, in short, the evening was a truly enjoyable one. I tried hard to induce M. Hamilton to come among us, but he is diffident, for, in spite of his name, he cannot speak a word of English. I think, though, he would be as much admired as was his predecessor, whose life and adventures I had recently the honour of making known to British readers.

No sooner was this performance over than I had to pack up my portmanteau to catch the train leaving at midnight. I had thus the satisfaction of travelling twice the same road without seeing an inch of the country between Dieppe and Paris. And even after that I had to cut four hours to waste in Dieppe ere the tide allowed the boat to start, and other three at Newhaven, a place composed apparently of a custom-house and an hotel. Surely the company might manage these matters better.

And now, in conclusion, what shall I say of the French at home? I found them on this occasion most cordial to Englishmen, and they treated me with great kindness, possibly mingled with condescension. As for the soldiers with whom I conversed, they really

regretted the necessity which would force them to pay us a visit next April, but then, "ce Waterloo, mon cher!" In vain did I tell them that our rifle volunteers would be most ready to meet them; they only replied, "Ah bah!" with an inimitable click of the tongue that spoke volumes. I really do not believe that the French soldiers bear us any animosity, but they are convinced it is their destiny to efface Waterloo, and they have quite got over that feeling of irritation the Crimean campaign produced, though I know not what the Chinese allied expedition may bring forth. As for attempting to teach them that the emperor is too long-sighted to run his head against a stone wall, that is too good a joke. You might as well try to persuade them that the Austrians fought bravely in the late war. They consider themselves cocks of the dunghill at present, although the English may attempt a weak crow, which they can silence at any moment. I assure you there is no better amusement on the cards than conversing with a French soldier who was engaged in the Italian war. To hear him talk, you would fancy the whole army was recruited from Gascony.

As for the Parisians themselves, as far as I could gauge, they are very happy under the present government. The feeling of security is so intense—the impossibility of any revolution is so certain, while their gains are so large—that they have no wish for a change. Having no affection for republicans of any colour, I did not try to ask their opinion, but I suspect they are too wise to attempt any émeute so long as a sergent de ville leans against every post, who

makes his beard precisely after the model of his imperial master. The improvements in Paris have been carried out so strategetically that revolt is quite hopeless, and the bourgeois, knowing that he can retire to bed to dream of his gains without the prospect of being aroused by a salvo of musketry, and has no great desire to see the press enfranchised, for he remembers that the turbulent writers always put themselves at the head of every popular movement, by which, whoever may be the gainer, he is quite sure to suffer.

CHAPTER XII.

AMERICAN YOUNG LADYISM.

THE prevalent tendency of republican institutions will be found to be the production of a general monotony. Even the mind and talent are brought to a similar level. There are no grand characters or prominent men, though, on the other hand, the brutalization does not sink so deep as to produce cretins. Generally speaking, every American is "smart," although, of course, with variations of smartness. That beauty, however, should become democratic is a remarkable fact for the observer. The fair sex in America has not only the same universal feelings, impulses, and passions, the same education and acquirements, which they have obtained from institutions all of a like pattern, but also the same charms. There is a greater national family resemblance among American women than among those of any European country. The general affinity in manners, comfort, and social value has had such an effect on the type of beauty, that they all appear to have issued from the same mould and school. An American salon filled with ladies resembles a hyacinth-field in the sand-gardens of Berlin.

Clumsy, coarse features, striking deformities, original and characteristic ugliness, are found neither

among American men nor women. No one could dream, there, of asserting that "le laid c'est le beau." The great majority of women are moderately pretty, very passable, or pleasingly pretty. Still their charms are concentrated more in their features than in their demeanour, figures, or corporeal shape. A classical bust, rounded arms, and well-developed limbs are the greatest rarity among them. You may gaze on a hundred and not discover one shapely waist. The effeminate manners of these anything but Spartan republican ladies, their horror of bodily movement and physical exertion, produce a neglect and decay of the entire muscular system. Walking in the open air is something quite unusual with them, for in their country, where there are no footpaths or promenades, they move about in carriages, and rarely on horseback. The rest of the long day they spend, after the fashion of ladies in Eastern harems, on softly-cushioned sofas, or in their favourite rocking-chairs by the fireside. Full beauties à la Rubens are never found among them, and equally rare are those graceful, well-rounded, elastic, Junonic forms, which may still be seen in Italy and other European countries. The ladies of Kentucky alone offer an exception to this, but the rest all resemble tulips, in whom only the head delights. Their faces, too, are pleasanter through the delicacy of the outline than in the colour or expression. Their complexion is hardly ever rosy, and rarely lively and fresh. They are all somewhat pallid, like zealous romance readers among ourselves. They seem to be hothouse plants, and their entire education and formation in the 'fashionable ladies' aca-

demies is on the forcing system. These pretty, delicate, pale faces are met with not only in the capitals, but far away up the Mississippi, in the new settlements, and in the prairies among the Indians.

Even the farmer's daughter looks exactly like a denizen of the towns, reads romances, insists on dressing in silk, and dresses her hair with artificial French flowers in contempt of the natural children of Flora. Ladies in the larger towns are so proud of their pale, interesting complexion, that they disguise and try to drive away the natural roses on their cheeks as something coarse and vulgar. They veil themselves carefully from the beams of the burning sun, drink vinegar, and employ other artificial measures to develop still further the moonlight on their faces. An Englishwoman, or any fresh beauty arrived from Europe, resembles among American ladies the accompaniment of flutes by a key-bugle.

It is strange enough, and at the first blush seems inexplicable, how these descendants from the English parent-tree can have degenerated in this way. As the colonies the emigrants founded were agricultural, and so much that was new had to be created out of the rough, the contrary might have been expected, and that anything coarse in their ancestors would have been developed. But, on one side, there must certainly be something in the nature and climate of America possessing the tendency of weakening races transferred thither, for the Spanish inhabitants of South America and their fair sex form a similar contrast to European Spaniards and Portuguese. On the other hand, I explain the matter by the history of

the country, and specially by its rough and semi-savage nature. In accordance with this nature men at first alone emigrated, and women were rare at the outset. Those ships which brought a cargo of female passengers were hailed with delight, and the girls, whether pretty or ugly, led home in triumph. In these circumstances, I fancy, lay the germ of that peculiar pampering, or, as they call it, reverence for women, by which the Americans are distinguished from all other nations—even the English, among whom women, however, occupy a high place. The necessity for female society runs through the whole history of American colonization side by side with the Indian wars. At a later date the "Pioneers of the West," who crossed the Alleghanies and settled on the Ohio and the Mississippi, wanted wives, who at all times have been, and still are, a rare and valued article in the United States. Just as the first emigrants attracted them from Europe by all sorts of promises, the later emigrants returned to the eastern cities, chivalrously paid court there to young girls, and worked hard to fulfil their promises. This, in my opinion, is the main basis of woman's position in America, and she has been pampered, caressed, dressed in silks and satins, till she gradually became the tender, pretty, delicate, capricious, fashionable puppet she now is.

The intercourse of American gentlemen with these pretty, pale, elegant ladies is—so long as they are unmarried—of a nature that would not be tolerated in England. They stand in far too bold and confidential a footing for our notions. English parents, it is known,

grant their daughters far more liberty than the French do, who keep theirs in a convent till it is time to marry them. Among the Americans, where the republican feeling of independence is added to that inheritance from English habits, and is born with children of both sexes, this liberty has necessarily degenerated, just as you find much across the ocean which in England would press out of the ground like a tender, sweet-tasted asparagus-head, but in America has shot up wildly and luxuriantly into a long hard stalk, with multitudinous side-shoots and seeds. The emancipation of young women in America is as perfect as it well can be: they hardly allow their parents the right of guardianship. They take care of themselves: they are allowed to receive the visits of young gentlemen, who again introduce other gentlemen without consulting the parents. The young ladies make appointments with these gentlemen, and ask them to call in the morning, or to take tea, even should papa and mamma not be at home, or happen to be engaged in another part of the house.

If there be any especial beauty among the daughters of a family, she assumes the mastery so utterly that, so to speak, everything is done in her name. Even though the official invitations to balls and parties are made in the parents' name, the daughter has most certainly selected the candidates. She will also invite any one she pleases, or may be introduced to, without asking papa and mamma. When young people arrange to visit any house in the evening, they do not say, as in Paris, "Shall we pay a visit to Madame N. to-night?" but, "Shall we go and call on Miss A.

or Miss B.?" The good papa, some rum-bibbing member of Congress, or senator bothered with political committees, is not at all taken into consideration. On entering the house, the daughter is naturally seen sitting in the centre of the sofa, and the conversation is exclusively addressed to her. In many cases the mother is quite passed over. If she be at all old and wearisome, she generally sits with grandmamma warming herself at the fire. It often happens that a stranger may stand on very intimate terms with the daughters ere he has been introduced to the mother.

The liberties which may be taken with young ladies in conversation are, according to our notions, very great, even more so those they take themselves or provoke. They are very forward and self-conscious, and this can be seen at their meetings in the street or any public occasion. They look about them pertly and openly, stare into the faces of passing gentlemen, salute them first, and the gentlemen cast their eyes down bashfully, and approach them timidly when they have received the signal to begin the conversation, or what the Americans call so characteristically, the flirtation. For the conversations of the two sexes rarely consist of more than flirtation. The word is untranslateable: the ideas of paying court, coquettish and playful love-making, and trifling gossiping are comprised in it. The young chivalrous American "beaux" and their "belles" are wondrously practised hands at it. The couple have scarcely met ere the lisping, soft *causerie* begins, and goes on uninterruptedly, as if the watch-work had been wound up for the purpose. They twitter and flutter incessantly like a pair of turtle-doves: like

two trout in a stream, they swim and sport round each other for hours, until the beau suddenly breaks off the affair, because he remembers that he wants a glass of rum-and-water or a chew. Among us, weather, events of the day, intended amusements, or those just enjoyed, new poetry or music, and other literary and artistic productions, are the basis, or, at any rate, the external covering of such tender conversations, in which the main theme, homage of woman, praise of beauty, love, and such matters, only breaks through now and then. American flirtations do not trouble themselves long with such externals; the covering of the bonbon is very loose, and the nude sweet truth, the real object of the conversation, comes to light much more rapidly and boldly. The young girl learns very soon and very openly how lovely, how amiable, how irresistible she is. If it take too long in coming, she will herself ask the question. When this is once out, she begins to feel the pulse of her beau, or, to speak more truly, she makes a direct attack on his heart. She wishes to know at once all its joy and suffering, investigates its most secret nooks, and demands to know all the romances in which it has played a part. She herself takes the initiative in this examination, and the gentleman must make a full confession. In return for this, of course, he can go very far, lay on his flattery thickly as paint, and discuss almost anything. For young American ladies have at an early age eaten from the tree of knowledge, and are as well up to things as the men. Reserved bashfulness, prudery, sentimentalism, and such failings, do not lie in their nature, and the lover is never repulsed by a modest blush or overdone timidity.

At times it seems as if everything were permissible up to a certain point, but in that respect the American girls are too clever and wide awake: they know the danger, and carefully avoid it. Their parents are equally aware of this, and hence let them do as they please. It is remarkable how long American girls can play with that little god, considered so dangerous in other countries, and not be wounded by his darts. They sip all the honey from the cup of Venus and leave the poison in it. I felt amazed at times how, after this preliminary playing at love, an ardent passion, terminating in marriage, could be at length aroused.

I just now employed the word "beaux," but the American ladies employ it much more frequently. They have incorporated this French word in their American-English, and have it constantly on their lips. The expression is extremely characteristic of the superficiality of the relations and sympathies between the two sexes in America. External beauty is certainly highly valued in most countries; it is a human weakness, which, however, is not displayed so openly among ourselves. In America, on the contrary, ladies do not hesitate to state that they only estimate men by their beauty. "Who was your beau last night?" they ask one another—even the farmer's daughters. "You shall be my beau to-morrow," they say to a young man. "Oh, indeed, Mr P., you were last night a perfect beau for me: you left nothing to desire," they say to the old grey-haired Mr P., when they want to flatter and console him. The English also employ the word, but more in the contemptuous sense of a "fop." The

American ladies select this fop, pomaded and brushed up by the hairdresser, as their "cavalier." They also use very frequently the French words "chaperon" and "chaperoning," borrowed from the days of chivalry. Strangely enough, men are heard much less frequently alluding to their belles than girls to their beaux. It seems as if the American ladies had turned the world topsy-turvy and converted men into the fair sex. Frequently men are made love to and cajoled by the women; and American gentlemen hence have something passive about them, like ladies among ourselves, and they may often be seen retiring, exhausted and drooping, from ladies' society, to sink into silence and indifference in the drinking-saloons.

The American ladies have also received into their every-day English language many other French expressions which the English employ rarely, or give a very different meaning to. Thus, they have a remarkable propensity for the term "elegant." It has grown one of their favourite words, which they incessantly repeat, and whose broad and various application is no little characteristic of them. English ladies generally apply this word, borrowed from the French, to articles of luxury, to products of the lower branches of art, where it is in its place, and means so much as "pleasing in exterior and form." English ladies would never think of expressing their pleasure with things of greater internal value, which must be gauged by a higher standard, by employing the trivial expression "very elegant." Only American ladies do this: they describe as elegant the toilet and amiable behaviour of their beaux, equally with the garish furniture of a

room all glistening with ormolu and enamel. For the pretty verses an adorer lays at their feet, they have, too, no higher praise than that they are "very elegant, very elegant indeed." They also call the speech of a high standing political orator "very elegant." A flower in a garden-bed, the fragrant lily or the regal rose, is only called by them "an elegant flower." Even a picture by Rafaelle or Coreggio receives in the outburst of their enthusiasm no other attribute; if they return from Switzerland and are asked what they have seen amid the Alps, they praise the "elegant scenery" of the mountains. This unlucky word, and the more unlucky predilection for the elegant, which is met with at every step among American ladies, is so deeply rooted in them, that they have extended the territory of the word to extraordinary lengths, both upwards and downwards. For instance, going downwards, they will talk of an "elegant dish" they have eaten; and going upwards, what we call a good or classical taste is generally characterized by them as an "elegant taste." Does not this indicate an extraordinary confusion of ideas, and prove that these ladies only judge from externals and the smooth superficies which they can alone estimate? Among our half-educated beings, such as lady's-maids, or what are called in Paris the demi-monde, we find very frequently a similar striving for superficial "elegance," and for what is "noble" and "fine." And very frequently the mode of thought, acting, feeling, and speaking in our demi-monde has become fashionable in America. This is shown, among other things, in the frequent use of the word "fine," which they employ almost as often

as "elegant." Much more frequently than English ladies they speak of "fine company," "fine houses or gardens," "fine views," "fine taste," "fine manners," "fine behaviour," "fine persons," the "finest gentleman of the place," and even of "fine thoughts" and "fine scholars." They also call their jewels and clothes finery.

Before all, though, they wish themselves to be regarded as real "fine ladies," and hence will not be designated otherwise than as ladies,—a term which in England is reserved for women of better education. Even artisans' and labourers' daughters lay claim to the rank of ladies. The English "girl," or "woman," or "wife" is rarely heard. Even the Emperor of Russia was in the habit of calling his consort "ma femme" at court, but Americans of both sexes would not be satisfied with this. The pretty phrase "my wife," is hardly ever heard among them: they always make use of the term "my lady." Even when you write to them, you would seem to them vulgar if you inquired after the health of their wife. You must say, "Pray pay my best respects to your lady." They cannot hear the word ladies often enough, and if you do not employ it pretty constantly in conversation they immediately suspect that you do not consider them sufficiently ladylike. This striving descends to the negroes, and among these coarse children of nature the longing for what is "elegant," "fine," and "ladylike," with which their mistresses have infected them, grows most luxuriantly. The Americans tell many humorous anecdotes about the comic vanity in which their "black ladies" indulge, but on critically com-

paring their own habits with those of an English lady of position and education, just as much extravagance would be met with in the American ladies.

Still, I must carefully remark here, that the fair sex of America is not exclusively to blame for this straining after superfine-dom. It is a fixed idea, or a disease by which the whole nation is infected. The men are, in respect to the "gentlemanlike," no less susceptible than the women are to the "ladylike." Among them, too, there are no "boys" or "men," but only "gentlemen." Even lads of eight and ten, little impertinent self-governing republicans, will only be addressed and treated as "young gentlemen." In England a certain coquetry is displayed in the use of the word boys—take, for instance, Eton boys—but in America no speaker would dare to address sailors, or even a mob, with the hearty and poetical expression "my boys;" they must not be anything but gentlemen. The "fine" and the "elegant" are also met with everywhere among the men of America in their gold-glistening attire, the overladen decoration of their rooms, especially the public halls of their cities, in the golden frames of their picture galleries (in which the paintings themselves are of no consequence), in the extravagant gildings of their books, and the flowers with which the orators adorn their speeches. Even the fashionable preachers are tainted with this: they are anxious to appear very gentlemanly in the pulpit, and put as much "elegant" unction as they can into their sermons.

The Americans, comparing themselves with other nations, are very proud of the fact that "ladies" hold

so high a position among them. But to obtain this reputation and praise for their country is often attended with very unpleasant consequences. The ladies tyrannize the whole land, and interfere in everything. They can in no way be escaped, and a man can scarce ever dispense with their protection. Everywhere they take the first and best places for themselves and their protégés. That they should play the prominent part in social circles, and parade like birds of paradise by the side of their husbands, whom they cast into the shade, is only natural, and they cannot be blamed for it, but they extend their influence far beyond their natural and domestic circle.

Unluckily, they are very curious, and hence fond of being present at the sittings of the scientific, geological, geographical, and historical societies, where they do themselves no good, and merely tend to render the discussions of the societies shallow, and distract the earnestness of their labours. In the public popular lectures, which are so admired in all the cities of America, the ladies almost entirely set the fashion. A lecturer who displeases them is a ruined man, even though he were backed up by an army of men; if, on the other hand, a handsome, smart lecturer, full of anecdote, gain their favour, he can make his fortune with a few courses. For what the fashionable ladies of one place have heard, those of another also wish to hear, and such a lecturer receives invitations from the most remote towns.

The town libraries, museums, observatories, and other public scientific institutions—localities in which among ourselves only bookworms, antiquaries, and

other originals are seen among the *savans*—are visited by crowds of ladies, who flutter through them. They are the terror of librarians and friends of literature, who wish to bury themselves in their studies. To please the ladies all such public institutions in the United States must, like the ladies themselves, assume a very elegant garb, and much money must be laid out for striking curiosities, which are speedily brought into a wretched condition by the numerous fingers, and by the ladies digging valuable specimens with their parasol ferrules. Very naturally they bring with them to these consecrated spots their beaux, and carry on their flirtations there, as if they were at an evening party. They take the observatories by storm, and compel the polite astronomer, who is prevented from making serious observations, to point them out Jupiter's satellites or Saturn's rings. But even in the presence of the planets, which should fill them with sacred awe, they do not break off for a moment the thread of their flirtations. Unhappily—and this is even worse—these lovely ladies have interfered by flocks in the labours of literature. The European discovers on the banks of the Ohio or Mississippi an astounding number of celebrated poetesses and romancers whom he never heard of before; and this American crinoline literary cohort constantly pours fresh water on old tea-leaves, and swamps the book market with a fearfully insipid beverage. At times, too, they make their appearance as street preachers, and always play a great part in the intrigues of the religious sects.

Like the booksellers, librarians, and astronomers, the senators, members of congress, and even the Presi-

dent of the United States, do not escape the influence and interference of the ladies. The fair sex is always powerfully represented in the Federal capital, and the galleries of both Houses groan beneath their lovely burden when any specially exciting debate comes off. I do not believe there are among them many of those prominent ladies of distinction and great mental qualifications who form the centre of a coterie, and exert a decided influence on the course of politics, as is the case in many European capitals. On the other hand, during the sitting of congress, many pretty young widows make their appearance in the vicinity of Uncle Sam's money-chest, or mothers with their daughters, to work for some private end, and torment the members until they are rendered supple enough to yield to a lady's request. The young widow has some claim of her deceased husband she wishes to carry through the House. Perhaps she can prove that the dear departed was wounded, or even killed, in some Indian or Mexican war, and she expects to be paid for her loss. Perhaps an old, as yet undecided, question about a dotation of land on the Mississippi is pending, and the family has sent off the young and pretty widow to form acquaintances in the society of Washington, to establish relations with the members of congress in the great hotels of the city, to dine with them, dance and flirt with them, till she has produced a combination which acts and reacts in congress, till the right moment arrives to carry it through. Again, when the race for office begins on the election of a president, the ladies do not lay their hands in their lap, especially not when there is a vacancy in the diplomatic service. As their

fancy is more excited than that of their husbands by a desire to see the Old World, to travel as cheaply as possible—that is, at the expense of the State—and, before all, to be able to appear among the nobly-born at some splendid court, they set everything in motion, torment their husbands, their friends, the President himself, in order to obtain some post for their husbands and themselves at Paris, or St Petersburg, or even Berlin.

Thus, then, you find ladies crossing your path at every step you take in America. You have as little chance of escaping them as you have the pigeons in many Eastern cities, where you at length grow quite tired of these gentle, pleasing, tender creatures, because they are everywhere present, and prove themselves so bold, so self-confident, and so little what a pigeon should be. The ladies have also taken absolute possession of all the large and pompously splendid hotels in America. Many of them—to escape the trouble and annoyance of housekeeping—reside permanently in them, with their husbands and children. In these mercenary palaces they seize on the best rooms, sofas, easy-chairs, and lounges, in which they idle away half the day, listening to the tattle of their admirers, or, where they have none, in doing nothing and rocking themselves to sleep. In these hotels there is a constant ebb and flow of fashionable ladies, elegants, and beaux. Private tutors educate the children in the hotels, and give the daughters instruction on the piano and in French in some corner of the noisy saloon. The traveller who arrives at an American hotel with a lady is sure to be comfortable; but if he

lack the accompaniment and protection of such, he is put to sleep somewhere under the roof, in a bedroom the size of a ship's berth. The unhomely behaviour of the ladies in the hotels always appeared to me a most unpleasant feature of their life. Can we believe that solid and good qualities, which the family and the house demand, can be developed in such places? It seemed to me an utterly repulsive custom for young married people to spend their honeymoon in one of these densely populated hotels. Several of these, in the larger cities, have splendidly decorated suites of rooms, called "bridal rooms," especially reserved for newly-married people. In the glistening pomp of these apartments the young couple frequently pass the rosy period of their union in a throng, before they remove to their own quiet house. This, again, appears to me a part of the "world turned topsy-turvy;" for under such circumstances it would seem much more natural to seek solitude.

On board the steamers, and in the other modes of communication throughout the country, the ladies have every sort of privilege. On the railways they exert a vigorous right of expropriation over the gentlemen, even should he have taken his seat at a previous station. On many other occasions, such as at theatres, in the galleries of the House, or wherever there may be anything to be seen or heard, the "lord of creation" can never feel safe in his seat, however early he may have taken possession of it. If any one tap him on the shoulder, and whisper in his ear the words of terror, "A lady," he must spring up at once, and is swept aside like dust

by the crinoline, to seek another seat where he can.

And yet it would be possible to endure all this, and more, if the ladies united with their authority graciousness and a pleasant show of gratitude, and if they—the petted and the *blasées*—did not regard all the services and indulgence of the men with such indifference, and as a tribute necessarily theirs. Generally, however, they behave as if the men did nothing but their duty. You may dislocate your spine in picking up anything a lady has let fall, or, like Raleigh, lay down your coat before her, so that she may pass dryshod over a puddle, and rarely will you be rewarded even by a smile. And all this robs the weaker sex of its sweetest charm, the gentle and irresistible power by which it elsewhere enchains and thralls the heart of man. Among us the stronger being bows to woman, and the weak darling, conscious of her need of support, rewards him with her gratitude. But, in America, Fridolin does his duty like a negro slave, and, of course, now and then grows weary of the affair. It is not unfrequent to hear the chivalrous Americans, when out of their wives' earshot, indulge in the most awful declarations of rebellion.

In America, this terribly degenerated reverence for woman, which might be called more truly pampering and spoiling, is naturally felt most by the husbands, who have entered upon a life-long slavery. If a lovely American girl sinks into the arms of a man, to be bound to him for life, she does so much in the same way as she throws herself into her easy-

chair. Marriage is her pillow, her sofa, on which she intends henceforth comfortably to repose. Upon it she confidently throws all the burden of her cares and troubles: she regards the husband as her factotum, who has to provide for all her wants. He must procure her a house according to her fancy, he must furnish this house exactly as she wishes it, he must arrange and administer kitchen and cellar, and even go every morning before breakfast to make the necessary purchases for the day's meals. Even in Washington you may at times see senators, statesmen renowned in the world, and influential in the papers, hurrying to market at an early hour, with a basket on their arm, and carrying home salad, pastry, green peas, strawberries, or other vegetable produce.

Even farmers' wives often hold themselves much too high for business of this sort, and scenes of the following nature may be seen at market. A young farmer's wife I once saw sitting in a little one-horse chaise and holding the reins. In her elegant dress she could not, of course, be expected to go into the dust and confusion of the market, so she had sent off her husband. He was busy among the stalls, like a swallow collecting insects for its young, and presently appeared again laden with all sorts of boxes and parcels. These the farmer's wife, naturally, could not take on her silk lap, so the husband had to hold them carefully in the chaise. The wife, however, whipped up the horse, and they started homewards, the wife as driver, husband as servant—to me a symbolic picture of American married life. It is, how-

ever, only by chance that the wife accompanies her husband on such expeditions; usually she remains at home and busies herself with her toilet, dusting her elegant furniture, and fondling her children.

Only one description of purchase American ladies attend to themselves, and that is articles of dress. A drive to the elegant shops of the city is, with the exception of the walk to church on Sunday, almost the only regular promenade an American lady undertakes. These trips take place almost daily, for the wardrobe of such a lady is a greedy maëlstrom, which has every morning a fresh appetite and fresh wants, and is never satisfied. It is impossible to understand what becomes of all the silks and satins which the ladies spread out on the sofas expressly provided for them in the fashionable shops, and desire to be sent home. At times they order their husband to accompany them when shopping, to act as privy purse. If he has more pressing business, he finds the bill on his return home, and must look to the settlement of it, for American ladies never have any money, and do not understand its management. They have none of that housekeeping economy which in Europe is regarded as a virtue, but in America, especially with the ladies, is a despised and unknown quality. It is even a proverb in America that ladies have no purse. Hence, any one who has much to do with the pretty creatures, either at New York or Boston, whether as husband, brother-in-law, brother, or friend of the house, must put money in his purse betimes, for he will have to pay for them everywhere. That is *de rigueur;* but he must not ask thanks for

such a trifle. Whence the husband or the friend obtains his money, and how he is to obtain more, is a question these ladies do not ask. Whether it was hard work for him to earn it, harder still to get more, is no concern of theirs; it is a matter of business, and that they do not understand. A man must have money always ready to hand, and if he had it not, he would feel ashamed, and the ladies would find it as curious and unnatural as if he had no beard.

The worst and most dangerous thing, however, for the American nation at large is, that the wives prove such poor mothers. A people has not entirely lost all hope so long as its wives are not corrupted, so long as mothers give birth to healthy sons, and maintain order and regularity in the nursery. For the men to kick over the traces is not so bad, if the women remain industrious and keep up the manners and customs of their fathers, for they can always lead their husbands back gently to the right path. But woe to the nation where, as in America, the weak sex has become weaker still. Through their rapidly growing love of luxury and increasing effeminacy they are losing more and more the requisite strength to bring healthy children into the world. Though they still like to adhere to the English system of suckling their own children, the source of nourishment is being gradually dried up, and strong healthy nurses to act as substitutes are not to be met with in their country. Mental activity is equally decaying in them: they no longer possess the earnestness and firmness of will and principles which render a mother capable of

rearing and educating her children in a healthy and vigorous manner. In the same way as they are pampered by their husbands, they spoil their children by constant excesses, from the cradle upwards, and in their hands they degenerate into self-willed, unbridled, and naughty creatures. But this subject would demand a separate chapter: hence I will confine myself to my present critical remarks, which are solely intended to draw my readers' attention to certain general tendencies to which American ladies give way. I have mainly kept in sight the upper strata of society, which, however, sink very deep, as will have been seen, in America. I need hardly add that in this great land, though it is extremely uniform, there are many shades of character among rich and poor, in towns and in the country, into which I cannot enter so fully as I might wish. There are entire districts—as, for instance, in the smaller towns of New England—where the female population, although somewhat infected by the general taint, is most respectable, pious, and domesticated. Moreover, this pampering of the women, which I have criticized, has its good side, as, for instance, this: that American men, who display so little innate reverence for old age or for talent, or for other things elsewhere highly esteemed, have in their wives at least something they venerate, and which, under given circumstances, may hold them in check.

CHAPTER XIII.

A NIGHT AT THE CAFÉ ANGLAIS.

It was long past midnight. The brilliant illumination of the Boulevards was at an end. The transparent wooden pillars, painted with coloured puffs, and the graceful bronze gas-lamps, alone threw their light over the asphalt. The air was mild and sultry, and a splendid summer night was spread out over Paris. I was strolling along the Boulevard Montmartre on the arm of my friend Jack Loftus, who knows his Paris by heart. We had dined famously at Philippe's in the Rue Rougemont, looked in at the Variétés for an hour, drunk a glass or two of beer at the El Dorado, and were now just in the humour for making a night of it.

Talking and laughing merrily, we reached the Rue Lafitte, and stood in front of the world-renowned Maison Dorée, the gastronomic rendezvous of the financial and artistic world, as well as of all those who do not begrudge one hundred francs to breakfast for once à la Lucullus. After some remarks about the financial king and his company residing in the vicinity, we passed to a new subject; that is to say, I expressed my regret that Paris was not alive and jolly all the night through. I had scarce uttered the words ere my friend and cicerone said, with a cunning look:

"Do you like a glass of good wine?"

"I should not be an Oxford man if I did not."

"Well then, follow me, and I will convince you for the tenth time that Paris proper never sleeps."

We crossed the Boulevard and turned into the Rue Favart. Nearly opposite the side entrance of the gloomy-looking Opéra-Comique, the light of two gas globes fell on a narrow turning staircase in a broad passage. We went up the stairs, and Jack stopped at a door on the first story. A shabby, faded bell-rope hung by the side of the door, and after giving it a quiet pull, we were at once admitted. A hot pestilential puff, composed of every conceivable nastiness, blew in our faces. With the obligato napkin under his arm, there stood before us a chubby-cheeked waiter, with black whiskers of the artillery cut, a snow-white linen apron, and blue jacket, who, with the politest of bows, moved on one side, threw the door wide open to let us in, and locked it again directly we had passed through. We were standing in a narrow low room, a species of ante-chamber, with doors leading out of it in all directions. Against the wall facing us was a buffet, while in the background three or four waiters were moving about in the light of the turned-down gas-lamps. Everything was as quiet as in a church: the carpet that covered every bit of the floor seemed not only to deaden the echo of footsteps, but every other sound as well.

"What would you like to take, gentlemen?" a sort of head waiter, in a white choker and black tail-coat, asked us; "or would you not prefer a table in the small salon? Unfortunately, all the private rooms are engaged."

I was glad of this, for there would be certainly some-

thing to see in the salon; and where are things better worth seeing than in Paris? There was one slight formality still to go through, however. There was company in the salon, and politeness demanded that they should be informed of our threatening entrance. They might wish to be alone and undisturbed, for with money you can engage an entire salon for yourself. Hence a waiter was sent ahead as quartermaster, who returned in a few minutes with a beaming face, and said, "All right; the gentlemen can enter."

A narrow dark passage led us rapidly to our destination. The salon, in truth, deserved the epithet of "small." It formed an irregular polygon, and the ceiling was so low that it almost alarmed you on first entering lest you should knock your head against it. The walls were covered from top to bottom with mirrors. Four tables, covered with damask cloths, and the suitable number of chairs, constituted the furniture, and a dark-coloured carpet covered the whole of the floor. Only one of the four tables was occupied.

The company seated at it consisted of three persons —two ladies and a gentleman—who all seemed to be merry and well disposed, and did not allow their rather loud conversation to be in the slightest degree disturbed by our entrance. We seated ourselves quietly in a corner, ordered a bottle of Chambertin, which was at once brought in a willow basket by the ministering spirit, talked in a low voice over the glasses, and observed at the same time. We were not long in doubt as to the character of the trio.

The two ladies had made themselves thoroughly comfortable for supper. They had probably taken off

their bonnets, shawls, &c., in another room, for there was no trace of them in the "small salon." Each of them wore a black merino dress, cut rather low down in front. Their black hair was carefully arranged round a pale and moderately interesting face, which the champagne they had swallowed was beginning faintly to tinge. A smile, that frequently degenerated into a loud laugh, never entirely disappeared from their lips. No doubt but that the couple belonged to the caste very characteristically called by the Parisians "young widows," because, probably in order to make themselves more interesting, they dress themselves like a young widow lamenting her dear departed. There was nothing particularly engaging about their companion, in spite of his tall form, open features, fashionable dress, and pseudo-jovial manner: his eyes, which glided shyly and restlessly from one object to the other, and only became fixed for a moment now and then on the faces of the ladies, did not please me at all. I at once put him down as one of the class of Parisian bon-vivants, while my more experienced companion merely saw in him one of the thousands of fellows who contrive to exist solely on their readiness to fight, and the favour of the fair lady under their protection.

The conversation of the three, which in the first few minutes after our entrance had turned on different topics, now assumed a more interesting, though not more serious character. The remnants of a very delicate dessert had not yet been removed, and among them rose a very considerable group of bottles. Aglaë and Frosine—so the heroines called each other—were passing the time in a noble fashion by bombarding the

bottle-necks, as well as the rather prominent nose of their Arthur, with pellets of bread. The latter was leaning with folded arms on the table, and gazing on the work of destruction before him with apparently melancholy glances.

"Only to think," he suddenly said, with a hearty laugh and a tremendous shrug of the shoulders, "that we have been regaling like this for two days at this Château Anglais! Come, ladies! there is one more unopened bottle of champagne! We will crack it to the health of Old England, which has offered us such unbounded hospitality. Cheer up, Aglaë, and play the kind Hebe once more, so that our hearts may be refreshed by the fragrant café noir and its spiritual companion."

"Ah, Arthur, or rather Abelard, do you uncork the bottle for your Heloïse. Just at present I am enjoying my indolence so much. Like a true Englishwoman, I will practise shooting with Frosine."

"Ha! ha! ha!" Frosine laughed.

And piff! paff! puff! the pellets pattered like hail round the big head of the noble protector.

"Rabelais's quarter of an hour will soon arrive, dearest Arthur. Then we shall learn your Crœsus qualities, and see whether——"

A pop, a stream that struck her right on the mouth, interrupted the pale young lady's speech. Arthur, the rogue, had cut the string of the champagne bottle, and taken a cruel revenge for the bombardment of his nose. He had taken a first-rate aim: Frosine sneezed, and could not recover from her fright for some time; Aglaë, who had also received her share, tittered;

Arthur laughed, and poured the rest of the bottle into the tall glasses, so that the greater part of the wine was wasted on the cloth.

"That will teach you, dearest Frosine," the pourer said pathetically, "not to be so impertinent in future. The wife must be obedient to her husband, so says the Code Napoléon."

"All right, my cabbage," Aglaë said sharply; "but if you do not compensate us for the insult to-morrow by a new dress apiece from the Louvre, it will be the worse for you."

"Ah, oui-da! how diabolically these princesses attack me. Well, console yourselves, children. So long as Arthur lives and possesses two sous, one of them is yours. For the present we are enjoying English hospitality, and when that is the case I will not be beaten by an English milord."

Saying this, he struck his waistcoat-pocket, whence issued a harmonious sound as if of Louis d'or, which even reached our corner.

What cannot such a sound effect, and more especially with the heart of a Parisian lorette! Mesdemoiselles Aglaë and Frosine afforded us the most brilliant proof of this. Although just now so annoyed at the unexpected champagne attack, their pale faces all at once displayed such a flow of delight that I was suddenly attacked by a shudder, and thought of a social state of affairs, of which the least said the best. The two ladies heartily seized their glasses, and while Aglaë hummed the refrain, "Bonum vinum lætificat cor hominum," Frosine sang "Buvons donc," and Mr Arthur struck up "Vive l'amour, le vin et le

tabac," the glasses clinked, and the reconciliation was perfect.

The table was now cleared by the waiter, and coffee and cognac placed on it. The two ladies greeted their favourite beverage with noisy applause. Four sous' worth of caporal and a packet of cigarette papers were then brought for them, while Monsieur Arthur contented himself with a Londres. The two ladies at once set to work and rolled cigarettes like a Spaniard, three or four a minute. Good gracious! if the father of old Fritz had enjoyed such a sight, he would certainly have founded a tobacco college for ladies.

The amiable pair had puffed away their whole pile of cigarettes as if for a wager. Monsieur Arthur's Londres was literally at the last gasp, and Mamselle Aglaë was just preparing to light with a lucifer the cognac poured out in her saucer, when the waiter came in to inquire after the final wishes of the company.

"Nothing, nothing more," Monsieur Arthur replied, in the most polite tone in the world, as he lit another Londres. "Only a chartreuse and a little biscuit for the ladies; but for me—the bill."

The waiter disappeared like the wind, and Loftus bent over to me and repeated old Béranger's lines laughingly:

"Oui, dans ton empire,
Cocagne, on respire.
Mais, qui vient détruire
Ce rêve enchanteur?
C'est quelqu'un qui monte
Apporter le compte
Du restaurateur."

What do my readers suppose the trio talked about

during the waiter's absence? The probable amount of the bill. Aglaë thought it would be two hundred francs; Frosine, three hundred; Arthur, four hundred. The honourable company must, indeed, have been carrying on freely for the two days. But perhaps the figures were exaggerated; only a gasconnade intended for my friend and myself. This point would be soon cleared up.

The waiter did not return for ten minutes. Judging from the time of his absence, the bill would, probably, be of a decent length. He brought it on a silver salver, and with it a bottle of the liqueur ordered, and glasses. The ladies had the latter, and their companion the bill.

Monsieur Arthur took a hasty glance at the foot of it, and smiled to the waiter with evident relief.

"Five hundred francs. That is a trifle," he said, as he tapped his waistcoat-pocket and again produced that harmonious sound. "Still I doubt whether I have so much in gold about me. I tell you what, Aglaë, here is my pocket-book, with several thousand-franc notes in it. Give the waiter one of them, and don't forget, in case of my not being back in time, to hand him two Louis d'or for himself, for he has really treated us in the most gentlemanly manner. You will have the kindness, waiter, to fetch down my hat and these ladies' cloaks and bonnets. I will go and look for a comfortable carriage, for we live a long way off, and a bad vehicle is a torture to *nous autres*, especially with ladies."

With these words Monsieur Arthur rose, drove the waiter, who was grinning at the thought of the two

Louis d'or, out of the room before him, and disappeared.

Mamselle Aglaë had laid the pocket-book, handed to her in a very noble way, upon the table, while she rolled her seventh or eighth cigarette. How could she look for the money directly, in the presence of the waiter and two strangers, too? That would have been most unfashionable, and would have looked as if she cared at all for the paltry money. Hence she quietly and conscientiously finished her cigarette, lit it, and began puffing just as the waiter came in heavily laden.

"Here, my ladies! and if I can be of any service in helping you on with your mantillas, you know that you can always command me."

"Thanks," Mdlle Frosine said, with fashionable coldness. "Come, Aglaë, help me on with my cloak, and I will help you in turn. After that, pay the waiter."

While gracefully smoking their cigarettes, they lent each other a hand. The waiter gazed at the couple with visible pleasure, chivalrously aided now and then in lifting a sleeve, but constantly squinted at the table, as if afraid less the tempting pocket-book with the thousand-franc notes might disappear. But it still lay tranquilly at the same spot where Mamselle Aglaë had laid it, for Frosine had not touched it. Enfin, Dieu merci! the pair have finished dressing. Rabelais's quarter of an hour has arrived. The waiter fell back a step with satisfaction. His countenance assumed the expression of a man from whose heart a heavy burden has at length been rolled. The couple stood there in all their glory, "widows" from head to foot, with black lace veils, black velvet bonnets, black dresses,

and black kid gloves. A noble, really distinguished-looking pair, for do not clothes make the lady?

Aglaë had just stretched out her hand to take up the bulky pocket-book, when her eye fell on another object which the waiter had just placed close by it. This was a broad-brimmed, rather old-fashioned silk hat, of a dubious colour, and possessing a decided brown tinge. Her eye became involuntarily fixed on it, when her hand already held the pocket-book. She was obliged to give vent to her surprise in words:

"To whom does that monster of a hat belong?" she asked, turning to the waiter.

"Well, it is not very handsome or original," the latter remarked, with a good-tempered, if not ironical smile. "Still so much is certain, that it belongs to the gentleman who has just stepped out to fetch a fiacre."

Mamselle Aglaë gave an impatient start, but we could not see her face, as her veil was down.

"It is impossible," she at length said, impetuously; "the gentleman cannot have worn that hat. There is some mistake, and he will tell you so at once when he returns. In the mean while we will settle."

With these words the lady drew back her veil, took the pocket-book from the table with a certain amount of haste, and began opening it. For some time she was unable to do so, for there were three or four folds of elastic passed round it—the bank-note treasure was taken great care of.

"At last!" the two ladies said, with a sigh of relief.

The pocket-book flew open in Aglaë's hand, and a

packet fell out of it, all that the book contained. The waiter instinctively fell back a step; Aglaë stooped hastily to pick up the fallen article. There were some bits of thread still to unfasten: it was certainly a strange way of carrying bank-notes about with one. At length the last obstacle was removed and the packet came open. Aglaë sat down at the table and Frosine seated herself by her side. The two ladies examined the heap of paper page by page, and their movements constantly grew hastier and their breath shorter. On both cheeks came a flush, which gradually grew darker, and at length entirely disappeared from Aglaë's cheek.

"This is scandalous!" she said passionately, turning to the waiter. "Look here! the gentleman has left us a pocket-book of prospectuses instead of his note-case. We must, therefore, delay paying till he returns."

The waiter bowed and went out. The two "young widows" sat down in the corner and conversed in a low tone, although violently. In five minutes the waiter reappeared, this time accompanied by the man with the black artillery whiskers and the head waiter.

"Ladies," the latter said, as he walked straight up to the "widows," who had modestly pulled down their veils, "will you have the kindness to settle the bill at once?"

"The gentleman will come back directly, and we have not a farthing about us," Aglaë replied, rather despondingly.

The dark-haired man made a sign to the waiter, who at once left the room.

"The gentleman is a swindler, a rogue," the head

waiter shouted in a loud voice, "and you will either pay at once for what you have had, or I shall send for the police."

"Oh, mon Dieu!" could be heard repeatedly from behind the veils. The two ladies wept, and matters were quite changed. They followed the head waiter with lamentations and entreaties when he left the salon with the black-haired man.

An hour after we were witnesses of the last act of the drama in the ante-chamber. The waiter who served us told us all that had taken place in the mean while. Inquiries had been made in vain at the fiacre stations in the vicinity; the gentleman had been sought, but never turned up. For a whole hour the argument had gone on between debtors and creditors, as may be supposed, without the slightest result. Then two policemen were summoned. The two servants of the Holy Hermandad walked off very politely, each with his protégée on his arm, probably to chivalrously escort their fair prisoners home.

I never learnt what became of the trio. But whenever I walk along the Boulevard des Italiens, and look up at the large corner house of the Rue Favart, with its many shuttered and curtained windows, the nocturnal adventure then recurs to my mind.

CHAPTER XIV.

A BRUSH WITH THE BRIGANDS.

It must lie in the soft enervating atmosphere of Naples that men take such pleasure there in the sweet *far niente*, and that a foreigner can be so easily affected by it. The lazy strolling about during the morning hours in the Chiaia and the Toledo; the ever-varying pictures of the wildest and merriest national life which can only be found in all Europe upon the Marinella, or the Mercato, or the quays of Santa Lucia; the excellent dinners at our hotel, at which we held a regular inspection of all the capital wines which united Italy now has to offer to the traveller; and, before all, the delicious boat excursions on the bay glowing in the sunset,—these, and many other enjoyments which the city had to offer us superabundantly, despite the prevalent restlessness, were almost too seductive.

I found it a difficult task to part from all these nice things and the pleasant party of friends I had formed, but was compelled to do so at all events, if I did not wish to miss the actual purpose of my trip to Italy—a study of the military movements in the south of the peninsula. For this purpose I resolved to try, at any rate, whether I could not become an eye-witness of the skirmishes with the so-called brigantini. I, therefore, loaded my famous old pistols which had been my com-

panions through every European war of the last twenty years, and started for Calabria to join the flying columns of Victor Emmanuel. Whatever opinion people may entertain as to the present state of the Italian kingdom, one thing is certain—that Victor Emmanuel has managed to bring together a first-rate army. The old battalions and squadrons, especially those existing prior to 1859, which contain very many Piedmontese and Sardinians, have a military appearance which must please a soldier's eye. The Bersaglieri battalion, which I had received permission to join, consisted of really magnificent troops, and would have been an ornament to any European army. The rank and file were nearly all North Italians, and chiefly from the Alpine districts of Piedmont and Lombardy. They were short, compact fellows, broad-shouldered, and quick in every movement, just as light infantry should be. Their sharply-cut faces were bronzed by the South Italian sun, so that they resembled Chasseurs d'Afrique; their dark eyes revealed life and intelligence, and the black moustaches and goat-beards, which the majority wore, materially enhanced their martial appearance. Among the non-commissioned officers and privates were many experienced veterans, some of whom had served in the campaigns of 1848 and 1849, or had gone to the Crimea in 1855, while the majority had smelt powder at Palestro and Solferino in 1859, or at Castelfidardo or before Gaeta in 1860. Add to this their good armament and somewhat fantastic but most practical uniform, and all aided to heighten the favourable opinion I had formed of these troops on the first time that I saw them.

The officers, almost all Piedmontese and Savoyards, were young and powerful men, but veteran soldiers: the majority had been educated in the excellent military schools of Sardinia, displayed a thorough soldierly manner, avoided political squabbles, and carried out their orders with the most rigid punctuality, without stopping to inquire into their motive or object. With such men it is a pleasure to associate in any army, and I thanked my stars for attaching me to such a battalion.

It is not my purpose to attempt any detailed sketch of the manifold natural beauties of Calabria. The land, like the whole of South Italy, has been endowed by kindly mother Nature with nearly all the treasures she has it in her power to bestow, but has been most shamefully neglected in return by the inhabitants. The mountains are not very lofty, but are broken up into the most terrible peaks and ravines, which would delight the eye of the landscape-painter. Even in the Alps and the Tyrol I never saw gloomier gorges, steeper precipices, or peaks more densely covered with boulders than I did in Calabria. The numerous mountain torrents, which, though generally small and narrow, are rapid and clear, and constantly dash over the rocks in foaming cascades, add greatly to the beauty of the landscape. In the valley and the lower mountain slopes the vegetation is splendid, and so luxuriant, that we have nothing like it in the most fertile districts of England. As forestry is scarce known by name in Calabria, many forests are becoming cleared in a serious fashion, and the mountains display those bare, infertile patches, which offend the traveller's eye so frequently in Dalmatia and Southern Tyrol. If Nature

did not here provide in her inexhaustible fertility for a rapid after-growth, and thus compensate for the unbounded indolence and recklessness of man, matters would be far worse.

The natives of these Calabrian mountains are a savage, daring race. The men are not tall, but strongly built, and appear far more powerful than their brethren across the Straits of Messina. In their whole aspect there is something gloomy and repulsive, and no trace will be found of the cringing politeness which the Italian generally displays towards the foreigner. The female sex here, too, is not particularly beautiful. They are generally short and stumpy, with large feet: their walk is firm but not springy, their gait upright but not graceful, their eye large and fiery, but frequently displaying a gloomy and unfeminine expression, and their skin is almost black from sunburns. How different, on the other hand, are the maidens in the Roman mountains of Albano, where I saw the loveliest Italian girls my eye ever rested on, or the elegant, graceful peasant girls in the Val d'Arno, who nearly all resemble smartly-dressed citizens' daughters. I also found the villages and smaller towns of Calabria displaying a most neglected appearance. The stone walls are seldom stuccoed, so that the rough lumps of rocks are visible, the window-panes are frequently broken, or else not cleaned within the memory of man, the rooms and window-panes unpainted, and the roofs in a bad state: in short, everything looks ugly and neglected. I have ridden through whole villages in which there was not a single dwelling-house that did not display striking signs of the most extreme

decrepitude, and what awful roads there are through the whole of Calabria! The art of highway-making does not appear to have penetrated into the country, and they could not have been much worse two hundred years back in the remotest districts of England than they are now in this province. And yet the Calabrese have the most splendid road material lying almost at their doors, and require merely to display a little industry in order to possess the most excellent means of communication. But industry, regularity, and a sense of legality, are unfortunately wanting in the great majority of the population.

This country, then, I traversed in the company of the above-mentioned battalion of Bersaglieri in all directions. The purpose of the expedition was to clear the district, as far as was possible, of the Bourbonic brigands, who had come hither from the Abruzzi and the Basilicata. Thus we had any quantity of adventures, partly of a comic, but more frequently of a sanguinary, nature, and I led a most excited life during nearly the whole period. At dawn, when the sun had hardly risen behind the mountains, and a fresh breeze still refreshed the air, I was already seated on the back of a shaggy but strong and enduring stallion, which I had hired at Reggio along with a half-grown lad, who was valet and ostler in one, for the sum of ten carlini a day. Filippo—such was the fellow's name—had, it is true, a decided propensity to become a great scamp, or was so already, and if he did not alter his ways, of which there was unfortunately but slight prospect, he had a very fair chance of ending his active life in a Neapolitan prison; but for the objects for which I had

engaged him he was invaluable. He was indefatigable, always trotted barefooted by our side through bush, through briar, displayed a charming temper, knew his way about everywhere, and, with the talent of a raven, managed to procure abundance of food for himself and the horse. I allow that his honesty towards myself was not very great, and I several times detected him in the act of subjecting my carpet-bag to an uncalled-for examination, probably with the praiseworthy intention of making it lighter, and annexing sundry articles which pleased him excessively, among these being two red silk handkerchiefs. When I detected him, he received his punishment *in situ*—that is to say, several sharp blows with a heavy hunting crop across the shoulders. He would then yell as if he were being murdered, dance round me like an ape, apparently through pain and fury, pretend that I had broken his limbs, and then pour out a shower of almost incomprehensible oaths and assurances that it did not accord with his honour as a son of the great and united Italy to be thrashed like a dog by a heretic Englishman; and all this in the hope of extracting a few carlini out of me. When I had laughed sufficiently at this farce, as I regularly did, his good humour would return with marvellous rapidity, he would burst into a hearty laugh, and a quarter of an hour after be trotting merrily by the side of my pony as if not the slightest difference had existed between us. When I parted with him at Brindisi, where I took ship, he managed to steal one of the handkerchiefs he so much craved, although he pretended to be broken-hearted at our separation—probably for ever.

Filippo's attire was so peculiar that it really deserves a short description here. Shoes and stockings he wore none, and had, probably, never had such things on his feet in his life, but his soles were, in consequence, so hard that he could spring like a goat over the roughest pebbles. From the knee to the hips he was clothed in a pair of wide cotton velvet trousers, whose originally light green colour was so covered with stains of every description that it could hardly be recognized. An old broad girdle of red stuff, in which was stuck a long sharp knife in a black leather sheath, held these trousers up at the hips. A very ragged red woollen shirt, through whose numerous holes his brown skin peeped out, and which he had obtained from a Garibaldino, was the sole covering of the upper part of his body. According to his own statement he had worn this shirt for two years without taking it off once, which spoke in favour of its durability. The thick coating of grease and dirt, with which it was lined internally and externally, may have aided to keep the wool better together. In order to display his thorough political impartiality on his person, Don Filippo, as the officers constantly called him, wore on his shaggy coal-black locks, which had never been touched by a comb, an old faded Sardinian forage-cap, which an officer of the Lancers had probably thrown away as worthless, and at night, and in rainy weather, wrapped himself in an old dirty cavalry cloak of the ex-Hussars of the Guard of Francis II. Thus he united on his carcase symbols of all the parties in Italy. His nut-brown face literally shone with health, his large dark eyes sparkled with pleasure and life; and the most elegant lady, who

keeps a dentist at work all the year round, would have envied the pearly teeth which gleamed behind his cherry lips. Filippo never washed himself, though, and with the exception of a few opportune showers, I am certain that not a drop of water had touched his hide for months. He could never be induced to bring my washing-water of his own accord, and my very simple field dressing-case he regarded as the height of luxury; nor could he comprehend how any man in his senses could carry comb, brush, soap, and tooth-brush about with him! Hence it afforded him great pleasure to represent a laughing audience whenever I cleaned my teeth, and he did not hesitate to make sarcastic remarks about such a waste of time. Indeed, we were on the most free-and-easy terms—always excepting the horse-whipping I was compelled to give him now and then.

The brigantini, whom we pursued with restless zeal from sunrise till often so far into the night that the pale light of the moon alone illumined the rough mountain paths, never attacked the troops of their own accord, but defended themselves, when we at length succeeded in surrounding them, with the courage of despair. Many days, however, were frequently expended in marching backwards and forwards, until we at length succeeded in getting a band of brigantini into such a position that they must either fight or surrender unconditionally. Very frequently, though, all our exertions were thrown away, and the most wearisome days' marches up hill and down, or expeditions in the dark night, when the slightest stumble of the horse up the narrow mountain paths might easily have hurled the rider over an abyss, proved fruitless. At

times we fancied that we had completely beset a hiding-place of the robbers; patrols were sent out, and every path by which escape was possible was blocked, and matters must come to a crisis. The Bersaglieri carefully examined their rifles, the officers drew their pistols and revolvers, and the whole of us waited anxiously to hear the signal-shots. But, lo! the nest was found to be empty; all our trouble was thrown away, and we could only grin and bear it. Instead of the briganti, we only found mocking inscriptions on the trees, but twice the fearfully mutilated bodies of soldiers and National Guards, who had fallen into the hands of the ruffians and been mercilessly murdered by them; and, as if in mockery of us, the bivouac-fires of the runaways often blazed several miles off on some mountain peak. This was, certainly, a bitter disappointment, and if I had wished to enrich my collection of the most characteristic national curses, I should have had a splendid opportunity among the Bersaglieri on such occasions. In such a case, however, nothing else could be done but to yield to necessity, and light our camp-fires at the same spot where the briganti had probably bivouacked a few hours previously. In such failures my Filippo generally displayed the greatest equanimity of all, only thought of his own valuable carcase, and displayed but slight interest in anything that did not affect that. In his heart, I believe, the scamp sympathized with the bandits more than with us, but externally he was ever the most devoted partisan of the king, and on every possible occasion bawled in our ears, "Evviva nostro re Vittorio Emanuele il Galant'-uomo!" at the full pitch of his lungs.

The fact that only too large a portion of the inhabitants of Calabria stands on more or less friendly terms with these bands of briganti, favoured their often wonderful escape from our traps. The charcoal-burners, wood-cutters, goat-herds, and inhabitants of remote farms, have not the slightest wish to quarrel with the robbers, for they fear their revenge incomparably more than all the threats or punishments inflicted by the royal authorities, and serve them with great zeal as guides, spies, messengers, and purveyors of provisions. Were not the brigands favoured by all these classes of the population in Calabria, the Capitanata, Basilicata, and the Abruzzi, the royal troops would long ago have put an end to all the evil, while under existing circumstances it is extremely difficult, if not impossible. The commandants of the troops stationed in these districts employ the severest measures against all such favouring, and punish any persons caught in the act most terribly, and yet they rarely attain their object. Even though large bands have been repeatedly dispersed, others spring up again, and the mischief goes on, and will probably go on for years ere it is finally suppressed.

On a fine, bright, but, at the same time, frightfully hot day, a company of Bersaglieri to which I was attached at length succeeded in so surrounding a band of briganti that they must fight or surrender. We had been marching almost without stopping since before daybreak, and in the narrow mountain gorges, in which no cooling breeze blew, or on the barren, rocky plateaux, on which the sunbeams fell vertically in their full force, there was a truly African heat, as bad as anything to be felt on the skirt of the Sahara. In

spite of my extremely light attire, I was literally dripping with perspiration, and though I had only walked my horse in order to remain close to the troops, it was quite wet. But our Bersaglieri, nearly all insular Sardinians, remained smart and active during this march. They had laid aside their knapsacks, thrown open their tunics, and taken off their stocks, leaving their bronzed necks visible: in short, had rendered themselves as light and comfortable as possible, which was, indeed, highly necessary. The lurking-place of the band, which we were told consisted of thirty men, was a dense forest, enclosed on the two sides by deep ravines, and at the back by a steep, bare rock plateau. In front it gently sloped down to a narrow green valley, along which a road, passable at need by an ox-wain, led to the forest. Here fifty men, under the company's captain, were posted as the main guard, and these I joined, because it afforded me at least a possibility of remaining on horseback. Other fifty Bersaglieri, who had started the previous evening, and marched during a part of the night, had ascended the plateau by a circuitous route, in order to intercept the retreat of the briganti, while a strong patrol held the gorge on the left hand. That on the right, down which a wild mountain stream poured, was so steep that it did not seem possible for any man to get down into it, and hence it remained unoccupied.

As we did not wish to commence our attack until the appointed signal told us that the plateau was occupied, we camped for a while in the shadow of some tall pines to listen for it. The little merry Bersaglieri lay about in the quaintest groups upon the forest carpet of

verdure. Some were so fatigued that they employed the short interval in having a snooze, and thus recruiting themselves for the anticipated exertions. Others were talking with thorough Italian animation, but in whispers, for the slightest sound had been most stringently prohibited. A thorough ardour inflamed them all, for the Bersaglieri hated these briganti, who had already slaughtered several of their comrades in the most barbarous way. I will not deny that I, too, felt a certain excitement, as a sportsman does before the fox breaks cover, and I could scarce await the moment when the agreed-on signal should be given. The captain, with whom I conversed to kill time, took matters more calmly. He was a Romagnole by birth, had served for many years as sergeant in the Papal carbiniers, and, according to his assurance, had already had repeated skirmishes with brigands in the Apennines and Abruzzi. In 1848 he had entered the Piedmontese service, had since then taken part in every action which the troops of Victor Emmanuel had fought, and had been stationed for two years past in the ex-Neapolitan southern provinces. In spite of his grey hair and moustache, he still possessed almost youthful vigour and an iron endurance on the march. Even more excited than myself was the youngest sub-lieutenant of the company, whom the captain had kept with him, while the two senior lieutenants commanded the detachments. He was a tall young Milanese, belonging to a noble family, and had only joined the army from a military school a few months previously, and hence was very eager to win his spurs on this occasion. His handsome face really glowed with martial

ardour, and he constantly pulled impatiently at his nascent moustache. In order that he might not commit any mistakes through inexperience and excessive zeal, the captain had given him, as Mentor, an old experienced sergeant, who had had many a brush before with the briganti.

We might have been waiting impatiently for about an hour when the two Bersaglieri, whom we had sent out as videttes, hurried back and reported that they had heard the three bugle-signals indicating that the plateau was occupied, so distinctly, that no mistake could be possible. The soldiers sprang up of their own accord at this pleasant news, looked to see whether their rifles were all right, and fell in; one half of our small party the captain sent on as tirailleurs, under the command of the young lieutenant, or, more correctly speaking, the old sergeant, and kept the remainder to hasten as a reserve to the spot where the briganti might probably offer a desperate resistance. All the arrangements were made with the utmost caution, which at once revealed the experienced officer.

"Avanti, Bersaglieri!" the captain commanded, and the tirailleurs at once disappeared under the green bushes of the forest. We followed more slowly with the main body, but had not advanced more than a mile through the underwood, which continually grew denser, when a rifle-shot was fired on our left hand, speedily followed by two or three others. The dull sound of a long musket, such as the briganti usually carry, was also audible. "Corpo di Bacco! the *cujoni* smell a rat, and are trying to escape through the gorge on the left, but Lieutenant Pasquali will give them a proper

reception there!" shouted our captain, after listening attentively to the firing by laying his ear close to the ground. He at once gave our advanced tirailleurs a bugle-call to go more to the left, and we followed in the same direction. For a while everything was quiet, but then the firing began again right in front of us—a proof that our tirailleurs were engaged with the briganti. We advanced more quickly than we had before done, and soon reached a clearing in the forest, from which rose a tall rock covered with brushwood. To this post the briganti had retired, when they saw that every way of retreat was cut off, in order to defend themselves in it as in a citadel. The guns incessantly flashed forth from the bushes, and a bullet whizzed so close past my horse's head, that the startled animal reared violently. Filippo, who had hitherto followed indefatigably, at once bolted, when he heard the ill-omened "ping," and hid himself behind the trunk of a large chestnut-tree, where he was certain that his precious life would not be imperilled.

A shot brigante, a very young man dressed in the garb of a Calabrian peasant, was lying at the foot of the rock; the Bersaglieri had captured another, and bound him with his back to a fir-tree, so that he was exposed to the bullets of his own comrades. The fellow, who was dressed in the uniform of the Neapolitan Grenadiers of the Guard, though it was hardly recognizable, through filth, was so furiously wild that, in the literal sense of the term, the white foam stood on his lips; the veins in his temples were swollen into tense cords, and his black bloodshot eyes seemed ready to leap from their sockets. Never in my life have I

seen a man who so represented rage developed into mania as this captured brigante. His firelock lay broken at his feet, and he seemed to have resisted desperately, for he was bleeding from a wound in the side. One of the Bersaglieri was slightly wounded, and the young lieutenant had his hand grazed by a ball. He seemed highly delighted at this, for it was the first blood he had shed for Victor Emmanuel, for whom he had a really passionate veneration.

The Bersaglieri had by this time ensconced themselves behind trees, whence they commanded the rock, which was about one hundred and fifty feet high, and kept up a smart though most ineffectual fire with the briganti hidden in the bushes, which the captain, however, soon put a stop to, as he considered it a needless waste of ammunition. With the calm serenity of an old soldier who possessed great experience in such affairs, the captain reconnoitred the whole terrain, and went round the rock by cleverly dodging from one tree to the other to escape being shot. Evidently highly pleased with the result, he returned to my side, and said:

"Per Dio, we will catch the fellows in another way. If I order the rock to be carried by storm, which the Bersaglieri greatly desire, several of the brave lads may be shot, and this I mean to prevent, as our king can make better use of his soldiers in the war, which I hope will soon begin in Venetia. I have carefully examined the rock; there is a lot of wild dry underwood and bush growing on it, which will easily catch fire, and there is no fear of causing an extensive forest conflagration. We will smoke these briganti out of their earth like foxes."

He caught up a rifle, loaded it carefully with a rocket, a dozen of which he carried with him, ordered four corporals to do the same, and fire according to his instructions. The shots hit two spots on the rock where there was a large quantity of dry underwood, the rockets scattered their fire through it, and a few seconds after the bright flames sprang up at several places. The captain had given orders to fire at every brigante who attempted to escape or put out the flames. As the fire spread the Bersaglieri burst into loud shouts of triumph, and held their rifles in readiness. The destructive effect of the fire was soon shown in the manner anticipated by the captain. The fellows on the rock could not stand the smoke and heat, and attempted several times to escape, but were repulsed by the bullets of our men. One of the briganti, shot through the chest, fell off the rock, turned a complete somersault in the air, and was dashed to pieces against the sharp stones below.

The fire might have been burning about a quarter of an hour, and the rock was densely veiled in smoke, when a brigand appeared on a projecting point, and waved a handkerchief which had once been white, but was now grey, as a signal of surrender. The captain at once ordered the firing to cease, went as near as he could to the rock, and shouted to the ruffians, at the highest pitch of his voice, that they were to come down, give up their arms, and surrender unconditionally. Ere long some twenty brigands came running or bounding through the flames, and surrendered to the soldiers without the slightest resistance. They were all at once stripped of their daggers, knives, pistols, and the few

guns they still had—several seemed to have left their weapons purposely behind them, so that they might be burned rather than become the booty of the soldiers—and they were then fastened two and two by a light chain on the hands. The fellows were so exhausted by the smoke and heat that they put up with everything passively, and merely implored water to quench their thirst. We had nothing left in our canteens, but, about a quarter of a mile away, a bright mountain stream ran through a ravine, and we at once started for it. I never saw men drink so eagerly or copiously as these smoked and blackened briganti, and it seemed as though they could not have enough of the bright beverage. And yet the drinking-vessels were only the dirty, dusty forage-caps of the Bersaglieri, which the latter dipped into the stream, and handed to their chained prisoners. I helped in the good work to the best of my ability, and went down to the stream several times to fill my old grey beaver and hold it to the lips of two young brigands.

The captain of the band, an ex-Neapolitan officer, had not surrendered, but had preferred to put a bullet through his own head, for he knew that the Sardinian court-martial would infallibly sentence him to be shot within four-and-twenty hours. When the fire was put out, about which our captain was very careful for fear of the conflagration spreading, we found his charred body on the rock. A number of gold coins fused into a nugget lay by his side, and was regarded by the soldiers as a welcome prize. Only a few carlini were found upon the captured brigands, which were taken from them, together with a few watches and other valuables.

The majority of the brigands consisted of former Néapolitan soldiers, who generally wore their old tunics, with breeches and gaiters of goatskin. In addition to these, there were a few Calabrian shepherds, two Romans from the Abruzzi, and an ex-Sardinian soldier, a native of Milan, who had been in the Austrian service up to the year 1859. He had deserted from the Sardinians to the Garibaldini, run away at the battle of Aspromonte, and thus came among the briganti. The poor fellow, who still wore the rags of a red blouse, conjectured the fate that impended over him as a deserter, and was in a most wretched state of mind. Most of the briganti with whom I conversed seemed to be very rough, savage fellows, who had taken to this trade less through party hatred than detestation of work and love of plunder. Several of them were not at all aware that Francis II. was residing in Rome, and seemed perfectly indifferent as to his fortunes. Only one of the captured Romans, a tall, handsome man, whose full black beard hung down over his naked, sunburnt chest, was evidently of higher position, and there seemed to be more about him than he cared to make known. It is true he asserted he was a shepherd from the Abruzzi, who had accidentally joined the band, but this was probably untrue. Not one of his comrades betrayed him during the examination, and hence he was sentenced to several years' penal servitude instead of being shot. I talked a good deal with him through the night, and he displayed a far greater interest in, and better comprehension of, the political contests which were agitating the whole of Europe, than might have been expected from a shepherd of the Abruzzi.

In order to account for this, he told me that in his youth he had, as a soldier, been stationed for several years in Rome, and during this period been servant to a German officer, who fell at Castelfidardo: this gentleman had done a good deal for his education. This Roman was certainly the most interesting personage in the band, and was well suited to play the part of hero in a melodrama or romance, which was not at all the case with the other robbers.

Among the Calabrian peasants was a father with his son, both dressed in goat-skins. The old man really bore but very slight resemblance with a human being, and looked more like a wild beast of the forest. Long grey shaggy hair, which had never felt a comb, fell in wisps over his ugly face, which was covered in the bargain by a grey, bushy beard, and two little sparkling eyes peering out from under his grey eyebrows were the only evidence of life. His bare breast, arms, and legs were also entirely overgrown with grey hair. As it was proved during the examination that this old shepherd had a few weeks previously murdered a carbinier in the most fearful manner, he was condemned to death by the court-martial, and shot a few hours after. His son was a pretty, healthy lad, scarce fifteen years of age, who did not seem to trouble himself much about his fate, and laughed and chatted with my Filippo through the night. He was eventually sent to the Bersaglieri depôt at Cagliari, and will be no doubt turned out a valuable soldier.

When work is done it is pleasant to rest, and as our soldiers on this day had worked very hard, and as, too, twilight was setting in fast, and we were more

than three hours' march from our cantonments, the captain decided that the company should bivouac in the forest. This was a very sensible idea of his, which I heartily applauded. The bugles called in the outstanding videttes, and all were soon assembled. Two mules, which we had brought with us loaded with provisions, were now eased of their burden, and it was proved that there was enough and to spare for the whole of the troops. The brave soldiers, who on this day had really done everything which might be expected from picked troops, had richly deserved this, as well as the large goat-skin of "vino nostrano," which had been intended to last two days, but which was now given by the captain to celebrate the capture of the briganti. Huge camp-fires soon flared in the clearing, and the Bersaglieri began preparing their modest supper with that cheerful, busy air which is peculiar to Italians on such occasions. For the briganti, who were also given food and were most mercifully treated, a separate camp-fire was kindled, round which they made themselves as comfortable as their chains allowed them to be. But most of them were so tired—for we had been hunting the band incessantly for three days—they soon fell into the deep sleep of extreme exhaustion.

We officers also reclined round our fire, and as we had sausages, flour, chocolate, and several bottles of good wine, while a soldier who had formerly been cook, as he said, at a Milanese hotel, displayed very estimable culinary talent, we enjoyed a really first-rate meal, when it is remembered that we were in the most savage part of the Calabrian mountains. We did full justice to the food, I can assure you, reader, and poured long

draughts of the fiery South Italian wine down our parched throats. In truth, nothing equals such a meal over a blazing bivouac-fire, especially when you have been in the saddle for some twelve hours previously. The weather was magnificent, and the moon, which rose about midnight, shone with unusual lustre in the pure, clear Italian sky. We chatted for a long time round the fire, and gaily passed the cup from one to the other. Most of the soldiers had wrapped themselves in their grey-hooded cloaks, and were lying round the decaying fire, snoring prodigiously. Only those Bersaglieri who were on guard over the briganti tried to drive away fatigue by singing in a famous chorus several Sardinian popular and soldier songs.

As I could not fall asleep, I had a lengthened conversation with the Roman prisoner, who was unable to sleep either, or with some of the Bersaglieri. At times I strolled past the various watch-fires, in order to survey the groups of sleepers lying around them, or refreshed my eye with the beauty of the wild mountain landscape, which acquired a peculiar charm in the moonlight.

Early the next morning we marched back to the station of the Bersaglieri battalion. Five of the briganti who were most implicated, or who were deserters, were condemned to death, and shot that same afternoon. I was present at the execution, and saw that they all died very calmly and resolutely. But many such executions will still have to take place ere Calabria, the Basilicata, Capitanata, and the Abruzzi are cleared of bandits, and years must elapse ere this happy consummation is reached, for the social corruption in all these districts is very great.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

Our modern capitals are certainly attaining gigantic and startling proportions. Like the polypes of ocean, they build up one stone web after the other, and drive forest, field, and meadow further and further away. It has often been calculated how many acres London covers, and how many acres it annually swallows up. Paris is expanding its giant body with a similar power of deglutition, but, at the same time, differing from London in this, it undergoes an internal metamorphosis, and sacrifices all its finest historical reminiscences, that it may—as most modern of modern cities—be able to prove to the world that France really stands at the head of civilization. Paris is a sea of stones which overflows the plains, fills up the valleys, and raises its waves to the crest of hills. On spots where the fathers of the present generation remember vineyards, swamps, corn-fields, and meadows, there are now houses, nothing but houses. Old villages, which were separated from Paris by wide distances, have gradually drawn nearer, and have finally been absorbed by the monster city. Others, which refused to move, Paris has gone to meet, and has drawn them into its deadly embrace. To whatever part of the suburbs of Paris we may proceed, we shall find groups of houses and rows of build-

ings which stretch out, like the arms of the cuttle-fish, to clutch some village, which will ere long form part of Paris. Two such arms run westward; the one extends to Asnières, the other as far as St Cloud. Between these two arms, however, lies a district, which is protected by government against the building frenzy of the Parisians. A green oasis in a dusty Sahara of stone—the forest of the Parisians, the Bois de Boulogne. So much that is beautiful and remarkable is concentrated upon this spot, that it was honestly possible to write a book about it. Well, this book has been written, and a capital one it is, which we heartily recommend to the notice of tourists.* It supplies us with the history of the Bois, which is remarkably interesting, describes its present condition, and that of the Champs Élysées, which form its entrance-court, and takes a glance at the scientific labours of which the Bois is at the present time the scene.

The Bois in its present condition is a creation of Napoleon III. During the occupations of Paris in 1814 and 1815, the English and Germans had been encamped in its vicinity, and behaved there after the manner of soldiers. When Louis XVIII. repaired the damages by forming fresh plantations, he adhered to the old plan, and to the straight allées intersecting each other at right angles, in the style where "grove nods to grove, each alley has its brother." The present Emperor has converted the Bois into an English park, and this creation we sincerely hope will survive him. A poetical plan was drawn up by the landscape gardener Varé, under the personal superintendence of the Em-

* Paris au Bois. Par Edouard Gourdon. Paris: Michel Levy Frères.

peror and Empress, and carried out within six years. Twelve hundred workmen have brought up earth, rocks, and water, dug lakes and streams, and piled up mounds and really respectable hills. Handsome trees, shrubs, and plants from foreign parts are collected in groups, and within a few years the vegetation will entirely conceal the last traces which remain of human handiwork. Then, the Bois de Boulogne will be incomparably beautiful, and leave far behind it all other parks in the vicinity of capitals—London Hyde Park, the Vienna Prater, the Berlin Thiergarten, the Dresden great garden, and the Leipzig Valley of Roses.

The vast expense of this metamorphosis, which was estimated at two million francs, but doubtless cost a great deal more, the Emperor has laid on the shoulders of his good city of Paris. We cannot consider this unfair, when we reflect of what value the Bois is to the city. Paris must also pay all the expenses of maintenance, and execute any new works which the government considers necessary. These burdens, however, are more than covered by receipts, and it is probable that there is even a slight surplus in the budget of the Bois. When the Artesian well was bored, which feeds the lakes and streams in the wood, the workmen came to rocks, beneath which was a layer of very loose sand. This soil was excellently adapted for the formation of ice-cellars, and they set to work at once. Two vaults have been formed, one above the other, protected from the sun by a layer of earth five feet in thickness, over which are straw-covered barns. In this enormous cellar there is room for twenty million pounds of ice, and if one-half is lost by melting,

the other half can be rendered available. The ice is procured from the lakes and streams in the Bois itself, and is taken to Paris, where every pound is consumed, by the railway which runs past the cellar. The net profits of the business are estimated at £12,000 per annum.

The Artesian well, which suggested the lucky idea of the ice-cellar, is not quite so deep as its elder and more celebrated brother—the well of Grenelle. The latter is sunk 1738 feet into the ground; the one in the Bois de Boulogne only 1632. In making this well a borer was employed which weighed 3600 lbs., and was armed with seven cutters of cast steel, each 17 lbs. in weight. The latter frequently broke, but were removed from the shaft without difficulty, by letting down a magnet powerful enough to raise a weight of 400 lbs. The most serious accident was the breaking in of the temporary tube, which was made of sheet-iron. It was forced in by the weight of earth pressing against it, and a long period elapsed ere the pieces could be drawn out and a tube of cast-iron introduced.

The monument erected over the well is of an elegant and original design. It is nearly one hundred feet in height, is made entirely of cast-iron, and weighs above 400,000 lbs. The centre consists of a mighty column, round which runs a winding stair, supported on the exterior by elegant pilasters. At the base of each of these is the body of a dolphin resting on the ornaments of the pediment, and with a double stream of water springing from its nostrils. The whole is crowned by a lofty lantern, round which a handsome gallery runs,

and the entire affair has a very light and graceful appearance.

The Champs Elysées, which form the entrance-court to the Bois, have been quite as thoroughly metamorphosed. The first artists have exhausted their fancy in decorating this square. The works are now completed, and the finest gardens and most splendid buildings may be seen there. Not only do the stately hotels of the Faubourg St Honoré border the Champs Elysées, but on the left bank of the Seine there are now new and rich districts, which come down to the water-side, and impart to the square an incomparable character of elegance and majesty.

The brilliant period of the Bois commences in April, when the spring sun begins to shed its first warm beams. The Parisians consider themselves children of the South, and feel most uncomfortable in winter. So soon as nature reawakens, all leave the city, which seems to have enjoyed a species of winter sleep. The Champs Elysées are then thronged with people, and it almost appears as if the Parisians, whose city is built on ground sloping to the west, are obeying the law of gravitation, and have slipped down to that side. If we look after this mass of people, we perceive that it is densest on the road that runs to the Barrière de l'Etoile, and thence to the Bois de Boulogne. In the principal thoroughfares horsemen and carriages are compactly pressed together, while all the side-walks are crowded with pedestrians in elegant attire or in blouses.

When popular festivals take place, the crowd in the Champs Elysées is so enormous, that it arouses a feel-

ing of terror. The Terrace of the Tuileries offers the best stand-point from which to survey the heaving, swaying crowd. Before you you have half a million of heads, beings of every age and both sexes, closely squeezed together by the density of the mass. The cup is quite full, and yet it constantly receives fresh streams, which pour into it from the quays, the Rue de Rivoli, and the Faubourg St Honoré. You feel astonished that the obelisk is not overthrown by the crowd surging round its base. The most dramatic, and at the same time dangerous, moment is that of the return home. The last rockets of the pyrotechnic display have died out, and the collected hundreds of thousands have but one thought, that of getting home as speedily as possible. Hence a thousand different movements commence in the mass, and half an hour will elapse ere a regular outpouring begins. You can notice stationary bodies of people, past whom the human stream flows for a considerable period before they are themselves able to move. It is not till a multitude has marched away, sufficient to people ten provincial towns, that these motionless masses receive air and are set in motion. The result is, that people grow impatient, and a catastrophe may be apprehended. All that is required is that some one should utter a shriek, or a woman faint, and a panic is aroused. The masses sway backwards and forwards like tree-tops in a storm, and dash against each other. So great is the alarm which springs up in such a collision, and so near does each feel to death, that but few shrieks are heard. Faces are pale and contracted, every chest heaves, every mouth pants for air, the blood ceases to circulate, fore-

heads are bathed in perspiration, legs totter, and hundréds would fall to the ground if they were not kept up by their neighbours and carried along. If any one really falls, he at once disappears under the feet and is trampled to death. Such scenes of terror rarely last longer than ten minutes, but there are constantly victims. The most heart-rending catastrophe of this nature occurred at the marriage of Louis XVI. with Marie Antoinette.

On the arrival of fine weather the Bois de Boulogne holds its grand festival of Longchamps, which originated with ancient pilgrimages. The abbey of Longchamps, which lies within the limits of the wood, was renowned through the miracles which its founder, Isabelle, a sister of Louis the Saint, performed in her grave. "The blind were able to see, the lame threw away their crutches, the sick regained their health on the spot," we read in an old chronicle. The celebrity of the abbey brought many nuns to it, among whom a very unchristian life set in with the course of time. Longchamps then became a fashionable place, and remained so. One hundred years ago it served as a substitute for the Parisian theatres closed in Passion week. Concerts were held in the chapel during this period, at which ladies of the Opera sang. The aisles resembled boxes at the theatre, and were thronged with the most fashionable company. The ladies displayed themselves there for the first time in their summer dresses, and the gentlemen allowed their new horses and equipages to be admired. A pious Archbishop of Paris took offence at this conduct in a church, forbade the oratorios in Passion week, and thus drove

away the worldly visitors. They have returned, however, and although nothing is left of the abbey beyond a mill, which the Emperor has had restored, and a few ruins, Longchamps at the present day is, in the week before Easter, the gathering-place of countless equipages.

The interminable procession of carriages begins on the Place de la Bastille, runs along the Boulevards, divides at the Barrière de l'Etoile into two streams, which join again in the Allée de l'Impératrice, and spreads over the drives of the Bois de Boulogne. The row of carriages is not only long, but broad, for six or eight equipages advance side by side, and a double chain of horsemen of enormous length accompanies them. All the carriages and horsemen pass the site of the old abbey, for so fashion decrees it, which in this instance has remained unswervingly true to tradition. On these days it can best be seen that Paris is a rich city, and that statisticians are right when they assert that there never were so many private carriages in Paris as at the present day. In this brilliant procession many persons, both male and female, take part, with whom it is a speculation to let themselves be seen on this occasion. It is hardly credible that individuals should be distinguished in the crowd, but so it is. The gambler on the Bourse receives double credit when he has joined the procession to Longchamps in a carriage of his own. To be able to take this drive is the ambition of every lady belonging to equivocal society. On the first day her horses have a bad time of it. She visits every corner of the Bois, and, on her return, drives past all the shops at which she deals: from this

moment she has credit like a duchess. Whether she will keep her carriage and horses any length of time is a different question. Instances of remarkable changes of fortune may be noticed every year at the festival of Longchamps. Not so very long ago the carriage of the Hungarian Prince B. attracted general attention through its elegance and splendid team. The next year the same carriage appeared with the same horses, but it had changed owners. The Hungarian magnate did not hold the white ribbons in his hand, but an Auvergnat, an ex-chimney-sweep, who had acquired a large fortune as director of a company with a capital of three million francs.

There are but few routes in the Bois de Boulogne for the company who join in the excursion to Longchamps. Of ten persons who visit the wood in carriages, there are surely nine who always make the same round. They do not wish to enjoy the beauties of nature, but to see and to be seen. These persons, too, always make their appearance at a certain hour, before dinner, from three o'clock. Any one who desires solitude, the shade of trees, and fresh air, need only choose a different hour and another route. There are plenty of walks in which you do not meet more persons than in a distant province. Two paces, and you are in the midst of a crowd; two paces more, and you are alone beneath the green arcade of the trees.

The fine points in the Bois are too numerous for us to be able to describe them all in detail. The finest of all are new creations, which the Artesian well has rendered it possible to carry out: lakes, streams, bubbling springs, and cascades. The two principal lakes,

called the upper and lower, lie in the centre of the wood. Here art has expended all its resources, and concealed itself when its task was completed. The upper lake is encircled by gently sloping heights, on whose grassy sides stand rocks and shrubberies. In the small bays formed in the water tall aquatic plants are grouped, between which the lily displays its flowers of ivory and gold and its broad leaves. A river pours out of the lake and begirds two long islands. The nearest point on the first island is occupied by an elegant kiosk, surrounded by a chaos of steep, moss-covered rocks, round whose base ivy creeps. Boats are always in readiness to convey visitors across. Upon the island you find a gravel-walk, which runs between beds of hortensias, geraniums, and mallows to an exquisite Swiss châlet.

Both islands are profusely covered with timber, the northern one the most. They were formed by excavating the ground around them, and leading water in. This job was completed a short time ago, and now all traces have disappeared. Grass everywhere covers the ground, and the rocks are almost hidden behind mosses, lichens, and creepers. Aquatic plants spread out on the surface of the lake, and the small streams concealed beneath the foliage are filled with reeds. On the northern islet pines, holly-trees, box-trees, mistletoe, tree ferns, and junipers have been planted, which, through their gloomy colours and peculiar form, bring out in even stronger relief the somewhat wild character of this portion of the park. A rustic bridge, made of tree-stems, leads to the second island. This has an undulating surface, covered with closely-growing grass,

and offers a variety of prospects. The shrubberies and plántations by the road-side are composed of the rarest trees. By the side of camellias, rhododendra, azaleas, and magnolias stand silver firs, Scotch and Norway larches, tulip-trees, cedars of Lebanon and Virginia, araucarias, Mexican ceralogánias, and trees from the East Indies, Australia, and Japan. Gigantic plants of strange forms wave their single purple flower, growing on a slender stalk ten feet in height, over a bed of fuchsias.

Several roads lead to the cascades, and it is no harm if you take the wrong one, for, in that case, you must make a circuit, and form the acquaintance of a new and beautiful part of the wood. Here everything looks like a delicious natural landscape. Dark ivy and sweet-smelling honeysuckle climb up the oaks, and forest flowers conceal themselves among the ferns and heather; heliotropes, foxgloves, speedwell — which seems to have borrowed its azure from the sky—forget-me-not, birdsfoot, ground-pines, daffodils, Tom Thumb geraniums, pinks, and a thousand other flowers, which the botanist alone knows, and about which the ordinary stroller does not trouble himself. The river, by the side of which the path runs, seems to be slumbering in its bed, and, under the old Allée of Queen Marguerite, disappears to feed a small cascade a little further on.

The path now leads to the old deer-pond, which, with its framework of old grey pollards, cornel and wheat plum-trees, is picturesque, and, at the same time, somewhat uncanny. In the olden times no one ventured to pass this spot after sunset, for ghosts

walked there. When the Bois de Boulogne was still employed for duelling purposes, this was the place where many a man was ran through the body. The evil reputation of the pond attracted suicides, and thus the shadow side of romance was strongly represented at the deer-pond. In this mysterious and gloomy valley there is not a tree which has not witnessed the death-agony of a wounded man, and more than one of the leafy branches has borne the weight of a hanging corpse. In former times a greater portion of the pond was dried up in fine weather, and reeds and rushes throve in its mud. In the remaining stagnant water dwelt salamanders, frogs, and other reptiles in enormous numbers, which crept ashore to warm themselves in the sun in fine weather. If any one approached, the dry leaves seemed to be setting themselves in motion, as the creatures all fled and leapt into the water. At the present day the pond is constantly filled with clean water, but the spot has still retained its melancholy aspect.

The great waterfall is the sensation-scene of the Bois de Boulogne, and it does not bear this name unfairly, for it has a fall of two-and-forty feet. The cave from which it bursts is a production of art, and visitors can go into it. They then find themselves behind the waterfall, which is spread out over the landscape like a silver veil shot with all the colours of the rainbow. From the rock above the waterfall there is an unimpeded prospect, and you can survey, in addition to the Bois de Boulogne, Mont Valerien, the pleasant heights of Suresnes, St Cloud, Sèvres, and Meudon, St James, Neuilly, and the plain of Longchamps, where the well-known races are held.

A melancholy story is connected with a spot in the vicinity of the lakes. The Catelan's Cross marks the place where the troubadour, Arnold Catelan, fell by the hand of murderers who should have protected him. Philip the Fair, a great admirer of romances, had summoned the poet to his court, and sent some of his soldiers to meet him. The account which Catelan gave the escort of the presents he brought with him from the Countess Beatrice of Provence inflamed the cupidity of these men. They murdered him and his servant, and seized on his baggage. What they found did not consist of gold and jewels, but of a fragrant essence and burnt waters. With the essence the leader of the murderers perfumed himself the next time he appeared in the royal presence. It was at that time peculiar to Provence, and thus Philip's suspicions were aroused, and were fully confirmed, when he was told that the soldiers who had ridden to meet the poet had intoxicated themselves with some strange liquid. Thus the murderers betrayed themselves, and were executed.

We will pause for a moment at the Zoological Gardens. These have been designed with an object which all institutions of this nature should ever keep before them. A zoological garden ought not to be a menagerie, or serve as an amusement for people who wish to have a look at lions, tigers, vultures, and boa-constrictors. The Zoological Garden in the Bois de Boulogne has been established with the sensible intention of acclimatizing foreign animals, which may either prove useful or commend themselves through their beauty. In it you hear no roaring or hissing, and need not be on your guard against claws or beak, for all its animals

are peaceable. The result will prove which of them can be acclimatized; but there are well-founded hopes that some attempts will succeed. In addition to the animals, foreign plants are reared, especially such as may serve as food for the silkworm. The large aquaria in the Zoological Garden possess the greatest attraction for the Parisians. Fourteen have been established, some containing sweet water-fish, others sea-fish. There is a plan for combining artificial pisciculture with these aquaria. If this should be the case, the Bois will have to be deprived of one of its charms, the numerous foreign aquatic birds which swim and flutter on the lakes, for it is not possible to propagate fish and their deadly foes at the same time.

And now, after our lengthened stroll, we have fairly earned a dinner at Philippe's. We hail a passing cab, and half an hour later our enjoyment is beyond expression. Reader, go and do likewise: spend a day in the Bois de Boulogne, and claim your reward, and as you swallow your first Marenne, while the waiter is drawing the cork of your Chablis, bless us fervently for the suggestion.

CHAPTER XVI.

BARON VON STOCKMAR.

In the man who died on July 9, 1863, at Coburg, and whose death formed the subject of an English newspaper paragraph, the Germans lost a wise statesman, a warm-hearted patriot, and a good citizen. The worthy folk of Coburg were fond of pointing out his house to travellers, although many of the latter, even his own countrymen, had probably never heard his name before. This may be partly explained by the peculiar position in which Stockmar stood to state affairs; for while exercising a decided influence in the formation of new states and the fall of European dynasties, it was his destiny to become scarce known beyond his own immediate circle. As we English owe much to him, a memoir may not be out of place here of one of her Majesty's most trustworthy and intimate friends.

Christian Frederick Stockmar was born at Coburg on August 22, 1787, the son of a well-to-do and respected bourgeois family. His mother was a very sensible, true-hearted woman, his father a man of considerable independence of character, who once committed the unpardonable sin of opposing the views of his most august ruler. The character of both the parents was faithfully transmitted in the son. While still a lad, the confidence he felt of future success in

life caused his family considerable amusement. Thus he one day pointed to the simple tea equipage, and said, "I shall have all that in silver some day," and his mother calmly replied, "If you can manage it, I shall be glad." In later years this early comprehension of human grandeur was often repeated to him, when his ideas as to the social value of a silver teapot had greatly changed.

In 1805, Stockmar went to the university, where he studied medicine. His student-years had a decided influence on his future life. They fell in that wretched period when the Gallic rule pressed on Germany like lead, when Prussia was dashed to pieces, the Rhenish Confederation founded, and the shadow of death brooded over the whole nation. The heart of the life-enjoying youth was contracted through pain at the universal misery. Probably he had brought with him from home a contempt for the old local governments, and now he saw the hollow condition of the Rhenish Confederation; on one side lamentable weakness, on the other immoral tyranny. In him and in the circle of his friends a longing for the unity, might, and grandeur of the German Empire was aroused. With the defeat of Austria in 1809, the feeling of disgrace became so great that the cheerfulness of even youths grew embittered. Once in his presence the fury felt at the desperate state of Germany was loudly expressed, and in the conversation the assassination of Napoleon was suggested. At this moment an old Prussian officer, a great friend of Stockmar and his companions, rose and said, seriously, "Only young people talk that way: let things be. Any one who

has been longer acquainted with the world knows that the French Empire cannot last long: trust to the natural course of events." This calm confidence made a deep impression on Stockmar. In what could this natural course of events consist? In the injury which victory itself must inflict on the mind of the autocrat, blinding his judgment, and ruining his decision; in the strength and elevation of character which the bitter need must arouse in the German temper. In this way, and through a logical series of conclusions, the youth formed an idea of a state and the relation of the prince to the people, which at that time appeared new and radical, but has since become the firm basis of German liberalism.

Stockmar's academic studies were continued for five years amid war and great catastrophes. During the period he had grown a man, he had witnessed many great events, and had peculiar opportunities for the formation of his character. In 1810 he returned to Coburg and began practising. Two years later he was appointed the government physician. When Napoleon's defeated army began its fearful retreat from Russia through Germany, Stockmar was entrusted with a duty which in those hard times cost the life of many a physician: he became director of a large military lazaretto at Coburg. In 1814 he marched on the Rhine as chief surgeon of the Coburg contingent. On reaching Mayence, he was ordered to Worms as staff surgeon of the fifth German corps d'armée, where he managed the permanent hospital under Stein's administration. His first collision with Stein was anything but a friendly one. The military hospital at Worms

had not been occupied by patients for a long time, and Stockmar did his duty as a surgeon by taking into it wounded French prisoners. All at once German wounded soldiers poured in, and the hospital was filled. At this Stein broke out in his violent way, and there was a tremendous quarrel, in which Stockmar did not give way an inch. His acquaintance with Stein, however, was not interrupted by this, and many years after, when Stockmar visited the great patriot on his return from England, he was amazed at finding how thoroughly Stein was acquainted with English affairs.

In autumn, 1814, Stockmar returned to Coburg; in 1815 he followed the Coburg contingent into Alsace. These campaigns were decisive for Stockmar's future career. During them he formed the acquaintance of Prince Leopold of Coburg, who took a liking to him, and when the marriage of the Prince with Princess Charlotte was decided, he appointed Stockmar his physician, who proceeded to England at the end of March, 1816, to assume his appointment. To what an extent Stockmar gained the confidence and attachment of the prince in his new position, was shown on the death of the Princess, which took place on November 6, 1817. By the bedside of his beloved wife the Prince embraced the faithful man, and demanded his promise that he would never leave him. Stockmar gave this promise, and kept it faithfully to the Prince and his house. Even in this hour of passionate emotion and of great decision, the physician saw with remarkable clearness the new relations into which he had entered with his Prince, the duties which they imposed on him, and the conduct he must pursue. During the last few years he

had grown accustomed to live for others, and devote his own existence to greater interests. "I seem to have been sent into the world to care for others more than for myself, and am quite content with my lot," he wrote, a few days after this promise, to a friend. He entered on his new post free from all enthusiasm and self-deception. He gave up the plans he had quietly formed for his own future, and devoted his whole time to the practical business of his Prince. The position of the latter, who, as a naturalized Englishman, continued to reside in England, was difficult and delicate, and demanded all the activity of a confidential man. The Prince, consequently, appointed another physician, and gave Stockmar the management of his revenues and the functions of a chamberlain.

Up to 1830 Stockmar remained with the Prince in England, although their residence there was interrupted by journeys to France, Italy, and a lengthened stay in Germany. Stockmar, it is true, had married in 1820, and set up his household in Coburg, but his engagements with the Prince kept him away for the greater part of the year. That English period, from 1817 to 1830, was decisive for his political development. He was in intercourse with the prominent men of all parties, but principally with the Liberals and Radicals. He was thoroughly conversant with the party moves and management of affairs among us. But while he acquired the English sober and practical view of politics, he never lost his own peculiar warmth, kindness of heart, and amiability, or the German tendency of striving for the highest things. It was of the greatest value to his own nation that he learnt in England the

blessings of an established constitution, and became initiated in all the ways by which a prime minister influences his people, and how in turn he is influenced by them.

When he reached his fortieth year, Stockmar had the first opportunity for independent action in diplomatic affairs. The candidature of Prince Leopold for the Greek throne was the starting-point of his personal intervention in continental politics. When this candidature was overthrown, partly through the opposition of George IV., Stockmar's political activity was only interrupted for a short period, for in 1830 the Belgian affair offered him a wider field. Ere long he was watching the diplomatic negotiations in England as confidential agent of his Prince, and after that, aided by his clever and resolute advice in founding the new monarchy and state of Belgium. In the negotiations with France, Rome, and the ministry of William IV., he acquired that rare knowledge of persons and business through which he became in after years an authority in diplomatic circles, and he gained for the King and himself respect and personal confidence among the leaders of European politics.

After Belgium was established, he gave up his office, and henceforth lived on a pension which the King granted him, as a confidential adviser and friend, whose opinion was constantly asked, and he was employed in matters of a more or less important nature. At this period the King of the Belgians was called upon to direct his special attention to the family affairs of the English royal family. Stockmar, through his long residence in England, had become intimate with his mas-

ter's sister, the Duchess of Kent. The young Princess Victoria soon learned to regard him as the faithful friend he remained to her throughout life. The time was now approaching when the Princess must ascend the throne in all human probability, and the King sent Stockmar to England to guard the interests of his sister and niece. We as yet know but little about that most remarkable period when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, or of the numerous intrigues that were carried on. In the midst of the violent party disputes Stockmar was the confidential adviser of the youthful and inexperienced Queen, and held a perfectly free though undefined position.

The most pressing necessity was to find the Queen a permanent support in the person of a husband. After the choice was fixed on Prince Albert, who both morally and mentally was rarely adapted for the position, Stockmar received the mission to prepare the young prince by intercourse and counsel for the new relations of life he was about to enter into. For this purpose a journey to Italy was decided on. This journey, from 1838 to 1839, was the foundation of a rare friendship, such as was only possible between a good and enlightened prince and an amiable and disinterested private person—a firm intimate connection, in which the Prince displayed unbounded confidence, and the clever teacher unselfish paternal feelings.

Very deep and permanent was the influence which Stockmar exerted over the Prince's mind. In the "Speeches and Addresses" of Prince Albert, Stockmar's views of political matters can be distinctly traced. The friendship between the two—an honourable, manly

friendship, full of regardless truth—we may now fairly say, when both have been taken from us, had a decided influence in endowing the Queen, the Prince, and the royal children, with a liberal comprehension of the age and free human tendencies. This tendency on the part of the English royal family is of immense importance, as our readers can easily understand, for the future of Germany.

Stockmar was Prince Albert's plenipotentiary in signing the marriage contract, and he remained the intimate friend of the young couple. The first years after the marriage were to him rich in experiences about the internal working of a constitutional government. His life became now so arranged that he spent the autumn and spring of nearly every year in England. He resided at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle in an independent position as a dear and honoured friend and guest. When the Prince wished to rest after the day's business, he found relief in Stockmar's apartments: the royal children regarded him as a kind "grandpapa," whom they were very fond of visiting, and the "baron" was the general refuge of all those who had a complaint or a desire at court. The guest continued his simple dietetic mode of life even in the palace. For, although the ageing man retained his freshness of mind and cheerfulness of temper in his intercourse with others, he had regarded his body for a long time past with growing doubts, and was in his heart inclined to treat himself as a dangerous patient. Thus it often happened that he did not pay due attention to the established rules of the most punctual of all courts, would keep the Queen and her husband waiting,

or walk in and take his seat imperturbably in the middle of dinner. And when spring ended the old friend disappeared all at once, for he could not endure leave-taking: the royal children one morning found his rooms empty, and wrote repeated letters to Coburg, full of complaints about his faithlessness, and hearty reproaches. And in summer earnest entreaties were recommenced that he would speedily return.

In this way his long visits to England were repeated from 1837 to 1857. The last work in which he was prominently engaged was the marriage of Princess Victoria with the Crown Prince of Prussia. During the last years of his life, owing to his increasing weakness, he could not make up his mind to accept the invitations of the English royal family, or make so long a voyage. The wish to be near him induced the Prince Consort and the Queen to make several visits to Germany. When they were stopping in Coburg, the old gentleman might venture a visit to the palace, but more generally the royal guests waited on him at his own house; and daily they might be seen going into a quiet house in a side-street, in order to visit their grey-haired friend. The calm self-respect of the individual to whom this hearty respect of a royal family was paid, and the delicate attentions of his guests, were the natural experience of a firm and intimate connection with good and estimable persons, whose value the royal visitors felt to the fullest extent. Everything, whether great or small, that lay on their minds, the cares of politics, and the sketch plan of the Prince Consort's model farm, the education of the children, and the minor joys and sorrows of the day, were laid by the

Queen, her husband and family, in the faithful heart of the wise old man, who did not hold back sensible advice, warm adhesion, or serious warning.

But although the relations of Stockmar to the royal houses of England and Belgium were so close, he remained a German. In the pride of his manhood, when he presided over the household of Prince Leopold, he firmly adhered to the thought that he would not give up his fatherland; and while in the service of the English prince he founded a family life at home. He continually returned thither from abroad, and observed the conduct of the German governments and the state of the nation with warm sympathy. But there was no room for him and his talents in the states of the Holy Alliance, and his decidedly liberal tendencies excluded him from all statesmanlike participation in home affairs. With the accession of Frederick William IV., the hope with which he regarded the rising power of the people became very lively. The year 1848 rekindled in the man—now in his sixty-first year—some of the fire of his youth. He was one of the first who, through patriotism, joined the little German or Prussian party. He made a lengthened stay in Frankfort, and associated there with men who held the same views as himself. But in the spring of 1848 it was evident to him that Berlin, and not Frankfort, was the spot where the great question must be decided. In the former city he earnestly advised in June the restoration of tranquillity and order, so that the soil might be prepared for the successful progress of the constitutional work. His advice displeased on one side; and those whom it did not displease had not the courage and energy to

carry it out. In September he renewed the same attempt, with a similar result. In his anxiety about the impending reactionary catastrophe he himself proceeded to Berlin, with a deeply affected heart, for he felt that the most important interests of his nation would be ruined then in a dangerous game.*

In 1850, Stockmar was sent as deputy to Erfurt by the confidence of his fellow-citizens. What he learnt there of the weakness and indecision of the Prussian government convinced him that for the present all hope of a regeneration of Germany must be given up. From the commencement of the movement he regarded it as the first outbreak of untried national strength. And the ensuing reaction, which he had long before prophesied, did not for a moment shake the hopeful confidence with which he regarded the future of Germany. He always tried to impart courage, and make others share his firm confidence, even in the coming sad times. Thus he said: "The Germans are a good people, easy to govern, and the German princes who do not understand this do not deserve to govern such a people." And again: "You young men are unable to survey the great progress which the Germans have made in this century towards state union; I have experienced it. I know this people. You are advancing towards a great future. You will live to see it, but not I, and then think of the old man."

His last lengthened excursion was in the autumn of 1858 to Berlin, where he convinced himself of the happiness of the youthful couple on whom he placed such

* Varnhagen von Ense writes in his journal on October 8: Baron von Stockmar was here, the Anglo-Coburg intriguant.

great hope. From that time he did not leave his home again, and during the last years his house only rarely. Social intercourse with strangers was exciting for him, and his door was not opened voluntarily to every one —except to old acquaintances and friends of the family —but most willingly to the poor of Coburg. They were thoroughly acquainted with the stone step on which they had rung the bell with aching heart, and descended it again with a light one. But any strange visitor could not make sure of getting beyond the threshold, and it often happened that even the wearers of a coronet were refused admission. He regarded his day's work as finished, his end as close at hand. Still, in his association with friends his old fire would glow when he was at all excited; at such times he would speak readily and frankly about persons and the experiences of his rich life. During the winter of 1862 his weakness aroused the alarm of his friends, and a paralytic stroke was speedily followed by death.

Stockmar met strangers straightforwardly, unpretendingly, and with dignity. When he gave his confidence he did so with hearty frankness. He had a deeply-founded dislike of everything that resembled display and hollow self-esteem, and such would make him at times lose his gentle cheerfulness, and behave roughly and sharply. For this reason he detested Metternich from his heart; with his sharp glance he had recognized the emptiness of this man "of small measures," and felt with patriotic hatred the disgrace brought on the German name by such a limited mind remaining the leader of German policy during a gener-

ation, and this truthfulness was combined in him with an almost reckless conscientiousness, which despised all gentle manners, especially in intercourse with the mighty ones of the earth, whose misfortune it is that the truth is too often laid before them with cautious toning down. There are plenty of anecdotes describing such opinions of his expressed face to face. The firm and cool manner in which in such cases he managed to force his conviction on others, was generally irresistible: nothing could be done against him, and his opponent yielded to the superiority and strength of his mind. The final secret, however, of his value and the influence he attained over others, did not lie in the excellent foundation in which his political practice was based, or in the firmness and sharpness of his glance, but in his temperament. The fact that he was a good man with a heart full of affection, and at the same time possessed a warmth which he sympathetically imparted to others, rendered him indispensable to all those with whom he came in closer contact. The world was reflected purely and clearly in his heart, and he seized on everything that was good with a hearty delight. He felt a human sympathy, which with him was ever expressed by action, in the social sufferings of a nation, in the dangers that threatened the mind of a prince, or in the sorrows of a petty artisan. And his mode of doing good may claim the merit that it was effected not only amply and in the most suitable manner, but also with a discretion which did not let the left hand know what the right was doing.

Although during his last years he regarded his growing weakness with a certain amount of hypochon-

dria, still even to the end no gloomy view of life was visible about him so soon as he turned his attention to the great or small affairs of others. The devotion of his mind was unalterable, and his sympathy in the joy and sorrow of nations and individuals remained with him till the gloom of night overshadowed his consciousness, and his heart ceased to beat—a happy heart, a heart full of love.

Such was his behaviour on earth. And yet this existence, so busy, successful, and in many respects fortunate, displays to some extent that tragic fate which throws a dark shadow over nearly every great man's life. So long as he lived he was forbidden, as his friends still are, to prove by the various exploits of his public life to his contemporaries what he was and what he did. It was only rarely that he held the position of a minister or leader of the people, who was to answer for his actions to the verdict of the nation and of history. During the most important period of his life it was his fate to be a silent guide and adviser. The few who were initiated in the great affairs of the age were able to appreciate his value, but his power was unknown to all those outside the charmed circle. And he who, with all the demeanour of a man of business, possessed the least amount of mystery-mongering, was forced at times to endure the feeling of being regarded by strangers as a man of mystery, a worker underground. It was evident to himself that a restriction was laid on the comprehensive labours of his life, which was not the least for a proud man—the restriction that he must give up for himself the glory of much that he achieved. But even in this direction he sacrificed him-

self and his personal existence for others with cheerful self-denial.

We trust that the time may come when the political importance of the dead man may be shown by a detailed description of his participation in the great events of the last fifty years. The short sketch of his life, however, which we have given here is only meant to furnish English readers with an idea of a man to whom they unwittingly owe so much.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SECRET AGENCY.

THE scene of our sketch is laid in the year 1857, when the great financial crisis, which eventually shook the whole world, poured like an avalanche over the United States, carrying everything before it. The Ohio Life Insurance and Credit Company, in whose stability everybody believed, opened the ball with a bankruptcy of two million dollars. Bank after bank followed through the whole of the country; the railways in process of making were stopped; the old lines, hitherto so prosperous, paid no dividend; and the North-Western States, the granary of Europe, were almost ruined by the financial calamity and excessive speculation. Another nation, in such a melancholy position, would have lost nearly all its spirit of enterprise; but such a misfortune was only a new incentive for the sturdy American branch of the Anglo-Saxon race, and it made every possible effort to recover its losses. Even though bills of exchange and bank-notes had lost their credit, property had sunk in value, and thousands were ruined by the failures, the creative strength of the soil still remained; and supported by this, the active nation resolved to begin the battle of life afresh and gain the victory. It was a peculiar sign of the times that many persons, who had hitherto been

nominal Christians, suddenly became pious, and visited prayer-meetings, though careful, at the same time, not to neglect business. At such assemblies, men of the highest rank, politicians, judges, physicians, and others, could be seen kneeling and imploring for better times in the company of ordinary artisans. Many may have been hypocrites, but we may safely say that the great majority were imbued with fervent feelings of piety.

One of the most melancholy signs of this disastrous time, was the fact that it was proved how many men had been speculating most wildly, while utterly reckless of the consequences; others, again, taking an immoral advantage of the general misery, took occasion to get rid of their debts. It was extraordinarily easy for men to avoid meeting their engagements under some excuse or the other. When a trader meant dishonesty, he had only to transfer his property to a third party, who was mixed up in the affair, and thus defraud his creditors of their rights; and there were plenty of unscrupulous solicitors who lent a hand in such manipulations for a certain per-centage. We can easily understand that under such circumstances the trading world sought for some mode of checking this fraudulent conduct, and protecting themselves against future losses. As the Anglo-Saxons always act on the principle of "help yourself," a few speculative gentry soon laid before the leading merchants and bankers of the large cities a plan which, in spite of some moral objections, soon met with general support. In the same way as the American Express Company has its branches all over the country, and agents in nearly

every town, great or small, it was proposed to open secret offices in all the commercial towns, whose business it would be to obtain on the spot the most accurate information about the affairs of the tradesmen, and register it. For this purpose confidential men were sent from New York all through America, with instructions to look up the most suitable persons as agents; and unfortunately there was no lack of briefless barristers and broken-down merchants who accepted the equivocal office. Ere long, then, a central agency was established in the Empire City, which bore no special name, and was known by importers as "Somebody's Secret Office," although in the South and West it went by the name of Douglas and Co. In order to cover the expenses of the undertaking, every firm which desired to have the mysterious ledgers of the secret office laid open to it was expected to pay, according to its importance, from fifty to two hundred dollars a year. In return for this payment they had the right, if they wished to obtain any information as to the stability of any house they did business with—even in the farthest West—to inquire at the nearest office of Douglas and Co.; the latter, then, entered into communication with their agent on the spot, and by return of post sent the required information to the inquirer. That secresy was most strictly observed in these obscure manipulations is proved by the fact that every person who had his name placed on the list of the Secret Agency as subscriber was obliged to find three members to guarantee his silence and discretion before the manner of conducting the business was revealed to him. He then received a small

card, on which a scheme much of this sort was printed:

A. Rich. Perfectly safe.	1. Gambles.
B. Well to do and safe.	2. Drinks.
C. Debts, but enough to cover them.	3. Is fond of women.
D. Debts and property equal.	4. On the point of transferring his property.
E. More debts than estate.	5. Sure to fail.

In partnership businesses a slight modification was made in these references, and the letters and numbers were also changed from time to time. The reports were sent in by the agents in the following manner. Suppose Peter Smith, of Philadelphia, required information about John Brown, at St Louis; he received from the agency in the latter city a card, on which were merely the capital letters and figures without the characteristic remarks. Those letters or figures which were intended to indicate John Brown's solvency and respectability, or otherwise, according to the above-quoted scheme, were underlined with red ink. This card was certainly sufficient to render the inquirer more or less safe in his mercantile operations, supposing that the concise report were correct and truthful. If, for instance, No. 4 were underlined, the creditor made haste to quash the transfer of property by legal process, if he wished to recover his debt.

If we now calmly look at the whole behaviour and great success of this dangerous institution, we cannot at the first blush deny that, under conscientious management, it afforded the substantial mercantile class an ostensible protection against the extensive system of swindling prevailing in America. Still, on the other

hand, we are bound to admit that this very secresy and want of responsibility allow far too great scope to the passions and ill-will of the agents.

However the opinions of moralists may vary as to Douglas and Co., still we can say something in apology for them. Assume the case that a house in Boston can make a profitable bargain with a tradesman in St Paul, but is unable to tell whether the latter can or will meet his engagements. The St Paul firm is quite a stranger to the Bostonian, which, moreover, has no business friends in St Paul to give it the required information. What is left to the Boston house, then, if it does not wish to lose the chance of a profitable deal, but to make secret inquiries of the agency? America is still a young country; new commercial towns and firms spring out of the ground like mushrooms, and newly-established traders, whose name is not yet known in the great emporia of the Atlantic cities, travel East, and ask credit for their purchases. How is it possible, in such a case, to carry out the principles of mercantile credit as established in all Europe? If the houses were particular, they would do no business at all. As, then, the merchants of the United States are forced by circumstances to part with their goods without having that security usually demanded in Europe, we can hardly blame them for seeking means to protect themselves from any losses which might be entailed on them, by the recklessness or dishonesty of other parties. It is owing to this circumstance that the Secret Agency is employed by so many firms, and is thus enabled to exercise to a greater or less extent a moral tyranny over many tradespeople: hence it has its most

bitter opponents, not only among the swindlers, but also among the better classes. In truth, it is the tendency of human nature to hate a secret power which asserts even only a business control over us; and, when we sell a portion of our property, who gives it the right to post up the sale price and conditions in ledgers, in order to make use of the facts, if at any time a former business friend thinks proper to regard our financial condition with suspicion?

As we left America several years ago, we are not aware whether Douglas and Co. still continue their mysterious agency. Perhaps the unhappy civil war has cut away its base of operations, which we should not at all regret, as, in our opinion, it has done more harm than good. It has certainly prevented many a loss, and discovered many swindles, but it has also laid bare many most carefully-hidden family secrets through the inquisitiveness of its agents, and often destroy the best credit by its false reports. By its illegal interference it has ruined excellent men, and driven others to crime through the purposed falsehood of malicious instruments.

Such an affair, which was carried out with devilish malice in a large Western city, was the cause of the secret machinations of the agency being eventually brought to publicity; but the managers were too cunning to allow the judges and the people to have more than a rapid glance at the internal machinery of their system. The circumstances, however, connected with this much-discussed case are too interesting, and cast too deep a shadow on American business life, for us to keep them back from our readers. We there-

fore venture in the following sketch, the chief details of which we have on the best authority, to let in light upon the dangerous conduct of Douglas and Co., and its still more terrible consequences.

In a large city out West resided Mr Francis Hargrave, a young man of about thirty, who had a very considerable dry goods business. He appeared not to be on the best terms with his wife, who had the reputation of being a coquette, and it was whispered that the good-looking lady had not properly repulsed the advances of her husband's book-keeper. On the other hand, the only child he had by his wife, a pretty lad of the name of Harry, was Hargrave's darling, and when he returned home tired from business, he exclusively devoted his time to the boy.

One day Mr Hargrave returned in a very bad temper to his office; he had been to the bank to discount some bills which Cox, the book-keeper, had taken as good, but they had been declined because the acceptors were stated not to be solvent. This led to a violent quarrel, because Cox would not acknowledge the reproaches, whether rightly or wrongly, cast upon him. At any rate the quarrel would have entailed more serious consequences had not Mrs Hargrave accidentally entered the store to remind her husband that he had promised to drive out with her that afternoon. The latter, in accordance with American customs, could not decline to carry out her wishes. Swallowing his anger, he left the office with his wife, in order to enter the carriage which was standing at the door, while Cox,

deep in thought, became apparently busily engaged with his books.

When it struck six the clerks went away, as usual, and so did the porter, after locking up everything except one of the front doors. When the book-keeper found himself alone he lighted the gas, began smoking a cigar, and from time to time looked impatiently at his watch, as if he were expecting some one. Ere long, however, a tall man made his appearance at the shop door, and came towards the office, carefully feeling his way through the many chests and casks.

"Here you are at last, Mr Sharp," Cox said. "Well, has the counterfeiter been condemned, and has the gaol one candidate more? I should fancy that the bank had sufficient proofs?" he asked, curiously.

"Oh no!" the man addressed replied; "the affair took a very different turn from what the State attorney and myself, his assistant, anticipated. We had promised the bank director to do all in our power, but the defence produced witnesses, and compelled us to hand in a *nolle prosequi*."

"The circumstances must be peculiar, when Mr Sharp lets a prisoner slip from his clutches, especially when he can oblige a rich bank director," Cox remarked.

"The deuce take the bank director! He ought to have let the matter rest, when he was fishy himself. But who could have suspected it? I inquired, myself, of Douglas and Co., whether the bank was solvent, and had no reason to carry on any equivocal operations. I even examined the books; for, as you are aware, I every now and then do the Secret

Agency a good turn. The investigation was perfectly satisfactory."

"Well, how did it all happen? Have the cunning director and his colleagues really burnt their fingers?" Cox asked, looking at Sharp in surprise.

"Well, it is of no great consequence, for they are most influential, and the State attorney will let them alone. But, before I tell you the whole affair, I think I will take a seat."

After Mr Sharp had seated himself comfortably—that is to say, with his legs on the top of the stove—he continued:

"You know that about eighteen months back the bank issued new five-dollar notes, and the engraver—who was accused to-day—was the producer of them. The plate was magnificently engraved, and did him great honour. About six months ago the old bank president, S. ——, went to him with the plate, and requested him to make a slight alteration in it, which would only be known, however, to the bank officials. He was to make an imperceptible curve to the letter *k* at the end of the word 'bank,' and the notes worked from the altered plate were to be used as a new series, for the better control of the issues. Smithson, the engraver, undertook the job, although he had his suspicions, and took his measures accordingly. However, as he intended to go to California almost immediately, he completed his task, and the bank is said to have worked off notes to the value of a hundred thousand dollars from the altered plate, and issued them as good. Three months back, however, these notes were declared to be forgeries, and the bank refused to cash them.

The news of Smithson's death, soon after his arrival in California, no doubt induced the bank to take this step. The detectives were at once set to work, because it was supposed that every trail had been destroyed. But by some mishap Smithson, the supposed dead man, suddenly returned; he had only been laid on his back by the Panama fever, and the doctors recommended him to return to the States as quickly as he could, on account of the climate. The detectives arrested him, and found among his traps several pulls of the altered plate. This was sufficient evidence to commit him to trial. What were the bank directors to do now, lose the swindled one hundred thousand dollars, or prosecute Smithson with all the rigour of the law? You know that old hypocrite, S. ——, and so you need not be surprised that he chose the latter course. Before the grand jury he gave evidence against the engraver, and carefully avoided saying a word about the alteration in the plate made by his orders. Who but Smithson could be the guilty man? And so we, of the State attorney's office, did our best to convict him, although I suspected from the beginning that there was false play behind the matter. We fancied that we had got him tight, and would thus make friends of old S. —— and the bank—but the above-mentioned facts were proved by unimpeachable testimony."

"How was that?" Cox asked; "in such transactions it is not usual to have witnesses, and old S. —— is a crafty fellow."

"Even the craftiest fellow goes into the trap sometimes," Sharp remarked. "You must know that old S. —— is so deaf that you must shout in his ear if you

want him to understand you. Smithson availed himself of this circumstance, and so when he handed over the altered plate and the specimen print, he had two witnesses in an adjoining room, who heard every word of the loud conversation. They were two Germans who kept a grocer's shop on the ground floor. He had been advised to act thus by his solicitor when Smithson asked his advice about the ticklish business, and the date of the day and the hour when the plate was delivered were carefully noted down. The State attorney was, of course, obliged to retire from the prosecution after this evidence."

"I suppose Smithson will now turn round and prosecute the bank," Cox remarked.

"There is a difficulty about that, my good fellow: the *corpus delicti*, the altered plate, will have been got rid of, as it is in S. ——'s possession, and who can prove that the five-dollar notes declared by the bank to be counterfeited were really worked off it? Besides, how can a poor engraver proceed against such influential persons, especially when we do not wish it? However, I will take care that old S. —— pays dearly for the joke. You know, Cox, that such persons are at times very liberal, when the officials suffer from sore eyes at the right moment."

"So you inquired of Douglas and Co., before you took the case in hand, how matters really stood with the bank?" Cox remarked; "and nothing was said to you about a spurious issue of notes?"

"You do not understand the potency of the Secret Agency," Sharp said, with a cunning smile; "the very fact that the bank had earned one hundred thousand

dollars by the alteration of the plate, caused them to give a satisfactory report."

"Hang me if that is not sharp," Cox said, opening his eyes to their full extent; "I should like to go to school at Douglas and Co.'s."

Sharp, on hearing this, rose, looked into the dark store, and then asked: "Are we quite alone, Cox? Is there no listener here? You know that I promised to make you an important communication this evening."

"We are quite alone; I sent the clerks and the porter away at six o'clock, as usual, and Hargrave has driven out with his wife, so he will not surprise us. Out with it."

"Well," said Sharp, "Douglas and Co. require a clever sub-agent, who is thoroughly acquainted with affairs in this city. You know that I regularly search the books of the registration-office for them, and so I have a little influence. I have consequently proposed you as a confidential man, and I have been instructed to speak with you on the subject. At the same time, I must state that if you agree I shall expect a specimen of your handiwork from you to-night. Far be it from me to persuade you, but such an excellent man of business as Mr Cox deserves a better situation than a poor book-keeper's post."

Cox, who had expected the proposal, for all that pretended to be surprised. "So, you think, Sharp," he said, "that I should make a good agent. But what is the specimen to which you refer?"

"Nothing tremendous," said Sharp; "we only want some information about your principal. Jones

and Co., of New York, have inquired, and so has a Philadelphia house, which you, as book-keeper, well know."

"Oh, you mean George Bingham," Cox interrupted him; "we owe him fifteen thousand dollars for dry goods, and Jones and Co. hold our acceptances for nine thousand dollars more."

Sharp took out a pocket-book to make notes. "So Hargrave does not stand first-rate, eh?" he continued; "speak out, man, not a soul will ever hear a word of it. Hargrave's name will not even be entered in the ledger, but he will be described by a number, the key to which the principal agent alone holds."

Cox, who in his heart hated his principal, and besides, as we have hinted, had an illicit passion for his wife, tried to blush, but did not succeed. Then he said, hesitatingly: "Hargrave's credit has hitherto been good in the East, but he is very careless in giving credit" (Cox had led him into it), "so that we have many outstanding accounts in Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, which it will be difficult to collect. Still, so long as he is not pressed by the New York house, all will go on well, but if his credit be shaken there, he will have to shut up shop. I lately talked him into buying Milwaukie Prairie du Chien railway shares, so that he has tied up most of his ready cash, and you know as well as I do that the company is soon going to make an assignment. At the same time his housekeeping expenses are heavy, as his wife is very extravagant."

Sharp, who had made some notes, nodded his head in satisfaction, and remarked contemptuously, "I don't

know how it is, but I cannot bear this Hargrave. When I saw him for the first time, a few years back, I at once took a great dislike to him. Afterwards he insulted me, by inducing Thompson to take out of my hands the profitable trial about the Irving property. Since then I have sworn to be revenged on him."

Cox, who had long been held enthralled by the fair and coquettish Lucy, and wished to ruin Hargrave through jealousy, with which scheme all sorts of afterthoughts were connected, did not fail to give Sharp the minutest details about the business. The worthy couple did not part till a late hour, after Sharp had thoroughly instructed Cox as to the duties and advantages of an agent for Douglas and Co.

Ere long, all sorts of prejudicial remarks and reports were in circulation about Francis Hargrave and his business; persons, generally well informed, stated that he had given too much credit in the small towns which had recently sprung up on the Upper Mississippi, and had thus lost large sums. His business neighbours put their heads together, and no longer greeted him so warmly as formerly; equally annoying was it to him to hear that, contrary to all expectation, he was rejected when he proposed to become a member of the Freemasons' lodge. Now and then anonymous warnings against his book-keeper reached him; but Hargrave, though he had a certain instinctive dislike for Cox, did not dream of dismissing him, because he held anonymous letters in utter contempt. Besides, how could he have dismissed him at a moment when such unpleasant complications were springing up, because without Cox's assistance he had no clear idea of the

state of his books, which, however, was absolutely necessary? One day an old friend of his family, who had just returned from the East, came to him and told him confidentially that very serious doubts as to his solvency had unexpectedly arisen in New York and Philadelphia. "I," the old gentleman added, "did my best to remove them. You know, Francis, that I have always meant kindly by you, but they shrugged their shoulders, and remarked that you had made heavy losses in Wisconsin, and had been dabbling in bad railway shares."

At these remarks Hargrave turned pale. Who could know that he had bought Milwaukie bonds and lost heavily by them? Why, the whole affair had been managed through one confidential stockbroker. He had made his purchases in the East, at three and six months, and hoped, as he would not be able fully to meet his liabilities, that his creditors would allow him to renew, as his credit was so good, and that was generally conceded by most houses. Now, he found himself menaced on all sides. Still he hoped to survive the storm, by calling in all outstanding debts and reducing his expenses in housekeeping. He thanked his old friend for the certainly most unwelcome news, and hurried home to his wife, to explain his position to her. Unfortunately, he found poor comfort there; the coquettish, selfish Lucy, who had probably already been informed of his precarious position, told him point blank that if he was no longer able to keep her as a lady she would prefer to leave him. She could easily find a motive for a divorce, and for the present would place herself under the protection of her friends.

This heartlessness on the part of his wife, who was evidently ruled by some influence hostile to him, threw Hargrave into a state of mind which rendered him utterly incapable of judging his situation coolly and correctly. He sought refuge in drinking, as is unfortunately too frequently the case with the Americans, and was in a constant state of excitement. As we know Cox's intriguing character, we need not feel surprised that he took advantage of this circumstance utterly to ruin his principal's business, and to leave it, as rats do a sinking ship, on the imminent approach of the catastrophe. Hargrave had sunk into such a state of despondency and wretchedness as to decline the assistance of his friends. When the latter saw that Francis was in a serious difficulty, and unable to obtain time to meet his engagements in the East, they willingly offered him their support. The Americans, generally, are in this respect far more willing to make sacrifices than Europeans, and, at the same time, wiser and more politic. When a business man is unfortunate in Europe, he is so trampled on that it is almost impossible for him to work his way up again; but in the United States this is not the case; on the contrary, not only his friends but his creditors try to set a man, temporarily insolvent, up again. Call this humanity or cleverness, as you please, but at any rate an opportunity is in this way afforded the debtor to become once more prosperous and meet his old engagements. And this would have happened in the present instance, had not Hargrave, who lost almost simultaneously wife, child, and position in the mercantile world, sought to drown his immoderate sorrow by drinking more than he could stand.

The mines which Cox and Sharp, with the help of Douglas and Co., had dug under Hargrave, were so cleverly laid, that he could almost calculate the hour when the sheriff would close his doors. Had not his Eastern creditors received those cards which were so fatal to him through the Secret Agency, they would have readily granted him time, till he collected his outstanding accounts in the Far West, and to this was added the circumstance that his wife deserted him with their only child in the hour of danger. No one suspected the real state of matters—no one saw in his wife's lovely face the black soul concealed behind it; and when Hargrave, in his despair, sought to stupify himself with brandy, many condemned him. Bridget alone, the Irish servant in his family, defended him against the neighbours, and when Hargrave paid her wages with his last remaining dollars, she begged him to let her speak to him. We know not what she told him, but we may reasonably conclude that she imparted facts to him which aggravated his dislike of Cox and Lucy. From this moment we notice a change in Francis's conduct; he left off drinking, became quiet and calm, and when the sheriff really came to close his shop, he readily delivered over to him everything which he had formerly regarded as his property, with the exception of the trifles which the law allowed him to keep. His friends, when they noticed this favourable change in him, began again to offer him their assistance, and made him various proposals. One of them, the same old gentleman who brought him the unpleasant news from New York, owned a very large saw-mill in one of the city avenues, and persuaded Hargrave temporarily

to take the first clerk's situation, till something better turned up.

Here he again displayed his old activity, and worked indefatigably in the interests of his friend as if a dark cloud had never overshadowed his life. He offered no opposition to his wife's demand for a divorce, although he could have legally made grave objections, for wilful neglect of duty, of which his wife accused him, could not possibly be proved; on the contrary, he instructed the lawyer who represented him to declare his entire agreement. At the last sitting, when both parties were obliged to be present, he behaved with remarkable coolness, scarcely condescending to look at his wife, who sat near him closely veiled, while he treated Cox, who was also present, with a contempt which caused him to look down. A few days later he learned that the sinful couple were married; he did not get into any passion at this, and the words merely escaped him, "My poor boy!" The only thing he seemed to feel was the decree of the court that Harry, who was still of tender years, was entrusted to the entire charge of his mother, although the father had permission to visit his child once a week. Of this permission, however, Hargrave's pride and temper would not allow him to avail himself.

When we compare the features of the Western population with those of the Indian natives, an attentive observer must involuntarily make the remark that here and there a speaking likeness exists between them. Many a stately borderer, with his long straight hair and sunburnt face, would offer a splendid model for a Uncas if he were dressed in mocassins and hunting-

shirt, and the wild startled glance of some Western maidens recalls the eyes of the Indian squaws. It is difficult to decide whether the influences of the climate or mixture of blood has produced this resemblance; probably both factors have done their part. Equally certain is it that traits are frequently found in the character of the men of the West which exactly suit that of the Indian. The same natural good humour, the same levity, but, at the same time, the greatest secresy and thirst for revenge, are reflected in the temper of both. Just as the Redskin or the Corsican can hide his hatred and fury under the mask of indifference for years, until the favourable moment arrives to destroy his foe, so many a Western man, otherwise endowed with excellent qualities, possesses the art of throwing a thick veil over his bitterest feelings of revenge, until at last the hour for requital strikes.

We are obliged to make these general remarks in order to present the English reader with a psychological sketch of Francis Hargrave. No one could see what passion was boiling in his heart: at times he even displayed a spasmodic merriment which astonished his friends. Still, no one dared speak to him about Cox and his wife, and even when his little boy, whom he loved before aught else, died, he begged for silent sympathy, because he was resolved utterly to break with the past. Persons tried to persuade him to start again on his own account and give up his clerkship, while offering capital and fresh credit. But he politely declined all these kindly-meant offers, because, as he said, he intended eventually to go to California if he could succeed in collecting a few outstanding debts.

Morever, he expressed his opinion that L——, on account of past events, would not be a very pleasant residence for him: if he again started in business, it would be in California, where no one knew him or could rip up old sores.

Nothing could surpass the zeal with which Hargrave secretly sought the hidden causes of his misfortunes. Any one who had observed this apparently calm man when standing in front of the saw-mill, and noting the lengths of the mahogany and walnut logs in his pocket-book, would certainly not have thought that an evil demon lurked behind this indifferent countenance. Francis saw very plainly that extraordinary means had been employed to produce his frightfully sudden failure, and these he busied himself to discover. He knew from experience that other traders who did not stand nearly so well as himself had weathered many a worse storm without falling into the clutches of the sheriff. In any case, the sudden suspension of credit in the East, and the refusal of the New York and Philadelphia houses to renew his bills, although he had always been a prompt payer, struck him as very extraordinary. This behaviour on the part of the importers, who usually are so willing to give longer credit to good customers, was in his case so unusual that it seemed to him before all necessary to see clearly on this point. As he had reasons, however, to keep his researches a secret from everybody, he was for a long time undecided as to the means he should employ, till chance came to his assistance.

One day, when he had driven into town to arrange the banking business of his firm, he saw in —— street,

where the whole of the money transactions take place, Cox and Sharp engaged in an eager conversation. In order not to meet these hateful men, he entered into an adjoining coffee-house, called for a bottle of soda-water, and went to the window, in order the better to watch his enemies. Ere long the couple parted with a shake of the hand, and Cox walked into an office opposite, over which the words "Douglas and Co.'s Agency" glistened in tall gold letters. A flash of intelligence shot across Hargrave's brain; he quietly crossed the street, then turned round, slowly walked past the large windows of the Agency, and took a sharp, piercing glance at the interior. He was not deceived: Cox was not outside the grating, where ordinary inquirers stood, but inside it at a writing-table, where he seemed to be arranging some papers. Up to that time Hargrave, as a trader, had certainly been aware of the existence of the Secret Agency, but had never made use of it, through a certain mistrust; much less had he ever suspected that Douglas and Co. would have such a ruinous influence over his fate. Now he had found the trail, and like the Indian, who, once that he has discovered his enemy's footsteps, follows them for hundreds of miles, he was resolved to pursue it like a bloodhound. Human civilized nature gradually retired from him, and the wild-beast mastered him. What pleasures did life offer him, after losing wife, child, mercantile reputation, and everything to which he formerly clung? The only thought that occupied his soul was revenge, sanguinary revenge, but he saw that if he wished to carry it to a successful issue he must shroud it in the secresy of night.

From this time we find him incessantly engaged in obtaining certain proof of the means which Cox had employed to crush him. He certainly suspected Sharp's complicity, but he gave up the idea of pursuing that land-shark when he learned that he was suffering from an incurable disease, the consequence of his private libations. Sharp, although one of the most prominent members of the Temperance Society, had given himself up to sly drinking; hence, the "kill-me-quick" whisky soon brought the latent disease to a head. Cox and his wife, however, appeared to be most flourishing, and kept up an expensive establishment, though right-minded persons kept aloof from them. The ex-book-keeper had a lucrative commission business, and made a fair income by the services that he rendered Douglas and Co.; at the same time he had considerable influence in the trading world, because everybody was afraid of offending the dangerous agent.

A few weeks later Hargrave gave up his situation at the saw-mill, on the plea that he intended to leave L—— for ever, and carry out his long-formed plan of beginning a fresh life in California. A few days later we find him in New York, where he engaged a passage to Aspenwall on board the *North Star* steamer, and had his name entered in the passenger-list. A day before the vessel's departure he called at the office of Jones and Co., his old business connections, who received him with a mixture of friendliness and reserve, because they felt themselves more or less the cause of his misfortunes.

"I have not come here," he said, "to reproach you, Mr Jones, although you did me a great injury; but

one kindness I must ask you to show me, and then all will be forgotten and forgiven."

"What is it?" Jones asked, as he pushed a chair over to him and tried to conceal his confusion.

"You see, Mr Jones, I am on the point of sailing for San Francisco to begin a new life," Hargrave replied, at the same time showing the merchant his ticket, "and I am firmly resolved never to return to L——, as it is impossible for me to live here. I would, therefore, earnestly beg you to do me the favour of giving me your reasons for declining to renew my acceptances for nine thousand dollars for six months. You know that the refusal of credit, on your part, was the primary cause of my failure."

"Ah, my dear Hargrave, what is done cannot be undone," Jones said with a sigh; "but set your mind at rest. As far as I remember, at that time some reports were in circulation here about you, which were said to emanate from your late book-keeper. We paid little attention to the reports, but, as business men, considered ourselves bound to inquire of the Secret Agency, and a few days after we received a card from Douglas and Co., which induced us to take those steps against you which we now so heartily regret. If you like to see the card, it is at your service."

With these words, Mr Jones walked to the fireproof safe, opened a drawer, and took out a small envelope, which Hargrave eagerly seized. His eyes grew fixed on the mysterious card. He found the letter E and the numbers 1 and 4 underlined with red ink, while his name was written on the fold of the envelope. With-

out moving a feature which could display his state of mind, he handed back the document, remarking:

"Mr Jones, I am grateful to you for the confidence which you have just placed in me; from what I have now seen, I cannot blame you for taking hostile steps against me at that time. One thing I may assure you of, that this card contains nothing but scandalous falsehoods. Still, as you said just now, what is done cannot be undone, and so I will quietly carry out my new plans; perhaps California may restore me what I lost in the West."

He then heartily shook hands with Mr Jones, and hurried into the street.

It was Christmas-eve in the same year, and the streets of L—— displayed an unusual liveliness for the hour of the day. The bright gaslight poured from all the shop-fronts; the retail dealers looked pleased, and a number of merry people flocked through the streets, partly to make their purchases, partly to admire the gaily decorated shops. The weather was dull, and the grey masses of mist which rose from the great river hung like a pall over the street lanterns. It was all the more comfortable, though, for that very reason, inside the houses, where the flashing flame of the coal fires threw a brilliant glow over the faces of happy people and the gaily-coloured carpets. In the elegant parlour of a neat house with a white stucco front, we find once more a couple of old acquaintances, Mr Cox and his coquettish wife. The former was seated in a cozy easy-chair, smoking a cigar and turning over the pages of an album, while Mrs Cox was standing at the

centre table, examining the various presents made her by her husband. At this moment the house-bell rang, and shortly after the maid-servant came in, bearing a small but carefully closed box, which she placed on the table. To Mr Cox's inquiry whence the box came, the servant replied that a little German boy had rung the bell and given it to her at the front door, with a request to be sure and deliver it safely to Mr and Mrs Cox. Nothing was more natural than the supposition that some friend or relative had wished to give the couple an agreeable surprise on Christmas-eve. They looked at the anonymous present with evident surprise, and the vain lady probably thought in her own mind that some silent admirer had sent her a costly present. She curiously felt the weight of the box, and then seized the cross bar on the sliding lid, and——At this very moment a fearful explosion shook the whole house, the fire was extinguished, window-frames and shutters flew into the street, and a cloud of smoke tried to make its escape through the shattered walls. The startled neighbours rushed in, the cry of "Fire" was raised, and a dense crowd assembled round the house. When the smoke had cleared away a little, the more courageous ventured in; but what a sight was presented to them when they lit a candle, and were better able to judge of the calamity! Cox and his wife had been so injured by the splinters of a shell, the fragments of which were found in the room, that they had but a few hours to live. The poor maid-servant, who had remained in the doorway to see what was in the chest, was severely punished for her curiosity, as she received a severe, though fortunately not mortal, wound in the shoulder.

Nothing could exceed the rapidity with which the authorities were on the spot, and took the necessary measures. The curious crowd was quickly dispersed, physicians were summoned, the unhappy victims were put to bed in a room which remained uninjured, and then the most searching inquiries were instituted as to the cause of the catastrophe. In addition to the fragments of an Orsini shell, as it is called, a bent pistol-barrel with a broken hammer was found. It was, therefore, clear that the death-dealing projectile had been discharged by the help of the pistol, whose cocked hammer was in some way connected with the lid of the box. A partly burnt and fractured wire, which hung from a small but strong nail, and which had probably been previously fastened to the trigger, gave the requisite explanation. As the unhappy husband and wife were writhing in the agony of death, and could consequently give no explanation, the injured maid-servant was quietly cross-questioned, and she described the occurrence with the German boy exactly as it happened. It became the duty of the police to discover him, and by ten o'clock, or two hours after the explosion, the city-marshal succeeded in bringing him to the mayor's office. On being questioned, the boy, who bore an excellent character, stated that as he was going home at about eight o'clock, he was accosted in the neighbourhood of Mr Cox's house by a strange man; the latter was wrapped in a cloak with turned-up collar, and asked him if he would like to earn a quarter-dollar. As his parents were very poor he accepted the offer, and the stranger, who carefully avoided getting near a gas-lamp, gave him the box, with orders to carry it

carefully to the house he pointed out, and leave word that it must be delivered to Mr and Mrs Cox at once. As he suspected no harm he carried out his instructions, for he wished to buy something with the quarter-dollar for his ailing mother.

As the boy could not give any nearer description of the stranger, it was impossible to seek him in the city; still Mrs Cox's dying words, that Francis Hargrave was the criminal, soon set the police on the trail. As it might be assumed with tolerable certainty that, in the event of his guilt, he had left L—— immediately after the catastrophe, a clever detective was sent off to New York, because it was known that he had intended to sail thence to California. The detective very soon learned that Hargrave had secured his passage on board the *North Star*, but on the day of departure had not appeared; he had, therefore, forfeited the half passage-money which he had paid, and this circumstance clearly proved that the voyage to San Francisco was intended as a blind. It was impossible to discover, however, whither he had gone after leaving New York; but he had probably remained in the States during the month which intervened between the pretended sailing and the double murder. At the moment when the police were beginning to fear that they had lost the scent, a new fact came to their assistance. A locksmith, living in a western town on the Upper Mississippi, informed them that some weeks before Christmas a stranger, dressed like a backwoods farmer, had come to him and ordered a shell of that description. On his inquiring what he wanted it for, the man answered, that there was a large beast of prey

near his farm which had done him great injury, and he wished to kill it; he also described to him the arrangement with the pistol. The description exactly suited Hargrave; and though the dress was different, that was a matter of slight importance. Up to the present day, however, it is a mystery how the criminal reached L—— unrecognized, where everybody knew him; for neither the conductors of the trains, nor the clerks on board the steamers, noticed him. At length it was discovered that Hargrave had some distant relatives on the Des Moines River, not far from Spirit Lake, in Iowa; and hence one of the cleverest detectives set out for that place on the chance of finding him. On the road he took up the locksmith, to whom we have alluded, so that he might identify Hargrave, if he were really the orderer of the Orsini bomb. The two men reached their destination at nightfall, and found Hargrave sitting over the fire in his relations' blockhouse. The policeman—a determined man—walked up to him, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, "You are my prisoner, sir." Hargrave, on seeing the well-known detective and the locksmith, quietly stretched out his hands to be handcuffed, without saying a word. As his cousins came in at this moment, and proposed to oppose force to force—for these borderers stand no jokes—he said despondingly, "Let it be, boys, it serves me right; do not act contrary to the law." When the two powerful backwoodsmen saw that he felt himself guilty they shook his hand for the last time, and turned away with tears in their eyes.

Eight days later, we find Hargrave in the county prison of L—— awaiting his condemnation. As it is

not our purpose to describe American criminal justice, we will merely add that he was sentenced to be hanged for his fiendish revenge. He was sincerely lamented by many, and many a curse was given to an institution which, although apparently established to prevent cheating and swindling, opened the door to any villany, and thus destroyed the existence of an otherwise worthy man.

How great the power of the Secret Agency was, is proved by the fact that the American press, which generally discusses everything with more than freedom, observed an absolute silence about Douglas and Co. We have since heard, however, that the partners of the firm, terrified by public opinion, have retired, and sold their business to men who are as enterprising as they are unscrupulous. Let us hope that whenever North and South settle their quarrels they may heartily combine to put down with a strong hand such a dangerous institution.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NIGHT OR TWO IN PARIS.

Although I have been a pretty regular visitor to Paris for the last fifteen years, strange to say I had never felt any particular inclination to dive more deeply into those mysteries which Parisian authors have such a peculiar talent for unveiling. I had hitherto been perfectly satisfied to receive their accounts of Parisian villany at second-hand but in perfect good faith, and had not attempted to prove the correctness of their details by personal inspection in company of a *sergent de ville*. Last year, however, being accompanied by a young painter cousin of mine on my visit to the Exhibition, and he evincing an intense inclination to judge of such matters for himself, I reluctantly consented, consoling myself with the reflection that, if I *did* get home again with an uninjured hide, I might be able to pick up some interesting information for my readers.

At starting, however, I must premise that the two evenings I devoted to the subject were far from being sufficient to exhaust it: why even a week, with the aid of the most competent guides, would not have enabled me to treat this subject comprehensively; for this a knowledge of the most secret lurking-places is required, which you cannot enter

at any given moment. I only tried, at the outset, to *orienter* myself to a certain extent, and judge how far it might be advisable for me to go again should curiosity prompt me hereafter. It requires great caution to visit these places if you want to derive any instruction from your visit. You must always be prepared to be taken for a *mouchard* so soon as you betray, by the slightest sign, that you do not belong to their sphere. The lamentable population of the *barrières*, who lurk in these their nooks of misery, cannot naturally comprehend that any one could descend to them from other motives than treachery and espionnage, so they regard you not only as dangerous but as unprivileged, and a kid glove will not more carefully avoid the contact of a *chiffonnier's* bag than these wretched beings will get out of your way. I will here only attempt to describe what these my first excursions into the realms of Parisian penury allowed me to witness.

For the purpose of these studies I had hired a trustworthy young man, who asserted that he was acquainted with every hole and corner of the *barrière* life. We made ourselves as unrecognizable as possible, removed from our exterior every article which might offend the native pride of the *barrières*, and, in addition, my cousin pocketed a revolver, to be prepared for any eventuality. Our guide was perfectly well aware where he had to lead us, for we had most carefully instructed him to show us something very *vulgaire et vilain*. My cousin, speaking as he does only French of Bow, had received strict orders not to open his mouth lest he might betray us, and so was con-

demned to the character of a deaf and dumb man. Thus, then, we commenced our voyage of discovery.

This was directed, in the first place, to the Barrières de Belleville and de la Chopinette, the Faubourgs St Martin and du Temple. We selected the road through the former—through those gloomy streets where the commercial and manufacturing trades of Paris have their workshops, in which all those wondrous things are made which Paris exports to each end of the world. It was nine in the evening; all was silent, the workshops were closed, tho workmen out beyond the *barrières,* either to seek their homes, or to eat their supper, which they procure there considerably cheaper, as the commodities have not to pay the *octroi.* The street lamps grew weaker and more rare, while now and then we met patrols carefully marching through the quarters of the people. This very walk afforded me the best possible insight into the timid caution with which the government keeps order established. Long have I striven to regard this display of military strength within the *banlieue* as a purely political affair, as a proof how anxious M. Pietri was to prevent the slightest disturbance or improper noise in the streets. I admired this careful attention, especially as the reorganization of the *sergents de ville* on the English model appeared to me fully to attain this object, and you meet them reinforced and even strengthened by cavalry pickets whenever the collection of groups may be expected owing to balls or festivities. This zealous system of patrolling, which traverses Paris after nightfall in larger detachments than ever, this

unceasing watchfulness, this clattering of sabres and muskets in every hole and corner, has some deeper meaning: the object does not lie so near the surface as they would wish us to believe. I have grown so far clever that I trust quiet in Paris less than noise. Wherever I go I see one fact confirmed, that France has obtained one party more without lessening the others in the slightest degree, and that one drop of oil falls after the other in the fire, whether it be kindled at Sebastopol, or may be hereafter on the Rhine.

Our guide proposed very wisely to show us first the jovial side of the lowest Parisian popular life. We arrived at the Barrière de Belleville, and then went in the direction of the Chopinette. Here there was a great disturbance; the street was brilliantly lighted, groups of every description were assembled before several houses, whence the sound of dance-music echoed. On one of the houses I read, in yard-long letters, *Bal des Folies;* on another opposite, *Bal de la Société Favier.* We first entered the Folies, whence wild shouts and noise reached us; the *entrée* cost us six sous, and this was a high figure: but then this was a tiptop establishment. The dancing-room in this institution forms a large, regular quadrangle; round it is a space divided from the dancing-room by a barrier, within which stand small covered tables, whose cloths may certainly have been white at the commencement of the ball. A gallery, rather elevated, behind this place of entertainment appears built for spectators, while a wide gallery, apparently for the same purpose, runs round the room above

this one. At these tables were seated various groups —soldiers, principals, non-commissioned officers; male and female work-people were drinking in the sweetest harmony the sour wine, which may be procured here for five up to ten sous, out of small bowls; close to them, only separated by the barrier, rushed the dancers; the music rattled, increased still more by the yelling, whistling, and shouting of the dancers. And could *le bleu*, the wine, namely, that vinegar-like compound, be the cause of all this excitement? No; it was the innate, undeniable liveliness of the French, which they displayed in its utter wildness, careless of the *sergents de ville* posted at every corner. Male and female dancers embraced each other with Bacchanalian frenzy, made the most meaning and unmeaning bounds, rushed against each other and bounded back—all this with such an elasticity and indefatigability that I should have fancied myself in a lunatic asylum had not the wild Frenchman been visible in every face. Here a pair distinguished themselves by the most artistic *pirouettes*, by distortions of the arms and legs, which the boldest harlequin dared not have imitated; or when the movements of the dance separated them, they telegraphed to each other with the most extraordinary swinging of the arms, with the most inventive pantomime, then fell in each other's arms, and suddenly bounded apart like a couple of india-rubber balls. There danced a masked pair, a *pierrot* with a shepherdess as lightly dressed as she was light-minded. There, again, the quadrille fell into unhappy confusion—at the extreme end of the room a tragedy was taking place, a dancer

had forgotten himself so far as to give his partner a box of the ears. But with what rapidity was this eventful catastrophe appeased! The insulted lady hurries from the room and disappears; but the insulter disappears with equal velocity. *A la porte!* half a dozen of the nearest shout simultaneously. Within five seconds the unfortunate fellow flies over the heads of the mob in the gallery and through the door. In the mean while the music is not interrupted —the quadrille is not interrupted—nothing can disturb that; they dance away as if nothing had occurred. The way in which Frenchmen turn a troublesome fellow out of doors is perfect. Police surveillance is in this respect quite unnecessary, as the company naturally wish to avoid any disorder, as this may interfere with their pleasure.

The opposite locality of the Société Favier bore precisely the same stamp. As the waiters here would not take their eyes off us, nothing was left us but to order some of the "blue" wine, of which vast quantities are drunk here; unfortunately, this did not take place without our insulting the prevailing tone here, as we asked for the best, with the green seal, for which we also paid the exceptional price of ten sous. A huge placard in the saloon announced in coloured letters that the next day a *bal de nuit* would take place on behalf of the suffering cotton spinners; a *bal de nuit*, because the balls, held here regularly three times a week, commence at seven or eight, and are over by twelve, for the workman must be at work again betimes, and is not so fortunate as to be able to extend his sleep till mid-day. On such extraordinary evenings

the *jeux de macarons*, &c., are probably more in request than appeared to be on this occasion.

Our guide had intended to take us this same evening to the other *barrières*, as we insisted on seeing *quelque chose de plus vilain*—that is, descend a few steps lower—for although what we saw here was interesting enough in its way, still it wanted the peculiarly characteristic, the horrible and ludicrous, which we had set out with the intention of witnessing; we wished to see the mysteries of Paris, and the company we found here was only slightly mixed up with them. It had grown too late, however, for this occasion; it would have taken us an hour and a half to reach Mont Parnasse and the Rue d'Enfer, and by that time the mysteries would be asleep; we must, consequently, content ourselves with a ramble through the gloomy streets, into which by night neither the patrol nor the *sergent de ville* ever strays. Only at intervals does a melancholy lantern illumine the nooks and corners, or a thin rushlight send its rays through the filth-choked panels of a decayed door, announcing that here the poison is sold which prevents wretchedness from living any length of years. A shadow glides hurriedly from one house door to the other; an arm clothed in tatters is extended out of the window, and casts certain objects on our heads, which even the most extreme poverty throws into the streets. Then behind that small paper-patched window, scarce two feet above the street, sits a mother with her infant on her lap, on the floor of the naked room, by a chimney, in which green, damp wood is cracking and filling the room with smoke. The child sleeps, the husband sleeps too

by the fire, on a heap of rags; an earthen vessel, a broken jug—tatters and misery—form the sole furniture. "What a wretched existence!" whispers my cousin, who has found a study here. The woman in the room looks up from the twigs, which have already fallen in and charred away: she turns her back contemptuously upon us, for what else can we appear in her eyes than some of the low *mouchards*, the police spies of the *service de sûreté?* Who else could listen and spy here, where even the *chiffonniers* and *ravageurs* could find nothing?

Our second excursion to inquire into the mysteries of Paris led us through the memorable Quartier Latin; my cousin had again pocketed his revolver, but had the most innocent thoughts in his heart, and I would not have given him ten francs for his wardrobe, so thoroughly had he obeyed the laws of pauperism, for fear of betraying any indications of exceptionalism. We walked down the Rue des Saints Pères, past the Prado—the parent and protector of the *cancan*—into the Rue de Seine, visited the students' *cafés*, and eventually reached the Rue St Jacques, that street which in the June insurrection played such an obstinate part, and was not forced by the troops till the "Les deux Pierrots" was levelled. Even at the present day folks like to talk about this house.

I ought to have a better memory than I really can boast of if I wish to remember the numerous dens into which our guide disappeared with us: the wretched ball-rooms, with their broken benches and three-legged chairs, in which we saw the workmen dancing, the countless narrow streets, with their uncomfortable aspect, through which we eventually made our way

into the Rue Mouffetard. These dark streets can only be visited after nightfall, in order to learn their primitive and partly terrific manners, when these caves drive their inhabitants into the street or to the pot-house; and the artisan, while revealing his political tendencies, strikes the table with his fist till the glasses rattle. There is something alarming in sitting in such company, when the bad wine embitters their temper, when the hard hand is raised to the brown furrowed brow, and he thinks in vain on the sorrows of the coming day. No city in the world, I am sure, contains a population of so restless and disquieting a nature as that of the *barrières* of Paris; an evening walk among these dark and fermenting elements makes clear to us the whole history and future of France.

After more than two hours' walking through the dirty streets, continually uphill, we at length reached the Rue Mouffetard. We had left behind the whole Faubourg St Jacques, that "Parisian Thebaid," as it was called by the fashionable world in the seventeenth century, because centuries ago a multitude of monasteries stood here, in which the *blasée* aristocracy retired; in the same way the Faubourg St Marcel lay behind us, which saw better days at that period, and in which St Marcel lies buried. Poor Marcel is now in a bad neighbourhood: filth, misery, and crime have settled over his head. Any one who attempts to civilize *these* faubourgs must be able to do more than build houses.

La Grande Chaumière—the celebrated scene of the Parisian student-balls—was on this evening empty and desolate. The Grande Chaumière, on Mont Parnasse, has seen the greatest men of France dance the *cancan*

on its parquet, before the destinies of nations had caused them any headache; the Grand Chaumière is, therefore, a memorable house, and many coryphæi of the Revolution and the Restoration cannot drive past it without summoning up curious reminiscences—that is to say, if ever their route leads them over this pavement of wretchedness. The Barrières Mont Parnasse and d'Enfer were our destiny: the road suddenly became scarcely passable, and we found ourselves removed from the world of lofty tottering houses in St Jacques to an architectural Lilliput. On both sides of us extended a countless number of miserable huts, which had been erected with any materials which the wretched builders had been able to procure honestly or dishonestly; our guide explained to us that we were on a large building plot, which had been parcelled out into lots, but that hitherto no purchaser had offered; in the mean while extreme poverty had established a provisional colony upon it. Conical, square, and octagonal, straight and crooked, the huts stood then, and however poor and insufficient the material might have been, it could be seen that they were built with technical taste and the economy of poverty. Here the nomads of the capital pitch their tents, naked and wretched as a horde of gipsies.

I could not refrain from casting a glance into the dirty windows of these huts, for neither curtains nor other hangings concealed the family life of this proletarian camp. And, in fact, what have they to conceal? Can wretchedness in Paris be moral? *Il est très difficile de penser noblement quand on n'a qu'à penser de quoi vivre.* How then can extreme necessity

ever arrive at thinking morally? As it was not advisable to be caught in this town of poverty as spy and watcher, and our guide himself did not appear to feel exactly comfortable, we tried to regain the main road, and waded through mud a foot deep, till we entered a ravine formed by a high boarding of planks, in which there was not the slightest appearance of a light. This alley led to one of those large, beggar pothouses, which we intended to visit, so notorious by the name of "Californie." An agitating silence prevailed in this quarter; the darkness was growing positively unendurable; several groups of strange-looking figures, which we passed in the dark, were not adapted to make our promenade agreeable. Suddenly we saw three lanterns coming towards us—they were honest folk (*chiffonniers*) who were beginning their day's labours at eleven at night, and were going into town with dark lantern, bag, and pick, to support existence on things which those who were only a few sous per day richer than themselves considered valueless. Honest people these *chiffonniers* and *ravageurs*: they are on their legs from night till morning; the Parisian inevitably meets them when he wanders home, sick of pleasure, at an early hour. They have a claim on the night, and neither the patrol nor the other servants of public security find any offence in their nocturnal movements. Honest people, I say, for they generally restrict their nightly chase to lower game—the dogs and cats—for the latter of which they find certain purchasers among the lower restaurants, for in Paris more cats are unconsciously eaten than the increasing frequenters of the *tables d'hôte* would dare to

conjecture. The *chiffonniers* are oftentimes accompanied by their own dogs, who precede them in the streets as advanced posts, and, on account of the troublesome rivalry in this branch of trade, take possession of the nearest rubbish-heap on behalf of their masters.

If we wished to find the company to whom our visit was intended still assembled, we must make haste, for the *chiffonnier* must reach his pasture-grounds betimes, if he wishes to earn his thirty or forty sous. The darkness around us suddenly ceased, and we found ourselves opposite a row of low houses, whose only floor was brilliantly illuminated. The windows, blind with dirt, forbade any glance through them; it could assuredly only be interesting to enter, for there could hardly be any danger, as, from our exterior, we could not possibly be taken for lords. Our guide allowed this, but hinted at the difficulty of keeping our mouths shut in such a place; they would recognize us as strangers at the first glance, and he would have a difficult part to play in getting us out again. Our cicerone was a cautious man: he was right, ay, doubly right; but as we had no time to lose, hey for California!

Once again we entered the gloomy roads—once again we wandered through a labyrinth of filthy streets, and at last arrived at a wide court-yard filled with benches and tables. "*La Californie!*" our guide said, pointing to the tall and wide windows of a building in front of us, bearing a strong resemblance to a cook-shop, which in fact it is. On these benches the worthy company of *la Californie* pass their summer nights, for

even they have a sentiment for nature and poetry. At the time of our visit the benches were in the most fearful condition, covered with rain and mud; but they will be cleansed again when spring comes, for a *chiffonnier* even can love cleanliness.

A perfect roar of hoarse voices reached us on the threshold of California, the atmosphere of the large closed room weighed oppressively on our lungs, for at least three hundred Californians of Paris were here assembled, seated at the long tables, smoking their "caporal" from blackened cutties, or busied in eating and drinking. Just as difficult as it is to impart education when a person does not possess it, equally so it is to deny it when you once have it. Though our exterior was a masterly attempt at the popular, or *chiffonnieresque*,—though my cousin had reduced his great black beard to the most admired confusion,—still they need only look at our hands to convince themselves that we did not employ them in collecting rags. In addition, the lowest class of society is endowed with such penetration that it knows most accurately with whom it has to deal. Poverty understands distinctions; it would be bad for the nobility of misery if every one could imitate them. Poverty, too, has its *parvenus*, who have reduced themselves with great trouble and much expense from possessors of millions to possessors of nothing; but to bear your honours blushingly is not every man's *forte*, for that requires its peculiar study and education.

As I have said, in spite of all our good will, we assumed a very exceptional position in California; but with the greatest possible *savoir faire* we seated our-

selves at one of the rough tables, and called for glasses of rum. My cousin threw a five-franc piece on the table, for we had been so careless as to expend all our small change on our way in the *trois sous pour la consommation*, that is, in the numerous small entrance-fees, for which you have a right to refreshment. Decency was at once insulted by this five-franc piece; the *chiffonnier* seated next me involuntarily drew back, and cast a distrustful glance upon us, for in California five-franc pieces are things unknown. Either we were honest and well-to-do folk—in that case we did not belong to this society, as we possessed more than they all—or else we had stolen, and then we were just as little suited for the company, for, as I said, the *chiffonniers* are honest people. At any rate we had lost our credit by our own art and part, and were obliged to put up with hearing our neighbours make all sorts of whispered remarks about us.

The conversation about government, police, war, and other matters, was hushed around us; we might, after all, be police spies. One of the most interesting traits of this society was, consequently, lost to us, for the Parisian *prolétaire* politicises like the most practised diplomatist, naturally in his own manner, as alluded to before. We must, therefore, content ourselves with taking a look at the whole company, in which my cousin found some magnificent studies. At one table sat a band of *chiffonniers*, whose implements stood modestly in a corner; they were supping out of their own havresack they had brought with them, or earthen vessels; at another table sat a group of vagabonds, with the most cunning and weather-beaten faces. They

were playing cards for sous; the cards could scarcely be distinguished, but unmistakable were the roguishness and villany beaming in their every feature. One man's clothes were shabby and torn; you could see that they were various articles of the most different origin, which had collected here to dress up one of the most distinguished of scoundrels. The worst face in the whole group belonged to the worst clothes; that the others were better dressed could, however, only serve as a proof that they were still greater rogues than he. You see, then, that you cannot always trust to physiognomy, for at the present day that swindler must be a precious muff who cannot appear, at least, respectably dressed.

One group in the corner of the stone-paved room was highly characteristic. It consisted of a single family, father, mother, and two boys of fourteen and fifteen respectively. This family appeared to boast some degree of prosperity, for the father was counting a bag of sous, the mother was watching him attentively, while the boys, a couple of young *gamins* of the purest water, were drinking a bottle of execrable wine, with such self-satisfaction that it was impossible to doubt who was the producer of this copper mammon. Corruption was branded on the faces of these lads, even more so than on those of the father and mother. Each had a handful of sous returned him by his fond parent, which they carelessly thrust into their pockets. I cannot fancy that the father of these sons was so simple as not to know that they had quietly kept back the lion's share of their daily earnings. Perhaps the handful of sous was intended to serve as an encouragement, or in

some measure as a premium, for a beggar-boy does not thrust money in his pocket with such contempt as I saw here, unless he had collected enough of it for his purposes beforehand.

Our guide proposed to depart. We had formed the acquaintance of California and its honourable population. Curiosity and novelty were satisfied. The *restaurateur* of la Californie, a rough fellow, was not unfeeling for the half-franc my cousin had given him; he played us a trick by walking before us to the door, and giving his unwonted guests a deep satirical bow, which had the effect of causing the Californians nearest us to burst out into a horse-laugh.

So I've been once to California, but never more—never more.

CHAPTER XIX.

ONLY A COUSIN.

I. SIR NORTON FOLGATE.

I DARE say most of my readers have met with one of those men who are popularly respected as the makers of their own fortune. I do not know what their opinion of such gentlemen may be, but I have an utter repugnance for them. If they would only keep their proper side of Temple-bar, they might be endured, because we should then rarely come in contact with them; but, unfortunately, in this levelling age, they will ape their betters, and force their way into society with a golden wedge. Society eats their dinners, and politely sneers at the givers, and at last they merge into insignificance by entering the House, where they sleep very comfortably, I have no doubt, and are not a particular nuisance to anybody, except, perhaps, the reporters. On the other hand, if they have just sufficient sense to recognize their short-comings, and remain in the congenial atmosphere of the City, they become lord mayors, and ask noblemen to dinner, flattering themselves with the notion, that if they are not the actual rose, they have at any rate swallowed green fat in its immediate vicinity. But, as a general rule, whether *cis* or *trans* Temple-barriers, they are not the sort of men from whom I

would, as matter of choice, select my companions. Men whose souls exist in their trowsers-pockets are not exactly the pleasantest company, and a conversation turning exclusively on money-spinning is far from grateful to the ears of those who find it only much too easy to spend rather more than they earn.

Such a man, then, was Sir Norton Folgate, the hero of my domestic drama. He was essentially the maker of his own fortune, and was apt to dilate, much after the Bounderby fashion, and in broad Yorkshire, about his coming up to town with a bundle and a crust of bread, or something equally unpleasant. Now, *per se*, there is no great harm in any man coming up to London to make his fortune, with a bundle or without; but when that fortune has been made, and we all of us know that Sir Norton has any quantity of money in the funds, it rather smacks of that pride which apes humility if he will continually spice his old claret, which we drink reverentially, with equally old anecdotes, which we have heard any given number of times, and which we are expected to admire, as the price of our dinner. On principle, then, Brown, editor of the *Weekly Flyblow*, and myself, who are frequent guests at our friend's table, walk home together and make very sarcastic remarks about him over the whisky-toddy and cigar or so which we indulge in somewhere near Maiden-lane.

Sir Norton's career, I am sorry to say for my country, was very much like that of most of our rich *parvenus*. His first wife, rumour said, had been a cook, or anything of that nature, whom he had married, prudent youth, because she had saved some money, and her earnings added to his enabled him to open some sort of shop

somewhere down Wapping way. It was darkly hinted he had been a ship-chandler—whatever that valuable department of trade may be—and had combined with it marine stores, not being particular as to a silver spoon or so when offered him cheap. My friend Brown positively declared he had looked back on the file, and found out that Mr Folgate had been tried at the Old Bailey for receiving stolen property, but I think (the taste of the old claret being still in my mouth) this must be a libel. At any rate, the ship-chandler grew rich, and soon boasted ships of his own; and his name turned up repeatedly in connection with public companies, which flourished tremendously for a while, and then went out with an odour as bad as one of Mr Folgate's own candles. My hero was soon after heard of as a large broker, and his name became sufficiently notorious at the West-end in connection with stamped paper. He went through the various grades of civic dignity; got knighted when the Emperor of Timbuktu visited this country during his mayoralty, and his luck was completed by the death of Mrs Folgate the first. With this event a new era opened in Sir Norton's life, and he determined to become great in the land, or else be allied to greatness.

During the great railway mania, which has been such a godsend for all novel-writers, and would be for myself were I not strictly adhering to facts, Sir Norton went to Ireland on some business connected with a new line from the Giant's Causeway to Skibbereen. (I believe the traffic was proved to be enormous, from the fact that the workhouse poor were all to be sent for change of air to that fashionable spot). Sir Norton

became acquainted with that "reprobate, gouty old peer," the Earl of Mastodon, who, we all know, boasts an antediluvian lineage. His lordship was rather a distinguished character, and was fond of uttering very strong language about "those brutal Whigs;" and he certainly had good reasons. The earl had been for many years, and a long line of ancestors before him, deputy-wastepaper-basket to his Majesty, and the perquisites, the contents, namely, of the basket, had belonged to them from time immemorial. After the passing of the Reform Bill, when so many small orators tried to raise a political capital by detecting abuses, Mr Botherby, M.P. for Droneham, moved for a select committee to inquire into the perquisites attached to the office of wastepaper. The ministry yielded (like infernal cowards as they were, the earl would add), and the committee sat. To prove the wisdom of the last generation, I may add that, after a diligent inquiry, at which all the old and second-hand bookstall-keepers and wastepaper buyers had been examined, and it had been shown that the perquisites were worth just 19*s.* 6*d. per annum*, the expenses of the committee amounted to £2237 19*s.* 4½*d.* But, on the other hand, principle had been asserted, and Mr Botherby proved himself an enlightened patriot. This was not all, however: Mr Proser, M.P., hit on the luminous thought of inquiring what deputy-wastepaper had to do for his money. There was another committee, and the end of it all was, that the Earl of Mastodon was quietly recommended to resign, with a hint of some other berth in the good time coming. Unfortunately, that good time never came, and, poor fellow, he had to retire to his native

bogs to nurse his wrath and his estate at the same time. I need not add that he had a perfect colony of children —*cela va sans dire*,—for our aristocracy are notorious for having a family always in an inverse ratio to their means of supporting them. Were it not for this beautiful provision of nature, government would be forced to the odious necessity of selecting Treasury clerks and so on from the plebs.

It may be imagined that a rich man like Sir Norton was a perfect godsend for our pauper peer. He asked him to dinner on the first introduction, and liked his stories so much that he insisted on the Sassenach making his house his home during his stay in Ireland. Lady Flora Dodo, the third daughter, attracted our hero's attention immensely, and he had a feeling come over him which, in a less cold-blooded individual, might have degenerated into love. I am sorry to say that Lady Flora took advantage of this sentiment, and strove to blow the embers into a flame to the best of her ability. Her birth—father Irish, mother Scotch—peculiarly adapted her to make hay while the sun shone; she had never had such a chance before, and she was determined she would not let it slip. It is true that she had more than a passing fancy for her cousin, Charley Fitzurse, but her mind had been well regulated by a prudent mamma. In her view, marriage represented diamonds, court balls, a carriage, footmen with largely developed calves; and if such essentials of existence could be procured at the sacrifice of a heart, she was far too wise not to jump at the chance. Ah me! how many of our great bodies wish, when too late, that Hauff's story of the "Steinerne Herz" were only true.

How gladly would they exchange their heart, with all its troublesome prickings, for a fine solid lump of stone, as insensible to feeling as the clods to whom they have sold themselves for a *status* in society.

Sir Norton, however, was a very prudent man, as became a city magnate; with him, business came first and pleasure a long way afterwards. He finished his railway transactions, and after dropping some mysterious hints about the immense sums to be gained in London at that time by clever speculations, he took leave of his host, and left the hint to work. He was not mistaken in his calculation; in a few weeks his lordship, the Earl of Mastodon, was announced in the *Morning Post* as having arrived in town for the season, and within a few hours he was closeted with Sir Norton, discussing the measures to be taken by which he could make enough money to clear his estate. Sir Norton was eminently practical; and in a few hours imparted a few lights, which slightly astonished his lordship, who was intensely behind his age, as far as speculation was concerned.

In a very short time Lord Mastodon was engaged in the fascinating pursuit of money-making; and yet, strange to say, while the balance at his bankers was rapidly assuming more and more satisfactory proportions, he felt never a whit the happier. The real "small still" had lost its flavour; the very best Havannahs, which he now smoked, thanks to his City friend, seemed to him no better than the poorest Pickwick; in short, the *auri sacra fames* had got hold of him, and, like a true Irishman, he went in for a fortune in the shortest conceivable time, regardless of the ex-

pense. Sir Norton gave him his head, and allowed him to net several thousand pounds; he knew his man, and that he would never stop from any motives of safety. At last the time seemed ripe; his lordship risked a speculation, and dared to set his own addled brains against the one virtue of the citizen, shrewd common sense; the consequence was a heavy loss. At this moment Sir Norton stepped in; he suggested a mode by which a fortune might be made, and the earl jumped at it. It is needless to follow the ins and outs of this mysterious transaction; the fact remains the same, and the earl became eventually liable for thirty thousand pounds, while possessing hardly the same amount of representative farthings.

His lordship was evidently in a fix; and, worse than all, his Irish fertility of resources could suggest no mode of extrication. In this dilemma Sir Norton became his "guide, philosopher, and friend," and made a proposal for Lady Flora's hand, the purchase-money, if I may use the term, being a full receipt for the thirty thousand pounds still owing. It was decidedly a bitter pill for the antediluvian pride; but, as the old saying runs, Needs must, &c., and, as may be anticipated, the old earl closed with the bargain, subject to his daughter's consent. The latter was only too glad to accept house and lands and position, although encumbered with the somewhat angular person of Sir Norton Folgate; the bargain was speedily concluded, and the marriage took place with all the possible pomp desirable, and two columns and a half in the *Morning Post;* while the happy bridegroom most generously settled on the lady the sum of thirty thousand pounds

—in the shape of her father's bond for that sum. It was whispered that he was no loser by this transaction, for City men have told me that the thirty thousand pounds represented various shares in the Giant's Causeway direct, which he contrived, by means peculiar to the City, to saddle on his future papa-in-law at a heavy premium. These shares had been, in the first instance, assigned to him *gratis* for his strenuous exertions in promoting the railway, and so, when the smash came, he was very well out of it, and gained a very pretty wife in the bargain. However, as I have insinuated before, I will not believe any libellous tales about Sir Norton—so long as he keeps such first-rate claret. Of course, though, my readers, who do not benefit by that generous wine, are left quite at liberty to draw their own conclusions.

II. CHARLEY FITZURSE.

IMAGINE, then, that two years have elapsed. Monsieur has gradually retired from business, wound up his affairs, and become member for Snorebury. Madame has been launched on the world, and has dropped into her position as naturally as all undowered patricians' daughters contrive to do. She has her house in town and in the country; she gives balls and parties, for which Sir Norton is only too happy to pay, as becomes old January at sixty-seven, when wedded to May of eighteen blushing summers. He has tried to be uxorious, but was very soon checked by the *savoir faire* of my lady, as he rejoices to call her; so he has gradually drifted into the position of amateur butler, and behaves

himself accordingly. He is allowed full liberty to go and come when he lists, just so far as the boudoir door; but there a bar is fixed, which he cannot pass without due permission being asked and permission graciously accorded—which only happens, by-the-way, when madame requires a cheque to pay her milliner or her dressmaker, that great mystery of domestic housekeeping. Sir Norton gives with both hands, as the French says; he is proud of his wife, and the sensation she creates; not that he is a witness of it, but he hears it talked about at the clubs by young Grigg and Spavin, those fast boys, from whom he picks up various hints about fashionable life. Charley Fitzurse, too, is an invaluable friend to him, by teaching him what to avoid, and in gratitude Sir Norton has bought him a step, and recommends him to call on my lady repeatedly, who must be dull, poor thing, when her husband is away. And Charley very willingly obeys.

In short, the *ménage* is on the most satisfactory footing in Hill-street. It is true, at times, that Sir Norton fancies he is not quite so domesticated as in the epoch of Mrs Folgate the first, when he blew his cloud at the public-house round the corner, and was ordered home to bed as the clock struck ten; but then he charitably ascribes it to the different society he is moving in. My lady hardly ever comes home before four in the morning, and of course is much too good a wife to disturb him: he rises at ten, and after breakfast goes to his solid club, the Plesiosaurus, where elderly swells congregate in bay-windows, and tell jokes, all the point of which consists in digging each other in the ribs. In the afternoon he visits his fashionable club,

the Convolvulus, where he stops till six, and then toddles home respectably to dinner at seven, and the first appearance of milady in her domestic character for the day.

But though Sir Norton was so flexile in many matters, in one he was adamant—he had an utter detestation of all foreigners. In his earliest years he had bought some shares in a Frankfort lottery, and gained a prize worth 50,000 florins, as he was assured. At a great outlay of time and capital he went over to realize, but on trying to sell, found the château was mortgaged for 49,000 florins, with law expenses, &c., and as soon as he stated himself to be the fortunate owner, he was arrested and put in prison for ten years' taxes due: he found himself, at the termination of the affair, just eighty-seven pounds out of pocket. No wonder, then, that he detested foreigners and all their breed. But in his hatred of foreigners he did not surpass a worthy glover of Cheapside, whom I am bound to immortalize in these pages. In 1848, when the Revolution in France expelled a number of English workmen from the railways, a German friend of mine desiring gloves, entered this worthy gentleman's shop. He was received with a growl, and an inquiry whether he were not a foreigner. On his giving a mild affirmation, the shopkeeper refused to deal with him, and he had to leave the shop, gloveless, after entering a severe protest against the narrow-mindedness of the individual. There is nothing like consistency, even when it works with retroactive energy on your own pocket.

This hatred of foreigners was the skeleton in Sir Norton Folgate's house. My lady did not like the

country so well as Baden, and Sir Norton's views were diametrically opposite. He would not go abroad to be "poisoned," as he termed it, and my lady was just as determined that he should. It might be imagined that so independent a person as her ladyship would have solved the difficulty by what might be justly called French leave; but there were various reasons against such a step. In the first place, she could not travel without her cousin, to sweeten by his presence the bitter dose of matrimony; and, secondly, she could not travel with Charley, *solus cum solâ*, because such a step would have given fresh point to the winged darts of scandal, which were already whizzing through fashionable London. In fact, everybody had made up his or her mind on that matter, and joined in laughing at "poor" Sir Norton, who, of course, was profoundly innocent of these suspicions, and would have laid down his life for milady's probity.

Frequent dropping wears away a stone; it may do so; but I am certain a woman's tongue can perform that operation with far greater rapidity. At any rate, Lady Flora, determined as she was to revisit Baden, which she had not seen since her father had resided there during a winter, owing to some trouble with his Irish agent, that prevented him going further, made such constant assaults on that portion of Sir Norton's anatomy which represented his heart, that he hummed and haed, willi-nillied, shilly-shallied, until at length the fiat was issued, and *en route* for Baden was the word. Sir Norton made his will before starting, leaving all he possessed to his adorable milady, and off they went to Paris.

Strange to say, Sir Norton found his prejudices rapidly dissipated in that frivolous city. Charley, who accompanied them, and performed the duties of amateur courier, was invaluable. He deposited the old gentleman at Galignani's, and even managed to procure him an introduction to court, whence, of course, he came away raving of the beauty and grace of the empress. In his fit of exaltation he never checked the milliner's bills, which were in due season handed him by his *cara sposa* for liquidation; even though, in calmer moments, he might have made some slight objections to six-and-thirty yards of velvet being required for each skirt. But Sir Norton was quite in his element in Paris. He was a good French scholar (I won't repeat here his anecdote of how he learned it), and he was delighted to find that, in whatever society he mixed, he was always on his battle-horse. Money, money, money! such was the one universal topic, from dukes down to chiffonniers. Every one was speculating, and god Mammon reigned triumphant in his temple on the Place de la Bourse. He enjoyed those little suppers in the Rue Montorgueil, which successful speculators gave him, owing to his reputation for money, and wisely swallowed his champagne without performing the same process with the schemes which were proposed for his participation. In short, he was in a perfect state of Elysium, and was almost vexed with my lady when she suddenly proposed that they should start for Baden *instanter*. What was the cause of my lady's sudden dislike for Paris frivolity, as those call it who find the grapes sour, I cannot say. As far as I am concerned it remains a solemn mystery; nor am I

inclined to accept the solution maliciously offered by Lady Maćaw, that the empress, with her truly English views on morality, had intimated to Lady Flora, through some channel only accessible to rulers, that her conduct with regard to Charley Fitzurse was rather too *prononcé* for the present straitlaced age. What a magnificent proof of the force of public opinion, when even courtiers find it necessary to become externally respectable.

At any rate, without endorsing this story, I must repeat that Lady Flora issued her mandate, and her husband saw to the arrangements for leaving. He paid his bill at Meurice's, and instituted a mental comparison between that establishment and the Clarendon, rather in favour of the latter; but he paid like a *milord Anglais*, or rather, I ought to say, like a *milord Américain*, who has quite cut out his English prototype as far as throwing away money is concerned. Before long, Baden rung with the praises of Lady Flora's beauty. It was a regular hunt whenever she appeared on the Promenade. Every son of *la jeune France* basked in the light of her beaming eyes, and Auguste and François, as they played their domino, uttered fierce oaths against *cette bête d'Anglais*, meaning thereby our friend Charley, as handsome a fellow as any in the Guards, red, blue, or black. But it was all of no avail; my lady was regarded as a miracle of virtue, and the young France was compelled to take refuge in interminable boasting of impossible triumphs. Cold as an Englishwoman is a stereotyped phrase with those young gentlemen, and consequently they consoled themselves with this apophthegm, after throwing away vast sums

(for a Frenchman) in white kid gloves and bouquets, by which combination to assail the unimpressionable heart of my lady. *C'était une vertu farouche:* such was the unsatisfactory result of all their endeavours.

Of course Sir Norton was duly told by Lady Flora of these attacks, and much he rejoiced that his wife was so fond of him. At Baden, Sir Norton was as happy as the day was long—and it is very long at Baden now and then, especially if you have lost all your money at rouge-et-noir, and are awaiting remittances from an impracticable governor. He enjoyed a degree of domesticity which, in London, had been rapidly assuming the proportions of a myth; but, at the same time, he was growing terribly affectionate. To check this unpleasant development, my lady took a sudden fancy for gambling, and induced Sir Norton to join her. The old gentleman, loving gain in any shape, soon got entangled in the interminable mazes of a martingale, and spent nearly all his time watching the chances, and waiting for his opportunity to break the bank. In the mean while my lady and Charley amused themselves in their way: they took strolls round the country, enjoyed the scenery excessively, and regretted greatly at dinner-time that Sir Norton was not with them. The old gentleman, however, fancied he saw his way to a fine speculation at M. Benazet's expense, and remained deaf to persuasion, not at all to the regret, I fancy, of Lady Flo and Charley.

III. THE CATASTROPHE.

It was the summer of 1855. My annual thirst for Markgräfler had assailed me, and I had fled from stony-hearted London to assuage it. I shall not tell you here how many bottles I imbibed on my first night at the *Hirsch*—the best hotel in Baden for the quiet observer, but I will merely note the fact that I thirsted for absynth, and had strange visions of bitter beer floating across my brain, as I lounged up the Promenade the morning after my arrival. After a quiet renewal of my acquaintance with those charming young ladies at Weber's, and sundry *petits verres* in honour of the undiminished brightness of their sparkling eyes, I sauntered through that little side-door, so suggestive of evil, which leads from the smoking-room into *the* rooms. Suddenly, I planted my old friend, Sir Norton Folgate, busily engaged in covering the numbers at roulette with a heap of florins. He was in high spirits, and evidently gaining, for the croupiers were looking glum, though intensely polite, as they handed over the winnings. It was useless to disturb him, so I waited patiently till he grew thirsty, or wanted to smoke a weed, while I amused myself by an inspection of the various persons collected round the table. They were, as usual, the very lowest of humanity; the outcasts from decent society; men whom I or you, reader, would inexorably cut, if they accosted us in the Quadrant, and yet at Baden we sit down at the same green table with them, and squabble furiously about a stray

* *Advice to the Printer.*— The effect of this heading would be greatly improved if you could get a wood-block of a handsome tombstone cut with this word in white letters, as suggestive of the moral death of Sir Norton Folgate's felicity.

florin. If misery make us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, how much more is this true of the gambling-table and its play-fellows. The only exception from the general rule of *vauriens* was an English lady, who played recklessly.

Ere long I strolled out disgusted, and, after reading the papers, came back to meet Sir Norton on the steps, slightly overcast, and evidently a loser. He, however, met me most cordially, and expressed his pleasure at seeing me. This was honest enough, considering he had just lost two hundred pounds by his own folly. I ventured an inquiry about my lady, and then the old gentleman brightened up—money and all was forgotten at the thought of his dear little wife. Heaven bless her! she had gone with Charley to the top of the *Mercurius* Tower. She had chartered a donkey after ten, and, by Jove! she must have got there by this time. And by some impulse of Satan, Sir Norton's eyes rested upon that confounded telescope, which is placed for public use—a very serpent in Paradise between two orange-trees—on the Promenade. "I'll have a look, and see whether they are on the Tower," quoth the knight. Said and done. The telescope was adjusted to the proper focus, and he gazed steadily in the direction of the Tower.

"Yes, there she is, bless her little heart, just a-coming up on the Tower; and there's Charley behind her—he takes care of her, he does, while her husband is a-losing his money down here. Yes, that's her bonnet, and now she turns round I can see her face"—(a pause, during which the husband may be supposed to be revelling in the sight of his wife's features), and then—

a very naughty word—"he's a-kissing her!!!—and, by Jové!" the knight added, unconsciously parodying the Fat Boy, of whom he had probably never heard, "She's a-kissing him again."

And the old man shook like an aspen-leaf; he seemed prematurely old in that brief moment; at last, with a sudden energy, he dashed his straw-hat firmly down on his brow, and rushed along the Promenade, I following discreetly in the rear, fearful of mischief, and yet not liking to intrude. And he led me a pretty chase up that steep old Gernsbach road, the sun pouring down with the full fury of an August day, as it can only do at Baden. But still the old man held on vigorously, swinging his huge stick, and smashing imaginary foes. At that moment I would not have given much for Charley's head. At a turn of the road we came in sight of the happy party, my lady mounted on the donkey, Charley walking discreetly by its side. I expected to see murder done at least; but, strange to say, on the mere sight of his wife, so serenely beautiful, Sir Norton quite forgot his fury. He quietly went up, congratulated her on her good looks, and said that, as they were late, he had come to meet them. And down the hill we went again, the happiest party apparently that ever scaled it.

What explanations took place afterwards I cannot say; the fact of its only being a cousin, however, did not avail. Charley was suddenly recalled, so he said, as his regiment was ordered to the Cape, though I never saw the announcement in the paper; while Lady Folgate is now living in Paris on a thousand a year allowed by her husband, and the interest of the thirty

thousand pounds settled on her—whenever she can draw it from her father. Of course she is sincerely pitied in London circles; her husband was always a brute, and folk only wondered how she could have lived with him so long, &c. In the mean while, Sir Norton has resumed his bachelor existence, and gives capital dinner-parties. He drinks rather more than he used to do, and appears to be suffering from a settled gloom of melancholy. At any rate he never mentions my lady's name; and I, knowing what I do, and having a due regard for the old claret, never approach so dangerous a subject.

THE END.

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